



~~Brown Club 46~~

ScS. BC 46

· FORTES FORTUNA JUVA ·



A. 6



X

Lam Club 46



The Buik

of the most noble

and valyeand Conquerour

Alexander the Great.



EDINBURGH:

REPRINTED M.DCCC.XXXI.



PRINTED AT THE BANNATYNE CLUB PRESS, BY BALLANTYNE AND CO.

PRESENTED TO
THE BANNATYNE CLUB
BY
WILLIAM HENRY MILLER.

THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

M.DCCC.XXXIII.

THOMAS THOMSON, ESQ.

[PRESIDENT.]

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.T.

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM ADAM, LORD CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF THE JURY COURT.

SIR WILLIAM MACLEOD BANNATYNE.

5 LORD BELHAVEN AND HAMILTON.

GEORGE JOSEPH BELL, ESQ.

ROBERT BELL, ESQ.

WILLIAM BELL, ESQ.

JOHN BORTHWICK, ESQ.

10 WILLIAM BLAIR, ESQ.

THE REV. PHILIP BLISS, LL.D.

GEORGE BRODIE, ESQ.

CHARLES DASHWOOD BRUCE, ESQ.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY.

15 JOHN CALEY, ESQ.

JAMES CAMPBELL, ESQ.

WILLIAM CLERK, ESQ.

HENRY COCKBURN, ESQ., SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR SCOTLAND. [VICE-PRESIDENT.]

THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

- DAVID CONSTABLE, ESQ.
- 20 ANDREW COVENTRY, ESQ.
JAMES T. GIBSON CRAIG, ESQ.
WILLIAM GIBSON CRAIG, ESQ.
HON. GEORGE CRANSTOUN, LORD COREHOUSE.
THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE.
- 25 JAMES DENNISTOUN, ESQ.
GEORGE DUNDAS, ESQ.
ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ.
RIGHT HON. W. DUNDAS, LORD CLERK REGISTER.
CHARLES FERGUSON, ESQ.
- 30 ROBERT FERGUSON, ESQ.
GENERAL SIR RONALD C. FERGUSON.
THE COUNT DE FLAHAULT.
HON. JOHN FULLERTON, LORD FULLERTON.
THE DUKE OF GORDON.
- 35 WILLIAM GOTT, ESQ.
ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.
LORD GRAY.
RIGHT HON. THOMAS GRENVILLE.
THE EARL OF HADDINGTON.
- 40 THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON.
E. W. A. DRUMMOND HAY, ESQ.
SIR JOHN HAY, BART.
JAMES MAITLAND HOG, ESQ.
J. HOPE, ESQ., DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES.
- 45 COSMO INNES, ESQ.
DAVID IRVING, LL. D.

THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

- JAMES IVORY, ESQ.
THE REV. JOHN JAMIESON, D.D.
ROBERT JAMESON, ESQ.
- 50 SIR HENRY JARDINE.
RIGHT HON. F. JEFFREY, LORD-ADVOCATE.
JAMES KEAY, ESQ.
THOMAS FRANCIS KENNEDY, ESQ.
JOHN GARDINER KINNEAR, ESQ. [TREASURER.]
- 55 THE EARL OF KINNOULL.
DAVID LAING, ESQ. [SECRETARY.]
THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE, K.T.
THE REV. JOHN LEE, D.D.
ALEXANDER WELLESLEY LEITH, ESQ.
- 60 THE MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN.
HON. J. H. MACKENZIE, LORD MACKENZIE.
JAMES MACKENZIE, ESQ.
JOHN WHITEFOORD MACKENZIE, ESQ.
SIR FREDERICK MADDEN.
- 65 JAMES MAIDMENT, ESQ.
THOMAS MAITLAND, ESQ.
VISCOUNT MELVILLE, K.T.
WILLIAM HENRY MILLER, ESQ.
THE EARL OF MINTO.
- 70 HON. SIR J. W. MONCREIFF, LORD MONCREIFF.
JOHN ARCHIBALD MURRAY, ESQ.
WILLIAM MURRAY, ESQ.
JAMES NAIRNE, ESQ.
MACVEY NAPIER, ESQ.

THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

- 75 THE EARL OF ORMELIE.
SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE.
LORD PANMURE.
HENRY PETRIE, ESQ.
ROBERT PITCAIRN, ESQ.
- 80 ALEXANDER PRINGLE, ESQ.
JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.
THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.
ANDREW RUTHERFURD, ESQ.
THE EARL OF SELKIRK.
- 85 RIGHT HON. SIR SAMUEL SHEPHERD.
ANDREW SKENE, ESQ.
JAMES SKENE, ESQ.
GEORGE SMYTHE, ESQ.
EARL SPENCER, K.G.
- 90 JOHN SPOTTISWOODE, ESQ.
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOSEPH STRATON
SIR JOHN ARCHIBALD STEWART, BART.
THE HON. CHARLES FRANCIS STUART.
THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.
ALEXANDER THOMSON, ESQ.
- 95 WALTER C. TREVELYAN, ESQ.
PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.
ADAM URQUHART, ESQ.
RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE WARRENDER, BART.
- 100 THE VEN. ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

Heir beginnis the first parte of this

buik of the most noble and valiant Conquerour

Alexander the grit. Callit the Forray of Gadderis.



Vhē Alexāder in his impire
Lay to aslege þ̃ toun of Tīre
And neir þ̃ wallis of þ̃ Citie
Vpon a craig was in the fie,
Ane stalwart Castel gart he
& garnifon & vittell tak (mak
& hes gud fuson thidder fēd
& staluart men it to defend

Thairwith he thocht to stop the way,
That nouthir ship nor zit Gallay
Sould be fey cum to the toun
With vittell nor with garnifoun,
Bot thay the craig sould cum sa neir,
That thay sould be in his dangeir.
The King gart oft his men assaill
With bislines and grit trauell
To tak the nobill toun of Tyre,
Bot Balas that thairof was Syre,
Defendit it sa manfully,
Throw helping of his cheualry,
That of the Kingis menze ware
Rebutit best and woundit fair,
The King thair grit defence hes sene
And maid ane aith in propir tene
That nane that was in that Cittie
That micht be takin sould fauit be.
And to Emynedus de archarde
That for his hie worship was made
Baith Constabill and ledere
Of all the Kingis oist in were,

¶ THE FORRAY

He bad him feuin hundreth knychtis ta
 And with yame in to forray ga
 Richt to the vale of Iosaphas,
 That of mair stoir aboundand was,
 As of sheip oxin and of ky,
 Than ony vther land thairby.
 The King bad Caulus and Lyoun,
 And findrie vtheris of renoun,
 Licanor Antigonus and Floridas,
 Andreome, Areste and Perdiccas.
 And ane Earle of mekill micht,
 Schir Sabilour to name he hecht,
 Past to comfort the furriouris,
 And gif thay mifter to mak rescours.
 Schir Sampfoun tuik thay to thair gy,
 For he that land knew halely,
 Baith strait plane and valie,
 For of Douze pers ane was he.
 The King held with him Tholomere,
 And Daucene for thay fellowis were,
 Of the Douze peiris he held na ma.
 The laif he let to Forray ga.
 Thay buskit as thay bidding haid,
 And fra the hoist euin out thay raid,
NOW rydis the furreouris thair way,
 Richt stoutly and in gude array.
 Schir Sampfoun was thair gyde that nicht
 That led thame in ane randoun richt
 To Iosaphas to tak the pray,
 Bot or thay cum agane perfay,
 Thay fall weill hard affailzeit be,
 For all the men of that cuntre.

OF GADDERIS.

Raid with hors armit Iolely,
To keip thair cattell and thair ky,
Thus think thay throuch thair cheualrie
Sa stoutly to defend thair fee,
That thay of thairis fall haue na thing,
Bot thay it win throw hard fechting.
Thir knichtis of Grece thay war fa wicht,
Raid weill as furreouris that nicht,
With leggis armit withouttin mair,
And squyaris wicht that with thame wair,
Turfit thair harnes halely,
And led thair guid steidis thame by.
And thusgaittis all the nicht thay raid,
That nouthar noyis nor crying maid.
Quhill on the morne in the morning,
Richt as the day begouth to spring,
In Iosaphas thay fand the ky,
And sawe thame that sa sturdely
Raid furth for to defend their fee,
Bot hyrdis semit thay nocht to be,
For thay raid armit wantonlie
On startand steidis of Arabic.
The furriouris quhan thay thame sawe,
Thay lichtit doun into ane thrawe,
And armit thame but mair abaid,
Emynedus befor thame raid,
That had into his cumpanie,
Seuin hundreth knichtis full hardie.
The furriouris the pray hes tane,
Micht thay thairwith thair gait haue gane.
The Oist micht weill refreshit bene,
Bot the hirdis quhan thay haue sene,

¶ THE FORRAY

Men feis thair oxin and thair ky,
 The fery thay raiffit haftely,
 Thair chiftane hecht Otefforie,
 His men to him he can relie,
 And hardelie came thame agane
 And hes fele of the formeft flane,
 In maugre of thairis refkewit the pray,
 And dang the furreouris away.

EMYNEDVS was wonder wa
 That fawe his men rebutit fa,
 And bot vengeance thairof be tane
 He praifes him nocht worth a chirrie flane.
 His price nor zit his cheualry,
 His enfigne than can he cry,
 And thay of Grece that with him war
 All in ane fop affemblit ar,
 And fraucht thair fteidis endlang the plane,
 And hardely came thame agane.
 Emynedus was wonder wa,
 Quhan that he fawe his furriouris fua
 Die for the Cattell that the King
 Had chargit thame to the Oift to bring.
 Ferrand he fraik with fpurris in hy,
 And fraik the first fa rigorufly,
 That throw the bodie he him bair,
 His Haubrik helpit him nocht ane hair,
 The laif with vaponis fith of fteill
 In middes the vifage met thame weill.
 And faucht fua that in lytill fpais,
 Of deid and woundit fele thair was,
 Bot with thair fwordis to pay ranfounis,
 Thay tuik na tent to tak prefounis.

OF GADDERIS.

The furriouris as I hard say
In Iofaphas thay tuik the pray
Bot the hirdis with swordis of steill
Hes gud will to defend thame weill
Caulus came prikand in that stour
Arrayit into fell gud armour
And straik fa fast on Bassanor
That he brist all his sheild befoir
And him out through the bodie bair
And fellit him deid richt thair
Thair endit all his cheualrie
He was neir sib to Otefforie
Lytil he was of corps bot he
Passit all vthir in bounte
The Grecians throw yare gret valour
Manteinyt weill ye stalwart stour
Bot richt wa was Oteffory
Quhen he his neuoy dede saw ly
He straik the steid that weill him bare
And with his sword that sharpely share
To ane Grecian he swappit fa
That arme and shulder he dang him fra
Bot Lyonell the gud in neid
Sterit to him in hy ane steid
That hit him euin vpon the sheild
To slenderis flew out of the feild
The stalwart speir in sunderis braft
As Lyonell far by him past
The sword he swappit out in hy
That fell euill to Oteffory
That tyme for in the bargane thair
His helme and lance baith hewin wair

¶ THE FORRAY

To that his heid was left all bair,
 Bot for grete eild was canous hare
 And lyonell with all his maucht
 Wpon the hede ane rout him raucht
 That to the schoulderis he him claue
 And dede down to the erd him draif
 Than fra that lord was dede all tyte
 The remanand was discumfit quyte
 And to the hillis held thair way.
 And thay of Grece felit the pray,
 In to samekill quantitie,
 That the oist thairof nicht be,
 Lang tyme easit at thair lyking.
 Bot or thay to the hoist it bring
 Thay fall it by sa deir perfay,
 That thay bocht neuer sa deir ane pray.
THE furreouris hes tane the pray,
 Towart the oist mery and gay.
 Bot or thay thidder cummin be,
 The best and of the maist bountie,
 Of all that rout falbe fory.
 For with richt great cheualry,
 Thair fais before thame fall thay sie
 Or that thay cum to the citie,
 For duke betys yat gaderis aucht
 Richt towart Tyre the way hes caught
 To skaill the sege of that citie,
 For of gude men with him had he,
 Threttie thousand and ma, Perfay
 Be seuen hundreth as I hard say.
 Alexander thay mannace greatumly,
 And said he did ane great foly.

OF GADDERIS.

Gif he wald byde yame in battale,
 For duke Betys that thay affale,
 Suld of thame weill reuengit be.
 As ye duke with his grit menze,
 Raid our ye hillis he hes sene,
 The forreouris all haill be dene,
 That in towart tyre gart drife the pray,
 Than to his menze can he say.
 Lordis behald quhat thing present,
 That our Goddis hes to vs sent.
 Zone folk ar of ye oist perfay,
 That driffis thiddirwart ye pray,
 Bot I tak now ane vengeance,
 Sone in yis new acquentance.
 I hope neuer to hald of land,
 Ane akirbreid in to my hand.
 And Alexander fall find na fail,
 This day that I luif him bot smail.
 Heir Emynedus makis praying,
 To the douze pers to warn the king.

EMynedus formeft hes sene,
 the battellis and yare baneris schene,
 Than to the knichtis of grece in hy,
 He fais now ridis wittely.
 For of gaderis the empire,
 With Betys that thairof was fire,
 Cummis vpon vs sturdely,
 We ar in perell fickerly.
 Outher of dede or of turment,
 Gif God sum succour to vs sent,
 Bot or we dee on yat manere.

¶ THE FORRAY

Our deidis fall be fauld full dere
 I trow weill now that folk fall fe
 Quha hes maist vertew and bounte
 And quha ye hart hes maist hardy
 Wist Alexander of this cheualry
 His winnyng fuld be worth yis day
 Ane houndreth thousand pund perfay
 Bot God will nocht that it sa be
 Our euenture heir ta mon we
 With that thay lichtit all in fere
 And armit thame on gude manere
The gude Emynedus beheld
 Thame of gaderis our tuke the feild
 That thikkar our the hillis did thraw
 Than ane grete wynd on fey dois waw
 He saw the battellis approchand
 With baneris to the wynd waiffand
 And saw few with him for to fecht
 Aganis men samekill of micht
 And he on na kyn wise couth se
 How thay micht best reskewit be
 Bot alexander the nobill king
 Wald speid him sone in yare helping
 He sichit and ye tearis yan
 For piete our his chekis Ran
 And to schir Licanor can he say
 Gude schir ze se in quhat affray
 The folks of gadris hes vs fet
 Bot gif we succour the sonar get
 Alexander fall tyne to day
 The folks that he luffit maist ay
 And ze haue hors richt weill at hand,

OF GADDERIS.

Stalwart stith and weill sterand
 And ze thair nocht dreid na chaiffing
 Sais gif zour willis be to ye king
 Bot gif he succour ws in hy
 All dede in Gaderis mon we ly

Quhen Licanor had hard yis saw
 For propir tene began to thraw
 And said that I will nocht perfay
 Thair force first I will assay
 My scheild that now is haill and feir
 Sall hewin be in pecis feir
 My hawbrek and my helm of steill
 Salbe to hewin ilk a deill

And I neir woundit out of life
 Or ony leuand man me driue
 Or do to gar me tak the flicht
 To were me zit I haue sum nicht

Emynedus fais Philot bew fyre
 Ga to the king that lyis at Tyre
 And tellis him how duke Bety's
 With gaderis turkis and arabys
 In haill battell thretty thousand
 And ma quhat lord and quhat seruand
 Ar cummand on vs sudandly
 And bot he speid him haistaly
 And succour vs with his barnye
 In lyfe he fall vs neuer se
 Shir said Philot sa god me sane
 I fall se first the grete bargane
 Begin with brandis that ar bricht
 And thay that wourthy ar and wicht
 How thay thair hardynient dar assay.

¶ THE FORRAY

I war wele mair than fhent perfay.
 Gif I went now as meffingeir,
 And left zow in fik perrall heir.
 Quhill my haubrek to hewin is,
 And my gude helme alfo I wis
 Sall to hewin be about my eiris,
 And my sheild thirlit with stalwart fpeiris
 And my blude into great fufoun,
 Be fletand on my arfoun
 My fteid that now fic ftering mais,
 Be fallen in the haltand pais.
 Gif I gang than to fay fik thing
 Sall nouthir Tholomere na the King,
 Na zit Daucene that is thame by,
 Say that I fled hame cowardly.
 We fall be firft on hard affay,
 For I fie nathing now that may,
 Mar vs famekill as cowardis
 In hardiment all our worfhip lyis.
 Thairfoir be we als fikker all,
 As ftane clofit in caftell wall,
 For douchty men ar fhent, Perfay
 That dreidis ouermekill for ane day.

EMYNEDVS the hillis beheld,
 And fawe the Gadderis ouertak the feild
 Attour the hilles with thair baneris
 And enfigneis on feir maneris,
 As in grit wynd dois hail and fnaw,
 Sa come thay on but dreid or aw.
 And in the formaift front befoir,
 He fawe mair than ane hundreth fcoir,
 And ma thay war and fik perfay,

OF GADDERIS.

That semit thay wald be at affay.
And than of Grece the cheualry,
Thay war affrayit greatumly,
For thair was nane that I dar say,
Sa hardy that tuik tent to pray.
The gude Emynedus tuke Lyoun,
And maid him prayer and fermoun,
To pas thair errand to the King,
Say shir gif ze will do this thing,
The pryse all haill of this iorne,
And our weilfair fall zouris be,
Than said Lyon fa God me saif,
Sik pryse think I not to haif.
Na I will nocht sik messlage ma,
Bot gif men trow me quhair I ga,
My helme my sheild nor zit my speir,
Nouthter brokin nor bowit in weir,
And Tholomeir weill syne sould say,
I fled for cowardise away,
Or gif I left in sic ane neid,
The folke that I haue heir to leid,
Micht say that thay haue euill warrand
That fled and left thame barganand,
With thame will I tak gude and ill,
Lat God wirk syne quhat euer he will.

EMYNEDVS fair noyit was,
And said to hardy Perdicas,
Gude shir gang this messlage,
And he anfuere as ane in rage,
Thow lufis me nocht that fa me prayis,
I will abyde with the neid wayis
To helpe the to pas this pace,

¶ THE FORRAY

Me leuer war into this cace
 Wery and woundit with the be
 Than ony leuand man fould fe
 Me haill and feir into my micht
 For ony chance efchew the ficht
 And gif I now went to the King
 And left zow heir in fell fechting
 I war mair tratour than Iudas
 And the gud King that wan Damas
 War wickit fa the Lord me fane
 Bot I to morne war brint or flane

EMYNEDVS faysis to fhir Caulus
 Gang fetch the King to succour vs
 Ane of his Douze pers ar ze
 Ze fall ouer all mair trowit be
 Say to him but he vs succour fone
 We ar all confusit and done
 For with his folke the duke Betys
 Hes vs inclufit on sic ane wys
 That it femis thay fparhalkis war
 And we lawrokis that durft bot dar
 And he faysis fhir Emynedus
 Perfay this meffage is to refuse
 And be the faith I to zow aw
 Quhan I for power strenth or aw
 Sall of yis stalwart ftour be gane
 Behind yair fall nocht leif ane
 Bot gif I fa woundit be
 That micht fet na help in ye

Emynedus fais to Arrefte
 Ze ar fa full of grete bounte
 That ze I trow will help at neid.

OF GADDERIS.

To gar the King him hidder speid,
I knawe the steid that ze on ryde,
I wate that in this world fa wyde.
Is hors that may him ouer tak.
For vs the message man ze mak,
And say vnto our Lord the King,
In his hand is our succouring,
And gif ze will this errand make,
All haill the pryse I vndertake,
Of this iornay and we weill fair
Sall zouris be for euermair.
And gif ze will not it for vs maik,
Gud shir do it for Goddis saik,
And for the gentill Kingis lufe
That oft was wont for vs prufe
Lufe largenes and tendernes
Gud cumpanie and humbilnes.
And he answered and said, Parde
Into Paradise wald I nocht be
Halely to serue on sic seruiss
For the worst that amangis vs is
Me think that ze haue chosin me
And in short tyme I trow that ze
Sould scorne me fra I war went,
My haubrek salbe first to rent,
And my helme also hewin be
In feir places that men may se.
My sword richt in my hand bludy,
And I als woundit in the body
In findrie places or I ma,
This message that ze carp of sa,
The King sall neuer haue na cause to say,

¶ THE FORRAY

Na zit thir Tholomere perfay
 That I fled him for cowardise,
 I wald nocht to haue Paradise,
 In thank to change to be trewlie,
 Fra zow out of this companie.
 Thy felfe may best this errand may,
 That thou oft carpis to assay,
 Emynedus said him curtasly,
 Beuschir ze wait richt weill that I,
 Am Constabill ordaned be the King,
 And hes zow heir in gouerning,
 And I left zow but gouernall,
 Fechtand in fa fell battall,
 I fould all warldis honour tyne,
 And with gud richt be hangit syne.
 Bot had the King biddin zow be,
 Constabill as he hes biddin me,
 Than micht I weil this message ma,
 And fould foroutin grudging ga.
 Bot in this point it may nocht be,
 For sen the King zow taucht to me,
 Me had leuer die in bataill,
 Than ocht in my defalt fould fail.

QVHAN that the Duke sawe his trauaill,
 To get succour micht not availl,
 And that nocht ane wald for him ga,
 In his hart he was wonder wa.
 And to Antigonus said he,
 Gud thir gif it zour willis be,
 To Tyre our message will ze beir,
 Vpon that steid that is suifter,
 Than is Sparhalk Pertrik or quailze.

OF GADDERIS.

Say to the King gif he vs failze
 To succour vs in full grit hy,
 All deid in Gaderis mon we ly,
 And he answered and said, Parde
 Heir in this battell will I be,
 To helpe zow for to leis zon rout,
 Gif ony fall ga foroutin dout,
 It fall ane vther be than I.
 For heir fall I dwell fickerly,
 Of me fall na man say that shame,
 That I am fra the battell gane,
 And lest my feiris in sic ane flour,
 Quhair thay micht preue thair grit valour,
 For thy gud shir for cheritie,
 Of that ze carpe na mair to me.

THE douchtie Duke Emynedus,
 Said efter to Antiochus,
 Into this message mon ze ga,
 On bausand that I vndersta,
 Is suifter than is foull of flicht,
 Say to our nobill King of micht,
 Bot he vs helpe with staluart hand,
 He fall not sie vs on lyfe leuand.
 Than answered he and said, Perfay
 Quhan I haue bene in sic ane fray,
 That my sheild be to frushit all,
 My haubrek hewin in peces small,
 And arme and shoulder all bludie be
 The Duke Betyes and his menzie
 Be discomfite alluterly.

Than gif I leif, I fall blythlie
 Ga tell thir tythingis to the King,

¶ THE FORRAY

He ſal not call thame gabbing,
 Gif I ga els foule him befall
 That recryand will not me call.
EMYNEDVS ſayis ſhir Sampſoun
 Gang to the King gentill Barroun
 And bid him cum into grit hy
 To ſuccour vs with his cheualry,
 For of Gaderis all the barnie
 That thretty thouſand or ma may be
 With felloun battell hes vs ſocht.
 He ſaid ſhir duke ze carp for nocht,
 I ſit all armit on my ſteid
 Richt freſhely flowand in my weid,
 Zarnand to conqueir and to haif
 The land that the gud King me gaif,
 And abydis the battell heir
 That we ſall haue richt ſone but weir,
 And gif I zeid this meſſage,
 As ſould ane knaiſ do or ane page,
 Than my worſhip war all in vane,
 Me had leuer in feild be ſlane,
 Than leiſ the fecht in ſik degre
 Outher ſall thay all ouris be,
 Or we ſall all die but ranſoun.
 Quhen that he herd gud Emynedoun,
 He keſt down his hede in hy,
 And regrated full tenderly,
 Of the King Tholomere & Cliton,
 And ſaid now beis departicion
 Of the Douze pers that ay
 Thame prouit weill at hard aſſay
 With that thay of that vther party

OF GADDERIS.

Cryit ze fall all die haistely.
 Leif ze the pray we challenge it,
 Or we fall reid zow sic ane fit,
 That ze fall all the headis tyne,
 Or die ilkane with dule and pyne.
QVHAN Emynedus had hard
 And his trauell was all in vane,
 And that he nicht find nane wald ga,
 His message na his erand ma.
 The teiris ouer his chekis ran,
 And smertly he regratit than,
 Alexander the nobill King.
 And said a lord atour all thing
 Was wount to lufe vs and to pryse,
 And giftis gif on mony wyse.
 Thy treasure and thy nobill steidis,
 Thy great riches and ryall weidis,
 And all that God lattis the conquer,
 Thow geuis frely but danger.
 On lyfe thou fall vs neuer sie,
 Allace this day grit neid haue we,
 Of Daucene and of Tholomeir,
 That in ane stour can weill thame steir
 And I can find for na kin thing,
 Ane knycht that ryde will to the King,
 To set helping in his menzie.
 Certis I can na succour sie.
 He lukit than in feild him by,
 And sawe ane gud knicht in great hy,
 Licht him allane vnder ane trie,
 Corneus to name hecht he.
 Pure of all gudis he was,

¶ THE FORRAY

Bot of hart he had grete riches,
 He panit him fatentifly,
 To arme his hede and his body,
 For that day thocht he for to greif.
 His fais and his worship preif,
 And fuage on yame his matelent,
 And with grete strenth and hardement,
 Manteine the kingis mense that day.
 Emynedus meikly can him say,
 I cry the of yir folk mercy,
 Schir faif yame for zour courtasie,
 And gif thow will do this meflage.
 I am reddy in all ostage,
 That thow fall thank haif of the king,
 And grete reward for thy ganging,
 And the douze pers gif yow will ga.
 Sall zeild the mekill thank alsa,
 The knycht said schir be heuinnis king,
 My thocht is on ane vther thing,
 Gif that succouris mon gettin be.
 Ze mon ane vther fend than me,
 Thocht I be pure in euill array,
 I think my vertew to assay,
 Men suld nocht reprof pouerte,
 Thocht pure men ay skornit be,
 For pure men sa vnwourthy is,
 Vneis that ony will thame pryse,
 Or loif or turne thair deidis in gude,
 For fare hecht wald ze change my mude.
 And shame me for hope of geuing,
 For be him that is heuinis King,
 And I nicht get lang lafeir,

OF GADDERIS.

That I micht pres me in my gere,
 And lepe vpon my stalwart steid,
 That oft hes helpit me in my neid,
 I fall induce zow to begin.
 This bargane quha sa tyne or win,
 And be the faith yat I aw to the king,
 Quhen I for force of hard fechting,
 Or dreid of dede away fall ryde.
 Ze fall na will haue to abyde,
 Emynedus ansuerit him till,
 Thow bydis with sa richt gude will,
 That I can on na wayis blame the.
 God sawe the gif his willis be,

EMYNEDVS callit Festioun,
 That was ane man of grete renoun,
 And with Alexander was priuie.
 His maister chalmerlane was he,
 He said gang say our Lord the king,
 That we hald of all our halding,
 That the day is cumming that we,
 Sall by full dere his grete bounte,
 For duke Betys that bald baroun,
 Hes brocht vs hard possessioun,
 And knychtis to assay vs sa,
 That nane on lyfe fall pas him fra,
 Say the gude king he spedely ride
 To succour vs in to this tyde,
 And will ze schir do this erand,
 Zour faull ze bring to lyfe lestand,
 Ze se weill that zour dede is neir,
 That at our hand is cumand heir,
 The myscheif is to grete I hecht.

¶ THE FORRAY

Gif that we with sa mony fecht,
 Bot gif the gude King cum that we,
 Hald for our lord and avowie,
 Helmis and heidis mon we tyne
 Bot in his sword lyis our helpyne.
 Bot that quhan I vmbethink me,
 Of his great worship and bountie,
 And of manheid and hie empyfe,
 That we haue sene him do oft fyfe.
 My hart it growis sa sturdely,
 That I think of my selfe ferly
 That we sa greatly fould thame dread,
 Suppose it now fallin be in dead.
 That at mischeif we fundin ar.
 Me had leuer with dule and cair
 Be deid, than thay vnsailzeit be.
 Quod Festioun sa God me sie,
 Gud shir now haue ze spokin richt,
 Now be we fallowis in this ficht.
 I fall not pas out of this feild,
 Quhill I sie sa haill my sheild,
 And quhill I sie sa great mellie.
 That cowardis fall anoyit be.
 Now be we Sparhalkis and thay Quailzeis,
 For multitude in fecht oft sailzeis.
 Thocht thay be ma nor we for thy,
 Seik we the first sa sturdely,
 That the hindmaist abasit be.
 We ar all chosin of great bountie,
 And prouit with the nobill King,
 That geuis sa mony ryall thing.
 And it is full gud richt that we,

OF GADDERIS.

Quyte him merite for his bountie.
 To leif or die quhiddel God will fend,
 Luke with honour that we wend.
 That our airis nocht blamit be,
 Na zit the King in na degre.
 Haue shame quhat ending that we ma,
 Nor na man euill reherfing ma,
 To fing of vs efter our day,
 Our hardiment fall we affay.
 For in fele places haue we bene,
 Our hardiment with worship sene.
 That we na wayis fould vs misfay,
 Bot be of gude comfort ay,
 For to dreid deid fa grittumly,
 May fall bot shame full fickerly,
 Quha for his Lord dois he fall be,
 Harbreid with Angellis gle.
 The Kingis freindis fall to day,
 Be knawen in this hard affay,
 Quha lufis his honour he fall be,
 Renoumed in this great mellie.
EMYNEDVS beheld him by,
 Beheld ane pure man anerly,
 Licht him allane vnder ane tre,
 That had nocht bot his hors and he.
 Ane sheild ane helme ane fuord but mair,
 And thay zit fa vnworthie ware,
 That nane that worth war wald thame ta,
 Bot gif he wald cast thame him fra,
 Richt stout visage and fair he had,
 With browis brent and shoulderis braid,
 And small in vame and als lenzie,

¶ THE FORRAY

Ane large fute and fair had he,
 Cristall hair and sumdele broun,
 His hede he bair as ane lyoun,
 With lymmys square and manly maid.
 And armys lang and schoulderis braid,
 Quhat fall I say of his renoun,
 He was sa fair of all fassoun,
 That nane farar mycht fundin be.
 He was man of grete quantatie,
 His beird of new begouth to spring
 Had he bene dicht in gude armyng,
 Amang fyue houndreth fuld yair be
 Sa knycht lik man to cheis as he,
 Men fuld nocht in ane stalwart stour,
 For the sone of ane empriour,
 Change him as me think sickerly.
 Bot had he knawin him werraly,
 He fuld haue haldin him full dere,
 His sister sone he was but were,
 Gottin of ane prince of grete renoun.
 Daurus had haldin him in presoun,
 Weill .xv. zere before of ane page,
 For his father, in to hostage,
 And to the oist of Grece but weir.
 Large he was and fair of feir,
 Thre dayis before cummin he was,
 Richt as it hapnit him per cais.
 Bot zit had he nocht sene ye King.
 Na knew bot quhein of his duelling,
EMYNEDVS sais to him gude freind,
 In yis messlage I pray ye weind,
 Ga furth gif yat thy willis be

OF GADDERIS.

To bring vs of this perplexitie.
Thir folke that ar into sik thrang,
For Goddis lufe prais the to gang,
And fay to Alexander gif he,
Will vs reskew with his barnie,
That he wan neuer sa mekill ane day,
As in this bargane win he may.
For he may succour his menze,
And victor of his fais to be.
Thay think as now to skaith vs sa,
That nane fall quick eschaip thame fra.
Thow hes me think na gud arming,
And to byde it is perrillous thing.
And gif thow will do this meffage,
Thow fall haue vnto thy vantage,
Ane hundreth pund of gold, perfoy
And thair with al, by the thow may,
Arming and hors of grit bounte.
A beaufcheir to the duke said he,
Ze sould not make me prayer,
Zit sawe I neuer the King but weir,
Na with sik tythandis for na chance,
Think I to mak my first quentance.
Ze sould not mak zour messinger,
Of ane pure man that strange wer.
Send to him ane richer man,
That do zour erand better can.
And gif I ga God for his will,
Lat me neuer cum agane zow till,
Zit was I neuer in ane flour,
Quhair I nicht preue my valour.
And into this I think to day,

¶ THE FORRAY

To'bye and my vertew assay.
 And zit may fall in this battale,
 To zow and zouris I may avale.
 And thocht I haue na gud arming,
 Now at the battell beginning,
 I think or it all endit be,
 That I fall haif aneuch, parde
 Sa helpe me God that mekill may,
 Ane thing I will heir to zow say,
 Thair fall na thing abase me sa,
 That I first of the feild fall ga.
 And zit I fall anoyit be,
 Bot I be first at the mellie.
EMYNEDVS kest down his face,
 And in his hart great anger hes.
 Quhan he sawe that na man wald ga,
 In the messlage bot sonze ma,
 The teiris in great plentie,
 Ran ouer his cheikis for pure pitie.
 For he wist but thay had belyue
 Rescours sould nane be left on lyue,
 Of all that was into that rout.
 Sa saw he Caulus that was stout,
 Arme him as man of grit valour,
 His armes quhyter far than flour.
 Emynedus meikly can him pray,
 To pas furth to the King and say,
 That thay war all but deid and done,
 Bot he with strenth thame succour sone.
 Quhan Caulus hard his carping,
 He leuch for pryde as in hething.
 And angerly can answer ma,

OF GADDERIS.

Thow art na freind that chargis me fa,
 God me confound gif I ſchemit be,
 To day for vthir or for ye,
 I ſit all armyt on my ſteid.
 And gif I fleand fra zow zeid.
 I ſeruit zow of euill ſeruice,
 I do it nocht for all paradice,
 Before yat my gude haberſoun.
 That now is of ane fyne faſſoun,
 In ſindry placis to fruſchit be,
 And or I pas I trow yat ze,
 Sall ſe my body of blude all rede.
 Woundit in perell of ye dede,
 The king hes geuin me grete cuntreis,
 And rentis of mony fare Cieteis,
 And he yat ſa grete ſeis tais.
 Suld the ſtrength of his lordis fais,
 Suffer ſum quhile at grete myſcheif,
 Thocht dede appeir perell and greif,
 My hart is ſet vpon na thing.
 Bot how I may but ſoiornyng,
 Auance my lordis honour ay,
 And ſen I am in ſic array,
 And ſtridin our my ſtalwart ſteid.
 I am traiftar ſa God me ſpeid,
 Than I into ane caſtell ware,
 I intromettit me neuer are,
 In meſſage for to do nor ſay.
 Nane will I certis do this day,
EMYNEDVS lukit him by,
 And ſaw ane knyght in full grete hy,
 Array him on ane ryall ſteid.

¶ THE FORRAY

He was ane of the gud at neid,
 That nicht be fundin in ony cuntre,
 He was neir sib to Areste.
 Emynedus fais for Goddis saik,
 This message for vs that ze maik.
 Gang to the hoist and tell the King,
 Bot he him speid in our helping,
 For we had neuer sa hard assay,
 The stoutest of vs all, perfay
 Sall sone zarne erar hame to be,
 Than haue all France in his pouste.
 And he said how that euer it ga,
 This message will I na way ma.
 Quha euer thairat wraith or blyth be
 Into my sheild first fall I fie
 Sik woundis that the King fall say,
 That I come fra na herdis play,
 Na that my steid fall nocht be,
 Sa greatly soiornit vnder me.

EMYNEDVS saw neir approchand,
 His fais richt felloun neir cumand.
 As folk that war of grit rigour,
 Reddie to zeild that stalwart stour.
 He sawe thame first thair sheildis ta,
 Thair brandis and stith speiris alsua.
 He sawe sa feill broudin baneris,
 And pennomis vpon seir maneris,
 And helmis als and vther armin,
 That cleirly agane the Sone shein.
 And mony steid stith steirand,
 He saw into the front cumand,
 Trumpetis Taburnes and hornes blast,

OF GADDERIS.

Soundit fa hideously and fa fast.
 The greatest hoist and the stoutest,
 Of ony cuntre and the best,
 Suld of that sicht abasit be
 Besyde him thairwith can he sie
 Areste that was gude at neid,
 Sittand all armit on his steid.
 And gretand than with fair fisching
 He said gud shir for heuinis King,
 Haue of thir folke reuth and pitie.
 For certis I can na succour sie.
 Gif ze us sailze to set helping.
 The laif hes me ansuered at thair lyking,
 And tauld me largely thair intent,
 Bot all to lait fall thame repent.
 Sa lang thairon standin haif we,
 That lait it is to luke and sie,
 Quhidder is better to byde or fle away,
 And he ansuered and said, perfay
 I sie ze hait me vterly,
 Quhan ze will not lat me byde zow by,
 The great charge of the stour to beir,
 Men war wont sum tymes heir,
 To cheis me with the best to be,
 And ze now tuise hes prayit me,
 Bot nocht for thy men sould meikly,
 Obey to sa guid and worthy
 As ze ar, for better than ze,
 May neuer with sword beltit be.
 Thairfoir for zow and for the King,
 That hes vs all in gouerning.
 And for the folke that I heir sie,

¶ THE FORRAY

In perrill and in perplexitie.
 This message do for zow I will,
 Gif God will gif me grace thair till.
 Bot my sheild futhly first shall be,
 To hewin, that men fall weill it fie,
 My helme and als my haberfoun,
 And I fall fie in grit fusoun,
 The blude rin out of my body,
 And my steid that is gude fall halely,
 Be haillit in blude and sueat alfa,
 But verray takinnis I will not ga.
 Quhan I am stad as I zow say,
 And I yan prayit be, gif I may
 Haif mycht and space and lyfe yairto,
 This message glaidly will I do,
 Thair fall nane mak at me scorning.
 Gif I may at my departing
 Na zit the King fall nocht blame me,
 To gretly gif I may him se,
 With that thay war on athir side.
 All reddy semblit for to ryde,
 With vapnis yat war bricht as flour,
 Redie to zeild yat stalwart stour,
 The knychtis of Grece quhom bot yai.
 Gouvernit yame self wyfly perfai,
 Thai lichtit all in full grete hy,
 And armyt yame full cumly,
 Gaderit yare hors and knyt yair renzes
 And to thair speris fesnit senzeis,
 And syne lap on yair steidis styth,
 And embraiffit yair scheldis swyth,
 Thay raid wisly and in gude array.

OF GADDERIS.

And ilk man can to vther fay,
 Sie that our worship now appeir,
 For the wordis richt lykand weir,
 That men speikis of thame that dois weill,
 The myscheif was to great to feill
 That thay of Grece that war sa wicht.
 Assemblit in ye feild to fecht,
 With thame of Gaderis ye grete empire,
 That all inflamit war with ire
 That ma than .XXX. thousand wair
 And yai bot seuin houndreth but mair
 Thai missell at yare first semble
 For ane that was of maist bounte
 Amang yame at yare first meting,
 Was slane but ony vther recouering.
 That stoneit yame gretlie that day.
 And Alexander regratit ay
 Bot nocht for thy yai suld him dere,
 Bot yai saw quheir amang yame were,
 That vneis micht yai knawen be,
 Or sene amang that grete menze,
HEIR the furriours and thair fais,
 Assembris and grete melle mais,
 First at the semble of the ficht.
 Iustit schir Sampson for he was wicht,
 That for to win had grete zarning,
 The land that him had geuin the king
 He and the duke Betis yai tua.
 With speris stracht can yai ga,
 And straik sic straikis till blasonis,
 Thirlit haistaly yare habirgeonis.
 Sampson in slenderis brak his spere.

¶ THE FORRAY

Bot the duke that was wyfe in weir,
 With his speir that sharpely share,
 Him baklingis throw the body bare.
 And laid him deid richt suddanly
 And ioynt and clois past him by,
 And said him in his by passing,
 I am weill certane of ane thing,
 That we fall neuer of thy mouth heir
 Iudgement fra this day but weir.
 Sall Alexander say and feill
 That I nor myne lufis him neuer adeill
 And Balas that hes Tyre in sie,
 That we haue wengit him on the.
 Thow fall neuer of his honour,
 Hald castell cittie toun na tour.

THE mischeif was great and cruell,
 Of Sampfoun that deid doun fell,
 The knychtis of Grece thair nicht men sie,
 Be stad in grit perplexitie.
 Emynedus anoyit was,
 And said to hardy Perdicas,
 Alexander the gentill King,
 This day of vs beis departing.
 A fen thow war into this stour,
 Throw thy helpe worship and valour,
 Thow sould vs venge richt weill, Perfay,
 We man all die with dule this day,
 A Sampfoun sweit freind sa sone,
 Hes all thy douchtie dayis done.
 Bot I the venge shent mot I be.
 With that with spurris his steid straik he,

OF GADDERIS.

And plungit in the thikkeſt preis,
 And ſmot ſchir Saladyne that was,
 Ane knycht of Gaderis at the chyn,
 He briſtand bair him butlingis in.
 To all throughout the ſpere went ſyne,
 And he fell down with dule and pyne,
 Thair was wengance and that was richt,
 Tane for ſchir Sampſoun that was wicht.
 The knychtis of Grece than was ſtout,
 Lappit togiddir all in ane rout,
 And fuore that nane ſuld vther fail,
 For dout of dede in that battaill,
 Feſtione weill arrayit at richt,
 In armour yat was fare and bricht,
 Sat on ane ſtalwart ſteid of pryſe,
 In gude ſandell at all deuife.
 Couerit and throw futelte,
 Lyons of gold war ſet yair thre,
 The ſcheld was ſtyth the knycht hardy,
 And in the ſtour ſa ſturdely.
 He ſmot in the ſtour before,
 Ane knycht was callit ſchir Licanore,
 Chargit with ſtrakis ſa ſtalwartly,
 He gart him deir ye bargane by,
 For throw the hede he him bare,
 And fellit him ſtane dede richt yare,
 He deit ſuyth and ſa did ma,
 For all yat euer he nicht our ta.
 Vpone the ſamyng wyſe he gart ly
 For he gaif yame nane vther mercy,
 Few eſchewit his ſtrakis I hecht,
 He gaif ſic ſtrakis in to yat fecht,

¶ THE FORRAY

CAVLVVS callit Emenelis
 Sat armit on ane steid of prys
 I trow he fall content him weil
 For in hard battalle morteill
 Quhair knychtis suld assailzet be,
 Men nicht find sone ane war than he
 His scheld was gold but vther colour
 And in the cantel was set ane flour
 The prince of Corynthe smot he sa
 That he him to the ground gard ga
 In to ane heip baith hors and knycht
 As scheip that for the wof takis flicht
 He led ye folk before him was
 Quhen Gaderanis saw sa hard ane pais
 Beheld yame yai war all fary
 Syne to his feris he went in hy

LICANOR and Philot alfua
 Thay wounder wourthe brethir tua,
 War of ane will and ane stoutnes
 Bot nocht all of ane mekilnes
 Licanor was ane partie broun,
 And wonder fetas of fassoune,
 Baith wise courtes and wicht was he,
 Philot was of mare quantite.
 Of ioyous and of blyth manere
 With stout visage and lauchand chere,
 Richt kynd courtes and amorous
 And yai war baith glad and ioyous.
 All armyt in to ane colour,
 Thay come baith prekan in the flour,
 Licanor smot ane knicht sa fast
 That of his nek the vanis braft

OF GADDERIS.

And laid him dede doun to ye ground,
 The knycht was callit Ingramound,
 He was ane mychty cenatour,
 And held grete lordschip and honour.
 And Philot with ane grete waffyne,
 Smot ane stout knycht callit Coruyn,
 That he him fellit dede richt yair,
 Of that straik fele affrayit ware.
 Sum of the Gaderanis that assailzeit,
 And quhen ye bretheris speris failzit,
 Thair swordis swyftly out yai fwyng,
 Mare yan ane bow schot on ane lyng
 At thair fais yai ruschit sturdely,
 Na man of yame was fa hardy.
 That yai na gaif ye brother steid,
 Sa of yair handis to de yai drede,
VPONE ane steid of grete bounte,
 In the stour prikit Areste,
 With ane spere schairp and weill scherand,
 The pensale to the wynd waiffand,
 Fair corps and hie and stark he had,
 With stout visage and richt weile maid.
 Men nicht nocht fynd in na countre,
 Ane man mair ganand knycht to be.
 Nane nicht endure agane his dynt,
 His fais chaiffis yan as he mynt.
 He smot ane duke hecht Morgathare,
 That throw the body he him bare,
 Sa that nouthier scheld nor blaffone,
 Auailit him of ane buttoune.
 He duschit doune in blude all rede.
 He bocht full deir schir Sampsonis dede.

¶ THE FORRAY

Quha sa thair of be wraith or blyith,
 Sic leuch before fall greit all fuyth.
 The renkis begouth sa thik that,
 He feld full fair in sadill sat.
 Thair men nicht sie ane staluart flour,
 And sheildis that war of great colour,
 To frushit and speiris brak in shunder,
 Steidis ouertirf knichtis ly vnder.
 And sadillis temit of douchty men,
 Arefte stoutly prikkit then,
 In middes the thikkeft of the thrang,
 And with his fword about him dang.
 Sa fawe he in the flour him by,
 Emynedus sa sturdely,
 Help him self with waponis snell,
 That it war wounder for to tell.
 For he sa hard his fais led,
 That he baith blude and harnes shed.
 And with his brand of blude all rede,
 Ouertyruit the deid men vpon dede.
 He said a gentill duke of pris,
 Abone all knichtis to loif thow is,
 That leuand is in warld this day,
 Is nane thy peir fuitly to fay.
 Men that sik ledaris hes as the,
 Durft not gritly abasit be,
 To challenge weill thair lordis richt,
 For fikkerly it is not licht,
 To distroy thame but thy skirring,
 Geuis to vs all recomforting.
 Efter thy dint na fawe may faue,
 Maugre of God euer mot he haue,

OF GADDERIS.

That is anoyit at the King,
Hald the in great cherifing.
For better na thow may fpend na fpeir,
Na into battell wapin beir.

PERDICAS fawe on ather fyde
The folk asemble with routis ryde,
And hardy trumpettis and hornes blaw,
And mony worthy man he fawe,
Reddie to fmyte on findrie wife,
And vndertak full hie emprise.
He fawe the gude with hart full thra.
Throw out the thik preis cum and ga.
Sum ftryke with fword and fum with fpeir,
He was hardy and wicht in weir.
And prikked fa to the tuther party,
That he rufhit richt furdely,
In the middes of the ftalwart ficht,
And with fic wraith he fmot ane knicht,
That hecht fhir Amere and was ane
Of Melchis xij fonnes, bot thair was nane,
Better of hand than was he,
Na manlyar knicht in na cuntre.
Thair micht na armour him auailze,
He ran throw ye cours in the entrailze,
He hair him baklingis with ane fpere,
And dede doun to the erd can bere,
And paffit clos by and drew his brand
Quhom euir he hit I tak on hand.
He chapit nocht vnhurt him fra,
He raid or he a refst wald ma,
Ane archear fchot all out and mare,
Apoynt apertly maid he thair.

¶ THE FORRAY

Bot at ane lytill burne passing,
 His hors him failzeit of leping,
 And with the foirfute enterit sua,
 That hors and he to eird can ga,
 Than yai of Gaderis in full grete hy.
 Schot vpone him full doughtely,
 And to dede had him doungin thus,
 Had nocht bene duke Emynedus,
 That prekit to him in full grete hy.
 And dang the folk sa rigorously,
 That vpone him yair dingand was,
 That maugre yairis yai left the place,
 He horffit him quhethir thay wald or nocht,
 And syne towart yare fais thay focht.
 In sic ane ledare men nicht affye,
 That helpit his men sa duchtelye,

CORNEVS set him vpone ane bay,
 That he gart hardely hald his way,
 In ye thikkeft preis he prekit to.
 In thocht and will richt weill to do,
 As nobill knycht and wicht in were,
 He smot ane king sa with ane spere,
 That neuoy was to duke Betys,
 That of the nobill steid of prys.
 He draif him dede doune to ye ground,
 Thare schewit wele in to that stound,
 That he ane hard pais can yaime leid,
 He bocht full dere schir Sampsonis dede,
 That he thairfore hes tynt the fueit,
 Sic leuch befor yat now fall greit,

ANTIGONVS yat wourthy was,
 Plungit into ye thikkeft preis

OF GADDERIS.

With spere in fewter and helme embraiffit,
Haubreik indoiffit and weill laiffit,
Him semit weill ane knycht to be,
And on ane gude fteid als fat he.
That nouthir king nor empriour,
Mycht better haue in stalwart stour,
He saw ane hardy Arraby,
Socht to ye renk sa sturdely,
That he the Grecians febillit sa fast.
Four deid to ground yair can he cast,
Antigonus to him sterit his fteid,
And he him met in that gude speid,
Bot he missit and by can gang,
For that his hors was hewit strang.
Zit yan Antigonus smot him sua,
That he the scheld smot euin in tua,
And ye gude hawbrek yat was thair vndir,
Throw strenth & vertew brast in schoundir,
And throw the body he him bare.
And fellit him stane deid richt yare,
His spere brak bot his brand he drew,
And strakis rude about him threw,
And fellit mony muddy knycht,
For he was hardy bald and wicht.
His fais fall nocht hald him that day,
For child at striking gif he may,

ANDREANE was armit fute and hand
And raid on brydill wallapand.
In fewter fet his stalwart spere,
His scheild embraiffit ioynt in his gere,
His armes he bare iolely,

¶ THE FORRAY

And strenzeit in his sterapis stythly,
 Prikkand he smot ane araby,
 That he met first sa sturdely,
 That deid doune to the erd him bare,
 Men callit yat knycht schir Calafare,
 And wounder mychty in all thing,
 Richt prudent in his gouerning,
 Vpone zond halfe of plom Iordane,
 Of land he held ane mekill pane.
 This knycht before slew ane romane,
 Philotis neir coufing germane,
 Bot he was quyt yare trewly,
 For Andreane deid doune gart him ly,

INTO the renk prekit Lyoune.
 All helit in ane fandale broun,
 With orpharis all couerit about,
 King Alexander ye sterne and stout,
 Had geuin him withowtin were,
 With pinsale on ye samyn manere.
 He in the scheld smot Aradas,
 That of pharone the cheif lord was,
 That haubrek scheld nor zit ventale,
 Agane the dynt mycht nocht auale,
 That he to erd deid doun him draue.
 Syne with straucht arm straik on the laif,
 Sa fast as he had fellit thre,
 Or euer his renze arrest wald he.
 How zoung Pirrus lord of montflour
 Reskeuit his men and wan honour

THE pure man yat vnarmit was,
 Raid prekand stoutly throw the preis.

OF GADDERIS.

He was neuoy to Emenydounis,
And held of him baith towris and tounis,
His scheild to fruschit was halely,
And he woundit in the body
Bot ye wound was litill futhlie.
And he had bundin it straitlie,
Wpon ane fyde of ye feild he saw,
Ane knycht of Gaderis without fallow.
Armyt in to full riche armour,
His armis quhitar war yan flour.
His scheild was bordouret richely,
With gold and asure halely
His hors was fare he saw neuer knycht
That him thocht sa gaily dicht.
On fyde sa stoutly he him straik,
That all suddanly ye hede can tak,
Baith of the knycht and of ye steid,
And his necbane in founder zeid.
And his chyn brak dispitously,
The child yan lychtit doun in hy,
And dicht him in his armour fwith,
And fyne lap on his steid sa styth,
His sverd nakit in hand he bare.
Beheld his leggis how thay ware,
Arrayit in melze of fyne hew,
His hart within his body grew,
He saw his eme at erd him by.
And his gude steid vpon him ly,
For he was fallin in ane turnyng,
Seuyne knychtis he saw vpon him dyng,
That grete rowtis vnto him raucht.
The child cryit Archade with all his maucht.

¶ THE FORRAY

And towart him raid in full great hy,
 And smot the first sa sturdely,
 That he smote euin the arme in tua,
 And ane other to the erd can ga.
 And rushit with that vpone the laif,
 And mony deidly dynt thame gaif,
 Sa of the feuin slew he fyue,
 With that the duke vpstart belyue
 The tother tua hes left that steid.
 And he drest him into his weid,
 And said quhat art thou freind that me,
 Hes in this thrang done this bounte,
 Schir said the childe I hecht Pyrrus,
 And neuoy is to Emynedus,
 In Daurus presoun haue I bene,
 Weill xiiij. zeir forouttin wene.
 For quhan I was ane lytill page,
 For my fader I went in hostage,
 Now louit be God eschaipit am I,
 I haue bene scornit this day greatly,
 For armour louit mot God be,
 For now I haue aneuch plentie.
 My fader is of Archade fuithly
 Emynedus sifter sone am I.
 Now seik I him in feir countre,
 The duke said louit mot God be,
 I am thy eme fair deir coufine,
 Thow art my deir sib man and I thine,
 In Alexanderis court throw me,
 Thow sall menskit and honourit be.
 With that he can him fast imbrais,
 And kiffit him armit as he was.

OF GADDERIS.

A dere God fais Pyrrus quhat I
Am of this meting richt happy,
My hart is full of Iolite
Now think I sweit eme to be,
Honourit throw zow with great and small,
And for my awin deidis with all,
Emynedus sayis my neuoy deir,
Se that thow hald the by me heir.
This is the perrillous battale,
That euer I saw in my trauell,
And thow my sone be set fra me.
Schir said the child or it fa be,
My sword fall be of blude all rede,
And I woundit neir to the deid.

PYRRVS that lord is of mountflour,
Richt douchty and of great valour.
He was weill taucht in deid and saw,
Quhair he ane wickit man couth know.
He luiffit him nocht na wald him heir,
His laittis na his lessons leir.
His ensigne was of great renoun,
And fair dred with his fais felloun.
His worship set thame in affray,
For he went all to sone away.
For he wald euer at hard melle,
At stryking with the formaist be.
He straucht his steid that stithly ran,
And in the preis he plungit than.
And deidlyke dintis about him gaue,
His eme prayit God fould him faue.
I will record zow his fassoun,

¶ THE FORRAY

Fra dede myschif and fra presone,
 Of all schaip was he richt wele maid,
 With armys large and schoulderis braid.
 Fare schankis leggis and feit.
 Weil maid all to his body meit,
 His berd to spring of new began,
 Him semyt weill to be ane man.
 Certis to fay of his bounte.
 Thare nicht nane farer fundin be,
 A dere God how his helm of steill,
 And his hawbrek fat him how weill,
 His spere was schairp and weill scherand.
 Quha met with him I tak on hand,
 Thay haue of him sic ane menyng,
 Thai fall neid I wis of leching.
PIRRVS fat on ane nobill steid,
 And he richt douchty was indeid,
 He lukit fast to his armyng.
 And thair of had he grete plesing,
 His steid he straucht and straik ane knyght,
 Schir Gastmall to name he hecht.
 Throw baith scheild and habirgeoun,
 He plat his spere in his pensoun,
 And duschit him dede doun in that place,
 Sa sone that he said neuer allace.
 Pirrus his stalwart spere hes tynt,
 Bot swith in hand his sword he hynt.
 That forgit was and formyt weill,
 Of ane broun vnbrekand steill.
 The sword was gude and of grete pryse,
 And it had lord at all deuyse,
 At this poynt thinkis he gif he may,

OF GADDERIS.

Sum of his vertew to assay.
With that he socht furth in the thrang,
And sic dyntis about him dang,
That he past by sik thretty,
That nane was na he gart him ly.
Pyrrus thus fleirit him in this flour,
Thair was he haldin of great valour.
That tyme was nane of his zouthheid,
Of sa grit worship and manheid,
And farar was nane sikkerly.
A deir God how he was douchty.
He gyrd throw renk with sword in hand,
Thame of Gaderis fast febiland,
And comfortand sa grittumly,
The folk that war of his party.
EMYNEDVS him saw and vox blyth,
And said to Licanor all suyth,
Se my neuoy how he stonayis,
Zon Gaderanes that he assayis.
Quha zarnis ane knicht of great bounte,
Sall he find nane better than he.
With that the gude Emynedon,
Embraisit sadly his blason.
His suord was drawin in his hand,
Agane his dynt had nocht warrand.
And Pyrrus cryit now gais heir ga,
He that heir cumis I vndera,
With ane sweit medicyne fall now,
Mak quyte of that that greuis zow.
His straikis ar nocht of ane prentis,
Bot of the best that leuand is
In warld saiffand the King allane.

¶ THE FORRAY

He fall zit or this day be gane,
 brew zow fik drink I tak on hand,
 That ze drank nane sa poysonand.
EMYNEDVS his cours maid weill,
 That fele of Gaderis may feill,
 His sword schare in thair nakit hyde,
 Pyrrus was ay neir him besyde.
 Thir tua with all thair cumpany,
 Socht on thair fais sa sturdely,
 Quhill to thair baneris thay yame dang,
 Thair had thay thirlit weill the thrang,
 Quhan that gude Gaudifere de larys,
 With tua thousand knichtis of prys.
 Saw ische out of ane craig thame by,
 He wist and knew aluterly,
 That thay of Grece wald wele thame weir,
 Thairfoir with tyme and at laseir,
 He dight him in his apparell,
 And ordaned him for battell.
 His men he gart als weill array,
 For at his micht he wald assay,
 To skaill them sua in his cuming,
 That thair sould be na recovering,
 In his battellis than micht be fene,
 Baneris and pennomis shynand shene,
 Trumpettis and taburnes gaylie blaw,
 Quhan that the folk of Grece thame saw,
 In hy all fleing reillit thay,
 And to ane strenth hes tane the way,
 To saue thair lyues quhill thay mocht,
 Is nane of thame I trow had thoct,
 Of gamin or play or zit solace,

OF GADDERIS.

For the mischeif famekill was.

THIS gude Gaudefeir de laris,
That was of sa hie souerane pris,

That in all the land of Afrike,
Of worship was thair nane him lyke.

Na nane sa grit of hie valour,
For to mentene ane staluart flour.

Na haldis his fais in sik danger,
Na helpis his freindis yat had mister.

Na quhan his fais left the place,
Sa strenthily couth demane ane chace.

He could fle fairly but affray,
Quhan neid him strenzeit to hald his way,

And quhan that he his point culd sie,
Recouer couth he weill his bountie,

And mak mony ane fair turning.

His tething and his fair hauing,

His vertew and his countenance,

Wald to ane gude man mak plesance.

His worship will I rehers heir,

He was vpon full great maneir.

Cumly of corps and assemble,

His body weill adornit he,

Richt large weill luiffit and courtais,

The gude auansit he alwayis.

And fellon deid and word all way,

He preiffit to scaill and put away.

With ane thousand knichtis of pris,

To help his lord duke Betis.

He come from Gadderis in ane lyng,

The reggard was in his leding.

Quhan he the rinkis saw shudder sua,

¶ THE FORRAY

And the battellis togiddir ga
 And hard the grete noyis and ye cry
 Of woundit men sa foroufully.
 He sat vpon the nobillest steid.
 That ony lord mycht haif at neid,
 With spurris he straik him sturdely
 And he lanfit deliuerly,
 Into the thikkeft of the preis.
 Quhar he saw maist of melle was,
 He plungit in ye feild before
 And smot the gude erll Sabolore,
 That he all peirffit his blaffoun.
 And thirllit als his habirgeoun,
 And bet him dede down in ye grene,
 And smot him throw ye body clene,
 And efter sone sic vther thre
 Throw his wirschop to erd laid he.
 That ye worst was of grete valour,
 For to manteine ane stalwart stour
PIRRVVS hes sene how Gaudifere,
 Sa stoutly can his fais dere.
 How he erll Sabalour hes slane,
 And vthir als of mekill mane,
 That the worst was richt douchty,
 And praiffit of hie chewalry.
 With spurris tit straik he ye steid,
 And he come lanfand wale gude speid,
 Armit in armouris gude and fyne,
 Gaudifere had yare ane cousine.
 Pirrus him smot with all his maucht.
 And sa rude ane rout hes him raucht,
 That scheld and habirgeoun of steill.

OF GADDERIS.

At that point valzeit neuer a deill.
Bot he him throw the body bare,
And feld him ftane deid richt thair.
And he all clois pafte far by,
Emynedus yan faid thame in hy,
Lanfant he leris thame of his play,
I trow yat yow yis mony ane day,
Iuftit nocht with ane better knyght,
Na with fa hardy na with fa wicht.

OF the erll Sabolouris dede.
The Grecians war fa will of rede,
That fum of thame fa fair can grete,
That yare auantallis worthit weit,
And fum for propir radnes quoik
Sic bafing in yare hartis yai tuik,
Quhen yai faw fall bricht armyng,
Agane ye fone fhirly fchyning
And faw yair fais grete stoutnes,
Bot yare price and yare worthynes
Gart yame endure trauale and pane.
To put yair fais ftrenth agane,
And Gaudifere for dule and ire,
Brint within as ony fyre.
For his gentil Neuois dede
That he faw flane ly in yat fteid,
In grete will vengeance for to tak.
Ane fchot on Pirrus can he mak,
With fwerd into his hand all bare,
That heuy was and fcharply fchare.
And hit him on the helm of fteill,
And all to claif it ilka deill,
And all the hede richt to the chyn.

THE FORRAY

He fell doun deid na lyfe was in.
 The folk of Grece that worthy ware,
 Sall helpit be of him na mare,
 For Gaudifere maid change yat day.
 Of neuoy and neuoy per my fay.
 Bot and Emynedus ye wicht,
 May sie his poynt forfuth I hicht,
 He thinkis that he fall him quyte.
 As for sic seruice sic merite,
 And thay of Gaderis fall wit perfay,
 As I trow at his first assay,
 Sall baldly on thare bodeis feill.
 That he luffit his neuoy weill,
EMYNEDVS saw his neuoy de,
 That he thocht to advance sa hie,
 For vpon his auancement.
 He thocht to fet all his intent,
 His wourfchip thocht him gude to se,
 Leuer him in ane flour had he,
 Be far yan ony yat was on lyfe,
 For he was to him richt tentyfe,
 To serue his eme all at his will,
 He fet all his intent thairtill,
 He was lyke him in all gudnes.
 Of will and strenth forsuith it was,
 His coufing and of grete bounte,
 For he wald tyne ye lyfe or he,
 Wald fra the fecht part fully.
 Quha sa had sene him sturdely,
 Stonay in that stalwart flour,
 His fais throw his grete valour,
 Vpone ye best knyght he mycht mene,

That

OF GADDERIS.

That at the ſeige of Tyre was ſene.
 Out tane the King allanerly,
 And his gude eme quhome to that I,
 Dar compare nane in na degre,
 Now is he deid that is pitie.
 Emynedus him menit ſua,
 And grat and maid ſamekill wa,
 That all that euer ſtude him by,
 Wenit he ſould die thair ſuddanly.
EFTER the mekill dule and wa,
 Comfort begouth he for to ta.
 Quhan he ſawe that his menze was,
 Scaillit and bounit to leiſ the place.
 Than in ſtirroppis ſturdelly,
 He ſtreinzeit him and in grit hy.
 He ruſhit in amang his fais,
 And ſa great payment to thame mais,
 That nane micht thole his ſword of ſteill,
 Thocht he inbuſhit him neuer ſa weill,
 Vnder his ſheild and hid him ſua,
 That he na the gritteſt bleid wald ma.
 Full depe for to iſhe full ſone,
 Or ellis thair harnes for to crone.
 Thay could nocht helpe thame quhair he raid,
 Bot thole or ellis roume him maid.
 Emynedus ſaw his menze,
 Richt worthily throw thair great bounte,
 For the hie douchty Kingis ſaik,
 Put thame in euentur for to tak.
 Thay did ſa that na miſcheif,
 Na pane trauell perell nor greif,
 Micht ſtoneis thair hartis na affray,

¶ THE FORRAY

And stoutly he thame comfort ay,
 Richt with the scharpest of the brand,
 Agane his dint had nocht warand,
 And ferrand richt sturdely him bare.
 Ane riche duke that he met richt yare,
 He keruit with his sword in tua,
 Quhill ye tane half to erd can ga,
 And in the sadill left ye laif.
 And with the grete dynt yat he gaif,
 The sword brak in the hiltis in tua,
 Bot Betys folk I vndersta,
 Thai war ruscht with that on bak,
 Quhen he saw that his sword sa brak,
 Fra ane of thame he rest ane spere,
 He was richt help lyke into were,
 I trowe ane blude wyte sone fall be.
 He thinkis throw his grete bounte,
 That the proudest of thame fall by
 Pyrrus dede that was wourthy.
 The dukis steward met he thair,
 That at tua pointis ane lytill are,
 He greuit gretly his menze,
 He held great landis in to fee.
 Emynedus in the scheild him straik,
 Quhill all in schunders he couth him schaik,
 Throw scheild hawbrek and all his gere,
 He preissit sa rudely with his spere.
 That fyue fute of the spere and mare,
 He butlingis throw his body bare,
 And doun dede thair with duscht he,
 The duke Betys and his menze,
 And ruscht on thame with ane schout.

OF GADDERIS.

Thocht thay of Grece war styth and stout,
 Thair fais on thame ye feild hes tane,
 As sickerly ferly was nane,
 The myscheif thair samekill was.
 That thame behuffit to leif the plais,
 And sped thame to ane strenth in hy,
 Thare had thai bene all uterly,
 Vincust na war Emynedon.
 That stoutly can him habandon,
 With spere in hand to all his fais,
 And thame behynd sic melle mais,
 And gaif sic dintis withoutin leis.

At the formest chace can seis,
THAN Massidone he cryit thrys,
 Grecians that war gretly to prys,
 Quhen thay the Kingis senze hard cry.
 sic hardement yai hint in hy,
 That yai ilk ane turnit agane,
 Semblit in aue sop as men of mane,
 Quhen yai of Grece recouerit the place,
 The fecht richt fell and noious was,
 And efter the myscheif was heuy,
 And richt cruell to athir party,
 Bot King Alexanderis menze.
 Varneist all of grete bounte,
 Thocht yai war few yai bare yame weil,
 Strikand grete strakis with swordis of steill,
 For thay wald leuer or yai wald fle.
 Put yame in euenture for to de,
 Thairfoir yair lyffis fauld yai deir,
 For yai wist weill for outin weir,
 That ye maist of thair comfort lay.

¶ THE FORRAY

To stryke great straikis at hard assay.

WITH that ane battell of nuby,
Seuin thousand in ane cumpany.

That shot with arrowis barblit bare,
Of syde come shutand on thame thair,
Thair shot was great and greauit thame sare,
Sa that full few vnwoundit ware.

And quhan Emynedus the wicht,
Saw how fers into the ficht,
War skalit with thair shot of far,
He thocht for to assailze nar.

Than massidone he cryit in hy,
Thairwith his feiris haistelly,
Assemblit in ane fop him till,
To venge thame than thay had gude will.

The sone shyne cleir on armouris bricht,
Quhill all the land lemit on licht,
And Alexanderis baner braid,
Quhairin his awin figure was maid,
And his ensigne that thay hard cry.
Sa comfort all that cumpany.

That thay thocht vengeange for to taik,
And na perrell nor pane forsaik.

THE Kingis folk as I said air,
Febillit with shot richt felly wair.

Foroutin wound I trow was nane,
The blude that fra thame ran gude wane,
Euill hewit and pale in hy thame maid,
For the Turkis with arrowis braid,
Schott thikker weill than haill or snaw,
And quhan Emynedus that saw,
With all thame of his cumpany,

OF GADDERIS.

He shot on thame full suddanly,
 That to the ground full mony zeid,
 All bathit into braine and blude.
 That all the feildis strowit war,
 Sa smartly thair thay can thame skar.
 That the fecht halely warpit thay,
 And thay that nicht fle fled away.

THVS as the furriouris ware,
 With schot of arrowis woundit fare.
 Quhan gude Emynedus de Archade,
 That gouernit thame wysely in that raid
 He rushtit and put aback halely,
 Throw his grit wit and cheualrie,
 Tha Turkis throw his great bounte,
 Sa saw he out of ane valie.
 Ane great battell ishe neir him by,
 That was of the land of nuby.
 Thay nicht be numbred vij. thousand,
 Armit on hors baith fute and hand.
 Dartis and staffis heidit with steill,
 Thay bair and couth shute thame richt weill,
 Thair nicht na armour thame withstand.
 Quhair thay come of ane stalwart hand.
 Thay war ane sturdie companie
 As of thair maner fikkerlie.
 Salarine led thame in that were,
 That zoung was and of great effere,
 He was sa full of succudry,
 That he prysit na man ane penny,
 Aganis him corps for corps for he,
 Trowit he past all vther in bounte
 By the red see his Lordship lay.

¶ THE FORRAY

That was richt large as I hard say.
 This Salarine and his company,
 Socht thame of Grece so fellonly,
 With dartis that richt sharpely share,
 That fele of thame fair woundit ware.
 Thair war thay set in sic ane thrang,
 That thay nicht not it suffer lang
 Of succour and help great neid had thay,
 Thair war thay set in sic affray,
 That thay had ilk ane tane the flicht,
 Na war Emynedus the wicht,
 That ay behind baid sturdely,
 And throw fors of his cheualry,
 He stinting of his fais maid
 And helpit his that mister had.
 And quhan he massidone wald cry,
 The best to him wald ay rely,
 And helpe him weill with all thair nicht,
 Bot thay war all to few to ficht,
 Agane sa fele bot nocht forthy,
 Thay did their deuour douchtelly.

BEFOIR his feiris raid Salaryne,
 Armit in armour gude and fyne,
 All couerit in fyne sandale
 Full sturdely start he out of stale,
 And smot ane Gretian with ane speir,
 And throw the body can him beir,
 Quhill deid down to the eard he zeid.
 Bot he thairof gat sone his meid,
 For Lycanor hit him I hicht,
 With his brand was burneist bricht,
 Weill heich vpon the helm of steill,

That

OF GADDERIS.

That was of gold inamalit weill,
 That he baith blude and harnes shed,
 Sa hard ane pais thair he thame led,
 That he fell deid doun dissaly,
 And Phylot that was neir him by,
 Regratit his cousine that he slew,
 And suld him venge gif he war trew.
LYCANOR and Philot alsua,
 Thay wonder worthie brether tua,
 All armit weill in ane cullour,
 Come prickand straitly in the stour.
 Alexander regratit thay,
 And said thay had great nede that day,
 Of Daucene and of Tholomere,
 That wist na wayis how thay were,
 Demanit in that felloun fecht,
 Lycanor stoutly straik ane knicht,
 That baith his helme and his heid,
 Richt by the shoulderis away he reid,
 Guy Marmaduke of affrike,
 Ane Lord of Spanze nane him like.
 Come with ane thousand in leding,
 He was ane lord of great halding,
 And met Philot sa sturdelly,
 With that his hors was sa weary,
 That hors and he to erd doun zeid,
 Vpon his leg sa lay the steid,
 That he on na wayis micht vpryse.
 Than thay that war his enemeis,
 Assemblit on him ane great menze,
 He was in point to perished be,
 The ensigne of massidone couth he cry,

¶ THE FORRAY

That of his feiris hard mony,
 He may weill tyne in hy but he,
 With succour sone refkewit be.
Q VHAN thay of Grece sa hard him cry,
 The Kingis ensigne that was worthy.
 Agane thay prikkit in that flour,
 To help Philot and to succour.
 With the formaist came Perdicas,
 And Lyoun that sa worthie was,
 His brother Lycanor alsua,
 The gude Emynedus came with tha.
 Than micht thay se that had bene by,
 The knichtis of Grece full sturdely,
 Assemblit with their fais thair,
 Strykand great straikis with brandis bair.
 Thair was to hewin mony hede,
 Or Philote rais out of that stede.
 And mony knyghtis fell vnderfeit,
 That had na power to ryse zit.
 Bot allace it was mekill sin,
 That thay of Grece war maid sa thin.
 Thay russhit thair fais sa sturdelly,
 Bot thocht thay few war nocht, for thy,
 Thay gart thame remufe furth of that plais,
 And quhan thair fais saw that thair was,
 Sa great helpe in sa few that micht,
 Counter thame in the felloun ficht,
 Thay had thairat sa great dyspyte,
 That thay pryffit nocht worth ane myte,
 Thair strenth nor zit thair cheualry.
 Bot thay thame counterit sa in hy.
 Bot thay thair heades tyne ilkane,

OF GADDERIS.

Than wraithly on thame ar thay gane
 And mony ruid rummill thay gaif,
 The wakar fone the war can haif,
 The Grecianis nicht not suffer lang,
 That preis na that vntholfull thrang.
 Bot die thame worthit knaif and knicht,
 Or at that time eschew the ficht.

THE folk of Grece assemblit are,
 To help Philot with brandis bare.

Thair geuin was mony sturdy straik,
 Emynedus ane great shot can make,
 Far by his feiris euerilk ane,
 And thairwithall he met with ane,
 The Admarall of Eskaloun,
 With helme on heid without ranfoun,
 Richt by the shoulder away he share,
 And left him lyand dede richt thair.

Thay menit him and his bountie,
 As sik ane Lord fould menit be.
 In the mene tyme Philot throw fors,
 Was reskewit and fet on hors.

That thinkis to venge his harmis in hy,
 I trow or euin sum fall it by,

EMYNEDVS his steid thair straucht,
 And as ane man of mekill maucht,

He plungit in the stalwart stour,
 And as ane Falcoun of hie attour,

Straik Stirlingis, sa skaillit he,
 Throw his great strenth and his bounte,
 The strenth of the Gaderanis quhair thay,
 War semblit on thair best array.

Thay war abassit quhair he raid,

¶ THE FORRAY

And richt grete roume thay to him maid,
 Sa fell it as he come agane,
 Fra ane gaderaine thar he had flane,
 That ane arraby with ane dart.
 As Emynedus raid him frauart,
 Gyrd quyle throw his body out,
 Bot he that staluart was and stout,
 Arraifit it out of his body sone,
 And syne without langer hone,
 He focht him sa that it him gaif,
 The heid vnto the schoulderis claif,
 Syne of his coit ane lap he schare.
 And band his felloun wound sa fare,
 To stanche the blude that fast out ran.
 For of his feiris he dred him than,
 For drede thai sould discumfit be,
 Bot had thai wittin in certante.

How that it stude than with him thare,
 Thai fuld think on defence na mair,
 Bot but comfort abide thair deid,
 For and he faill thair war na rede,

THAY of Gaderis knew nocht the case,
 How gude Emynedus woundit was,
 Throw out the body quyte and clene.
 Bot duke Betys the straik hes sene,
 And for he saw him doughtely,
 Reskew full oft his company,
 And skaith him throw his great bounte,
 Richt blyth in hart thairof was he.
 And towart him he straik his steid.
 Emynedus ye gude at neid,
 Sat on ferrand yat will him bare.

OF GADDERIS.

His sword in hand that scharly schare,
That he wald nocht haue geuin that day,
For mare gold than I can zow say,
He raid ane lytill tyme vnder ane hill,
Betys come down ye bank him till,
Thair haif thai maid sic ane meting,
That athir may prys finall his winning
Arthour na Gawane of Britane.
Na zit Rolland na Charlis the mane,
Gaif neuer sa grete dintis I hecht,
As did Emynedus the wicht,
For thocht yat Betys helm of steill,
Was gude and ficker wit ze weill,
He all to fruschit it with that dint,
That stonyit Betys quhill he tint,
His sterapis and to yeerd he zeid.
His lenth he mesurit in the meid,
At neis and mouth the blude out braft,
and at his eris sa farly fast,
That all was baithit in to blude.
It was Emynedus the gude,
That weill couth stanche ane doggit pryde,
That sa met with him at that tyde,
To stanch his woundis that fast couth bleid,
Of leich I trow he fall haif neid,
For to reskew the duke Betys,
His men come prekand that vourthy was.
Thre buschmentis in full great hy,
Come to ye stour full sturdely,
That in the last was thre thousand,
With sword and spere or dart in hand,
That in thair cumming full rudely,

¶ THE FORRAY

Stonyit ye Kingis company,
 And ruschit thame ane weill gude way,
 Of succour mekill neid had thay,
 Emynedus mekill debait can ma.
 To tak ye duke or than to sla,
 And to ane turning yat he couth mak,
 The renze of his brydill brak,
 And ferrand yair with held his way.
 Sa suyft that ferly was to say,
 Quhill at ane hill with mekill pane,
 He restrenzeit his steid agane,
 He knyt his renze in great hy,
 And syne lap on deliverly.
 I trow nane fall him find yat day,
 Sa far out of the hard assay,
TO succour duke Betys his men,
 stoutly to him assemble yan,
 On hors yai set him haistaly,
 That for ye dynt was richt defy,
 The maist preuit of his barnye.
 In full grete ire in hy callit he.
 To reuange great will he had
 And fast inducit he thame and bad,
 And yai yat war in will to do,
 His will assentit sone yair to,
 Emynedus hes knyt his renze,
 And in his sterapis can him strenze.
 As falcone yat wald haue fude ful fain,
 Come lansand to ye lure agane,
 Sa come ye douchty duke to the fecht,
 His fallouis fand he yan I hecht,
 Sa skalit and fa straitly stand.

OF GADDERIS.

That sum of thame all planely fled.
He menit thame with greting than,
Quhill teiris ouer his cheikis ran.
He cryit than with mekill mane,
Now gentill Lordis turn agane,
And ferue zour foldis of the King,
That geuis fa mony ryall thing,
To vs, and that fa largely,
He had fet euill and wickedly,
His meat his drink and his clething,
His gilt coupes with the couering.
And other riches in mony wyse,
That he hes geuin to us fule fyse.
And our worship and our bounte,
Heir for his faik sould shawin be.
And thocht our fais hes fast vs focht,
Me think forsuith that we sould nocht,
Dreid thame, for thair best battellis are,
Skaillit and broken heir and thair.
The laif are nocht to dreid greatly,
Keip zour honour lordis forthy,
With that thay all assemblit ar,
To him and thay that fleand war.

QVHAN duke Betys saw the stoutnes,
Of thame of Grece and the gudnes,
That neuer sa qvhein war of sik micht,
To helpe thame selfis into ane sicht.
He swore hiely be his Goddis then.
That gif all Alexanderis men,
War of sic micht and sic bounte
That nouthar castell nor zit cittie,
Na dukrie na zit vther land,

¶ THE FORRAY

Na strenth of men nicht thame ganestand.
 For he sawe neuer in all his tyde,
 Him thocht men of famekill pryde,
 Bot nocht for thy he said and suair,
 Bot gif that he remouit thame thair,
 He pryffit him nocht worth ane penny,
 On thame he prikit than in hy,
 And smot shir Licanor sa fast,
 That baith his sheild and haubrek brast,
 And bair him throw the body out,
 Bot Licanor that was styth and stout,
 With his brand that was bitter of bit,
 Duke Betys on the helme he hit,
 Sa great ane rout he gart him ly,
 Vpon the arfoun dissaly.
 Als woundit he was perfay,
 He had tane vengeance weill that day,
 Na war that Gaderanis in ane ling,
 Come to thair lordis recouering.
 That war ane thousand and weil mair,
 Caulus to erd was borne down thair.
 And dyueris deid quhairat the King,
 Maid efter for thame great murning.
 And than Gaderanes the folk of Grece,
 Russhit abak ane waill gude space,
 Was nane sa hardy of that rout,
 That he na than to die had dout.
 The duke Betis forzet him nocht,
 To greue the Grecians that he mocht,
 Or anis he thinkis thame for to leid,
 Or outhir fall they all be deid,
 Or ellis ly in his presoun.

OF GADDERIS.

Sary was than Emynedoun,
 Quhen he saw how his feris war,
 Scalit and foupit heir and thair,
 He menit yair perplexite,
 And suith his scheild yan braiffit he,
 Far was to seik ane better knycht,
 His steid he straik with spurrus brycht,
 And plungit in ye preis agane.
 And with sic vertew and sic mane,
 He smot ye douchty Gaudifere,
 Throw scheild haubrek and all his gere,
 That all ye pensale of his spere.
 He butlingis in his body can bere,
 I trow straitly yat thare play,
 But skaith fall nocht be left yat day,
THE folk of Grece ourset the flour,
 And to ane strenth to get succour.
 That yai with drew in full grete hy,
 To say suth some fled vtterly,
 Bot sickerly Emynedoun,
 Ay behind can him abandoun.
 Defendand his that had mister,
 Ane grete rude spere and schairp to schere,
 He had recouert in his hand,
 Agane his dynt had nane warand,
 Gaudifere com than in ane lyng
 And waindit nocht for his wounding,
 Vpon ane nobill bay prekan,
 Emynedus straucht to him ferrand.
 Tua better steidis perfay,
 I trow yair can na man say,
 And the knychtis war sa wourthy.

¶ THE FORRAY

That than the best war vterly.
 That leuand war in this world braid,
 Great hatrent ather at vther had.
 Togidder thay smot quhill thair blafounis,
 Thay thirlit bot thair haberfounis,
 War sikker stark and held richt weill,
 Thair speiris war frushit euerilk deill.
 With bodyis shulderis and sheildis braid,
 Sa outrageous hurkling than thay maid,
 That thay that war by nicht haue sene,
 Thir four ly flatlingis on the grene,
 And sa stoneist at card thay lay,
 That thay wist nather of nicht nor day.
 Quhan thay of Grece hes sene thame fall,
 But dout great radnes had thay all.
 Emynedus regratit thay,
 For thay wist and he war away,
 That thay of deid had na warrand.
 Than thay that sorrowfull wer sleand,
 In full great hy turnit agane,
 For to reskew thair capitane.
 Emynedus the gude at neid,
 Was first vp and syne asked his steid,
 And thay him brocht to him in hy,
 And he lap on richt haistely.
 Than war thay glaid I tak on hand,
 Quhan that thay saw thay had warrand.
GAVDIFELR horfit was alsua,
 His woundis bled that did him wa.
 Bot he thame band full straitly,
 And hint ane speir full sturdely,
 And swore hiely be all that was,

OF GADDERIS.

He fould gar Gretians leif the place.
 To thame the steid than strekit he,
 And ane Gretian of great bounte,
 He smot sa stoutly that all dede,
 He fellit flatlingis in that steid.
 And quhan Emynedus that had sene,
 He woxe thairat in spreit all tene
 That Gaudifeir was sa cruell
 His gude steid steirit he out of staill,
 And slew ane Gaderane with his speir.
 Quha had bene thare nicht haue sene neir,
 Ane richt great battell sikkerly,
 King Alexanderis company,
 Straik great straikis with brandis bair,
 Bot thay war nocht euin bodin thair.
 Thay of Gaderis war ten tymes ma,
 Thairfoir on bak behuiffit thame ga.

THE bargane futhly for to say,
 Was stoutly begunin without affray.
 The folk of Grece into great thrang,
 War set for thay sa on thame dang,
 And preiffit thame sa outragioufly,
 That to ane shaw was neir thairby,
 And maugre thairis thay thame dang,
 Thay nicht na wayis indure it lang,
 That hard assay for thay war thair,
 Stonyit and that richt wonder fair,
 Emynedus at that mischeif hes sene
 And sone enbraiffit his sheild sa shene.
 Ane stith spere into hand had he,
 Ane knight of Gaderis of great bounte,
 He smot till he his steropis tynt

¶ THE FORRAY

He fellit him deid down with that dint,
 With that all haill his cumpany,
 Turnit agane full sturdely,
 And thay of Gaderis weill thame met
 That mony ane straik was sadly fet,
 And mony ane haubrek thirlit was,
 With deid and woundit all the place,
 Was stroutit that it was pitie,
 That mekill martirdome to fie.

HEIR Arreste throw fare praying,
 Went to warne Alexander the King.
 Throw out the preis Arreste raid,
 And grete melle about him maid.
 And of his fais ane smot thair,
 That he his leuer in shunder share.
 Sa that his speir in shunder braft,
 And he fell deid down bledand fast,
 Bot three earlis of great bounte,
 Attanis shot on Arreste.
 The tane him shot on the blasoun,
 The tother tua on his habersoun,
 And thocht he stout was and hardy,
 Vpone his arsoun thay gart him ly.
 His hors sa chargit was with the straik,
 That neir ane douncome can he maik,
 Bot throw his fors with mekill pane,
 Thay baith recouerit sone agane.
 With his sword that sharpe was of steill,
 Arreste him defendit weill.
 That the best all abaissit was,
 He was woundit in findry place.

OF GADDERIS.

The gude Emynedus can fie.
 How douchtelly that Arreste,
 With fuord of steill as douchty knicht,
 Stonyit his fais into the ficht.
 He sawe him bathit all in blude,
 That stremand fra his woundis zude.
 Throwout the preis to him com he,
 And said A A gude Arreste,
 Thir folk hes set vs hard this day,
 And ze haue fundin be aflay,
 In findre places woundit ar ze,
 All is bot blude that I can se.
 Mene gentill knicht vpon zour hecht,
 And se quhat way throw hard fecht,
 That all zour feiris demanit ar,
 That sum ar deid sum woundit fair.
 And duell the King it may not fall
 That ane eschaip quick of vs all,
 Thairfoir shir for zour great bounte,
 Haif of thir folk reuth and pitie.
 Ze beir sik takinnis yat the King,
 Sall se that it is na lesing,
 Na ze fall neuer blamit be,
 Nane laser mair to carpe haue we.
 Bot speid zow in all that ze may,
 Arreste said I fall perfay,
 For zow and for the nobill King,
 And for the point of perishing,
 I sie my fallowis halely,
 This message perfurneis weill will I,
 Gif God thairto will gif me grace,
 And with that word he left the place.

¶ THE FORRAY

Hillis na valeyis sparit he nane,
 The narrest way to the King hes tane.
 His hors forbure he in na thing,
 Bot prikkit ay into ane ling,
 Richt to the Kingis pauillioun,
 Be he haue shewit his reffoun,
 The King and all his barnie,
 Sall of thir tydingis fory be.

THE King, Daucleme and Tholomere,
 Fra ane great melly cummin were.
 That thay forout the zet had maid,
 Bot lytill winning thair thay had.
 The King hes first sene Arreste,
 Him semit weill ane man to be,
 That cummin was of ane felloun plais,
 His gude sheild all to frushit was.
 His haubrek and his helme alsua,
 And he bled fra the top to ta.
 He was woundit in the body,
 That wit ze weill full cruelly,
 And his hors hurt in findrie place,
 That couerit with blude and sweate all was.
 The King knew it was Arreste,
 Quence come zow Arreste said he,
 Schir fra the vale of Iosaphas,
 Quhairin zour folk ane felloun cais,
 Is fallin thame, for the duke Betys,
 With xxx thousand men of prys.
 Hes us assailzeit thus to day,
 And set zour folk in sic affray,
 That thay Sampson and Sabalor,
 Hes slane and woundit Lycanor.

OF GADDERIS.

And Philot fellit and vther ma,
Bot it is pitie of tha tua,
And great dule to thair freindis ilkane,
For thay war nobill men of mane.
Succour thame scharpely gentill King,
Or thay be all brocht to ending.
Speid zow thairfoir all that ze may,
For or my haberfoun perfay,
Or ony harnes of me beis tane,
I fall wit how the gle is gane.
With thame into that great melle,
Than quod Daucene sa God me se,
Be great enfinze it may be sene.
That thow hes at the bargane bene.
It is fuith said Tholomere,
Than menit thay on great manere,
Perdicas Caulus and Ffestoun,
And the gude duke Emynedoun,
That they menit full tenderly,
For Sampfoun war thay all fory.
The King than smartly hes gart cry,
That all sould fare delyuerly,
And on thair hors all hale lap thay,
And Arreste led thame on the way,
Toward the vale of Iosaphas,
Thair menze than sa stoutly was,
At outrageous mischeif fechtand,
That thay withdrew thame to warrand.
Ay quhan thair fais thame preissit sa,
That thay na great fechtung nicht ma,
Bot alwayis gude Emynedoun,
To all perrell can him bandoun.

¶ THE FORRAY

His body and his nobill steid,
 To help his feiris in that neid,
 Delyuerit thame oft doughtely,
 And comfort thame oft hardely.
 To help quhan that he mister saw,
 Bot thay behuffit thame withdraw,
 Quhen thai war preiffit attour nicht,
 In this wise thai contenit the ficht.
 Ay quhill thai saw the nobill King,
 That sped him in thare succouring,
 Richt weill him gydit Arreste,
 And led him out throw ane vaillie.
 Sa that or thay persauit war,
 Thai to thare fais cummin ar,
 Quha had ane scheild hale may fall,
 That sone fall be to fruschit all.

QWHEN thai of Grece hes sene the King,
 Cum sa stoutly in thare helping,
 And saw thare succouris was sa neir,
 Sa gretly than yai comfort war,
 That the worst of thare company,
 Strenzeit in sterapis sturdely,
 To reull thame ane horne thai blew.
 And syne into ane fop thai drew,
 Thare rout that tyme sa stonait was,
 That tane was hardy Predicas,
 Caulus and Lyonell alsua.
 Apoint than peirtly can yai ma,
 And sarely yare fais socht,
 For yai wald venge yame gif yai mocht,
 Betys beheld and by ane hill,
 He saw yan sturdely cum him till.

OF GADDERIS.

Alexander and his barnie,
 Him self ferryand and his menze
 The baners in the brout before,
 That ay approched more and more.
 Was nane of Gaderis than sa bald,
 That euer tuke tent presoner to hald.
 Lordingis he said now may ze fe,
 Alexander with his barnie,
 Cummin is to succour his furriouris,
 And thinkis the worst part fall be ouris.
 Bot luke ze stout and hardy be,
 For to mentene this great melle,
 That we of purpose gar him faill,
 With that approchit the great battaill.

QVHAN the King come without weir,
 The furriouris hes full great mifter,
 For Lycanor that was sa stout,
 Was woundit throw the body out.
 And the gude duke Emynedus
 Woundit, and takin was Caulus,
 And Sampfoun and Sabalor was slane,
 Lyoun and Perdicas als was tane.
 And the riche duke Arreste,
 Was fair woundit with speiris thre.
 As heir befoir to zow said I,
 And all thair hors was weary,
 That few micht of ane pais gang,
 Had the gude King duelt ocht lang,
 Of seuin hundreth knichtis perfay,
 Thair sould nocht ten haue gane away.
 With that assemblit halelie,
 Of Grece and Gaderis the cheualry.

¶ THE FORRAY

QVHAN thay of Grece assemblit ware,
 Ane fele fechting might men sie thair,
 All armit men that war hardy,
 The bargane all to deir falby.
 The King with spurris smait Burfliuell,
 And sturdely befoir his battell,
 Sa hard he smot Caliot of Nuby,
 That top our taill he gart him ly,
 Woundit throwout the body quite,
 His haubrek helpit him nocht ane myte.
 Than Maffidone loud can he cry,
 And drew his sword delyuerly,
 And smot sa sturdelly Caleoun,
 That to the breist he share him doun.
 The duke Betys the King hes sene,
 And shuke his heid for proper tene,
 And said gif zon King leifis ocht lang,
 He sall me set in mekill thrang.
 With that word he and knichtis fyue,
 Rushit vpon the King belyue,
 Four on the sheild him smot stoutly,
 And tua on the helme full befily.
 He held him selfe vpon burfliuell,
 With that dicht in thair apparell,
 The gude Daucene come and Tholomeir,
 And mony douchty bachleir.
 Come to reskew the nobill King,
 Thair men micht sie fele fechting,
 And mony dintis baith geuin and tane,
 And gude knichtis to ground be gane.
 The Gretians faucht sa feill thare,
 That thay of Gaderis rushit ware.

OF GADDERIS.

And thame withdrew with great affray,
Bot at ane hill recouerit thay.

THE duke with mony gude Gaderane,
At ane hill syde he turnit agane.

The best hindmaist ay abaide,

To flint thair fais that formest raid.

The folk of Grece that formest were,

That with arrowis war woundit fair.

Sa that thay tint at that preking,

Sum hors, sum weill darrar thing.

Than Daucene that was gude at neid,

Come prekind on ane staluart sleid,

And sa straitly struke Arundale

That of the dukes hoist all hale,

Was constabill and cheif ledere,

That on him he brak his spere,

And sa stoneist him with that strake,

That in that stede he can him take.

And he taucht him thair to the King,

The King him gaif into keping,

To tua barrounis of Grece richt than,

That of great strenth and worship wan.

AT ane strenth thus turnis Betyis,
With mony men of mekill pryse.

And thinkis to defend him sa,

That he nouthir skaith fall do nor sa.

Bot of his Constabill that was,

Takin, in hart richt wa he was.

And thocht to get him sone agane,

Bot all that wening was in vane.

With that he prekket furth in the preis,

And couerit with his sheild he was,

¶ THE FORRAY

His staluart speir he stithly straucht,
 As man that was of mekill maucht,
 Aganes him lansit Tholomeir,
 Full sturdelly streikand his speir,
 Thay smot togidder as tempest,
 The dukes speir in shunder braft.
 Bot Tholomeir hes hit him sua,
 That to the ground he gart him ga.
 All defy of that heauy dint,
 Syne by the renze he hes him hint.
 And efter in mony feir countre,
 That nobill steid with him had he.
 The King was horfit on him that day,
 Quhilk Porrus slew as I hard say.
THE fecht was fell, and great the preis,
 Quhair the duke Betys fallin wes.
 The Gretianis preiffit him fast to ta,
 Bot he defendit with sword sa.
 That he throw great help of his men,
 Was reskewit and helpit then.
 Bot that was with full mekill pane,
 For he had fele folk him agane.
 Guy Marmaduke of Affrike,
 Said him certis this is weill like,
 That all the war fall ouris be,
 I wald be naked in my countre.
 And all wer tint that heir haue I,
 Alexander and his cumpany,
 Heir I forsaik for euermair.
 The duke that was bauld as bair,
 Said to him with ane wraith sembland,
 Thow art war not recryand.

OF GADDERIS.

Na ze aucht neuer in court to be,
 Honorit for the great mauite,
GAVDIFEIR saw the nobill King,
 Preis his men throw hard fechting.
 To put duke Betys to the plane,
 And throw force of thare mekill mane,
 To reif him the strenth of the hill,
 Bot fickerly he hes na will.
 For dout of deid to leif the feild;
 Quhill he him on his hors nicht weild,
 Before his feris he saw prekand,
 Dauclyne stoutly with spere in hand.
 And Gaudifere that was witty,
 Leit him sydlingis pas him by,
 And quhen he saw his point that tyde,
 He socht vpon him at ane fyde.
 He bare him doun with sa great micht,
 That he baith tint hearing and sicht,
 At neis and mouth out dushit the blude.
 The staluart steid that by him stude,
 Be the gilt renze him hint Gaudifeir,
 Bot he kest nocht away his speir,
 The renze on his arme can sleif,
 Syne went agane withouttin leif,
 He was not preissit than greatly,
 For thay of Grece affrayitly,
 Arestit thame with sicing fair,
 Thay wenit Daucene fould die richt thair.
 Bot strenth come to him sone agane,
 He lukit vp with mekill pane.
 For he was of full great courage,
 He wald na wife that the barnage,

¶ THE FORRAY

Of Grece for him annoyit ware,
On fute sone is he gottin thare,
And asked hors in full great hy,
For he said he had great inuy,
To mete him that him fellit hade,
And thay him horfit but mair abade.

THE duke hes sene the nobill King,
Enforce him sa in the fechtig,
That he bair down weill aucht or ma,
The thik preis he out thirlit sa.
He met ane knicht that he ouer take,
Na he all defy can him make.

THE gude duke callit his men preuie,
And said Lordingis now may ze sie,
That zon proud King wenes richt weill,
To ding vs all to deid ilk deill.
He fairis as he war fule or wode,
Or ellis our succodrous in mode.
He slayis my men throw strenth of hand,
Thay may say I am euill warrand,
To thame that he defoullis sua,
Bot I die with dule and wa,
Bot he stoutly contraryed be,
Micht we him rusche ze suld sone se,
Ane bak a lytill at the dys,
Suld changit be on vther wys,
For fra ane child be stonyit,
He salbe thairof sa mispayit,
That all his gude deid salbe done,
For zoung pryde is stanshit sone,
I dout the furriouris far mair,
Than all the laif that leuand air.

OF GADDERIS.

For thay of Grece ar haill the flour,
And maist pryfit of hie honour,
And zon Emynedus thair ledar,
That is weill tempered in peax and war.
And sa gude knicht as ze ma fe,
'Thocht we na wald sa will it be,
He hes stonyit sic vii. thousand,
That saw him neuer I tak on hand.
He luifis me nocht that wele I wait,
Bot I may tak him be na gait.
Thair is na knicht may be his peir,
With that the King and Tholomeir,
War reddy for to do vassalege.
And Daucene and the great barnage,
Of Grece com prikkand in great hy,
And Betys met thame sturdely,
In gude couen with his menze,
To do worship throw thair bounte.
Agane the Sone thair sheildis shane,
Manance nor flyting was thair nane,
Bot with speiris and brands bair,
Sa fast thay frushit ilkane thair,
That fele war feld with rafhes, zit
Men nicht sie thair ly vnder feit,
Of dede and woundit grit plentie.
Quha had sene in that grit melle,
The hauy dintis to gif and taik,
Scheildis to frushe and shaftis to shaik,
And pryde stoutly counter pryde,
Men nicht say fuirly at that tyde,
Thair was ane felloun fechtung thair,
And ay enforfit mair and mair.

¶ THE FORRAY

EMYNEDVS hes sene Betys,
 With his gude men greatly to prys.
 Sa hardely counter the King
 And make him cruell ganestanding.
 As he stude of thame lytill aw,
 The enforce of Grece he saw.
 Geuand and takand mony rout.
 The King befoir thame that was stout,
 Daucene and Tholomeir him by,
 That straik nane wit ze witterly.
 That he na agane can straikis ta.
 Betys hes thame incounterit sa,
 For he was douchty at deuyse,
 And na semblance maid of cowardyse.
 Sa fast ather on vther dang,
 That mony ane to eard can gang.
 Emynedus than leuch blythly,
 For that Betys sa manfully,
 Reslæuit the King in his cumming.
 Now man ze wit of thair trowing,
 Quhidder the furriouris that day,
 war oft fet on hard assay.
 Quhan thay agane the Kingis micht,
 Makis defence into the ficht.
 And metis him sa hardelly.
 Than to his feiris he said in hy,
 This day richt far ze trauellit are,
 And ar weary and woundit fair,
 Bot he tynes his mekill prys,
 That at the end dois fantys,
 Quha dois best at the ending,
 Thay haue pryse and maist louing.

OF GADDERIS.

Bot we contene vs manly,
As gude knichtis and hardy,
Befoir thame that ar frely heir
cummin now, wit ze but weir,
All our gude fall turne to shame,
And efter win now sone at hame,
Thay fall perchance rufe thame and fa,
For zit, or all the gaming ga,
I fall thame mak sic ane shawing,
That I am he to quhome the King,
Hes geuin hallely his oist to leid.
My faull cum neuer in haly steid,
I fall set sum in hard affray,
It fall be sone sene at assay.
Quhidder we or thay that cummin ar heir,
Now freshest flowand in thair geir,
Sall better demane the felloun ficht,
And stint thair fais with strenth and nicht.
Thay fall not sorne me gif I may,
A gude Ferrand quhat will I say.
I haue assayit the oft syfe,
And I fand neuer in the fantyse,
For me now thow fall be in thra,
With that endlang his sydis tua,
With spurris he brocht him in hy,
And he lanfit delyuerly.
I trow he fall sone do sum thing,
Bot gif the story mak gabbing.
That ane thoufand fall haue in hy,
Richt at his douchty cheualry,
That Duke Betys at myne intent,
Sall nocht pryfe greatly that present.

¶ THE FORRAY

Felloun and stout was the fechting,
 The noyis was great of speiris breking,
 The King Daucene and Tholomere,
 In the fore front fechtand were.
 The folk of Grece that thair wes,
 Schawit stoutly thair doughtines,
 Bot fikkerly I dar weill say,
 Was nane of thame that wald that day,
 Haue fauld nor wedset his arming,
 For scarlot furrir with riche furring.
 For thay of Gaderis fellounly faucht,
 Na for the King and all his maucht,
 Thay dedenzit nocht on bak to ga,
 Thair men nicht se thame vnderta,
 Stoutnes and strenth encounterit pryde,
 Thay faucht fast on ather fyde,
 Thair was na flyting wit ze weill,
 Bot with wapons staluart of steill,
 Thay dang on vther with all thair nicht,
 That mony ane sheild that shynit bricht,
 And mony ane helme to hewin ware,
 And swordis oft brokin in shunder thare.
 And at eird lay mony ane knicht,
 That for to help thame had na nicht,
 And with hard dintis sheildis clouin,
 And knichtis lyand in blude be dofin.
THE furriouris out at ane fyde,
 Togidder relyit was that tyde.
 That had na mifter suth to say,
 To gang to fechting mare that day,
 Bot thay reprufe dred mair nor deid.
 And he that had thame for to leid,

OF GADDERIS.

That was Emynedus the douchty,
Admoneist thame sa worthely.
And thocht he had na armour hale,
Zit wald he as gude vassale,
His hie worship stoutly assay,
Than to the fecht all prekit thay,
Emynedus than straucht his steid,
And he him bare wale gude speid.
He was forsueth greatly to pryfe,
That ran than on sik ane wyfe,
Efter that he sa trauellit was,
He plungit in the thikkeft preis,
And richt befor the nobill King,
He smot Betys in his cuming,
Sa that he saw neuer ane strake,
And his sheild in funders brake.
The mailzeis of his habersoun
He perfit, and his gude actoun.
Amang the rybbes of his fyde,
The blude rushand he gart out glyde.
That ran doun stremand fra his wound,
He was sa stoutly laid to ground,
That his helme stikkit in the grene.
King Alexander that straik hes sene
And leit Betys ly still alane,
Men sayis he micht him weill haue tane,
Bot he raid with great zarning,
To mak Emynedus welcuming.
And said to him lauchand, the mete
Mot blissit be euin that thow eate,
For thow hes worship and bounte,
Winning with wit and with lautie,

¶ THE FORRAY

Hard neuer man that maid melling,
 With lossingery and taill telling,
 Sen this day at the Sone ryfing,
 Thow hes contenit this fele fechting,
 Quhill now that nicht is cumin neir,
 And is woundit in places feir.
 How micht thow stryke sa stout ane straik,
 Is nane on lyfe I vndertake,
 Na he sould thairof haue ferly.
 Quha hes the in his cumpany,
 He aucht in hart Ioyfull to be,
 For nane that leiffis peir is to the.
 God saue the and Ferrand alsua,
 For weill assemblit ar ze tua.
 I sould na will have to conqueir,
 And thow war deid, na armes beir,
 With that baith hunders and thoufandis,
 War about Betys with burneist brandis,
 And faucht felly I vnderta,
 Sum him to help sum him to sla,
 To nureis gude men and worthy,
 Men sould thame preis ay idantly.
 For it is proffeit and honour,
 And that was sene weill at that stour,
 For thay of Gaderis with all thair micht,
 Abandoned thame into the ficht,
 For to reskew thair lord Betys.
 Thair men micht sie on many wys,
 Men fecht with force and with na threat,
 And mony ane bathit in blude and fueat,
 And mony ane fair body fone ly dead,
 The Gaderanes faucht sa in that stead,

OF GADDERIS.

That thay of Grece for na thing nicht,
 Arest duke Betys into ficht,
 Thay haue feruit landis but dreid,
 For thair na radnes nicht thame leid,
 Na strenth of men to fle the preis,
 Quhill thair lord at myscheif was.

GAVDIFEIR forrowfull was and wa,
 That duke Betys was fallin fa.
 With spurris he straik the steid of pryde,
 On better hors nicht na man ryde.
 And Tholomeir raid him agane,
 Full michtely as man of mane.
 Sik straikis thay gaue to thair blasounis,
 Thay thirlit all thair habersounis,
 That cours had turnit to great skaith,
 To thame and to thair freindis baith.
 Na war thair speiris in shunder braft.
 With sheildis met thay sa fast,
 That sadill, renze, girth, and patrall,
 At that grit bir war brokin all.
 Thay fell baith flatlingis on the grene,
 Sa hard ane cours was feindill fene.

QVHAIR thir tua knichtis fallin ware,
 The fecht vox ay mare and mare,
 With findrie waponis mony ane strake,
 Amang thame can thay giue and take.
 And mony helme to hewin was,
 And knichtis fell deid in that place.
 Heidis fra bodyis quyte and clene
 War strukin, tumbland on the grene.
 The Gaderanes that war wicht in weir,
 Wichtly reskewit thay Gaudifeir.

¶ THE FORRAY

And hes thame drawn out of the preis,
 His gude stede als reskewit was,
 And fadeler him new, for his arfoun
 Was brokin, as he was borne down.
 Diffy on hors thay haue him brocht,
 For better him helpe couth thay nocht,
 For he recouerit sone in hy,
 That hard the straikes and the cry,
 Courage him walknit and hardiment,
 In steropis stith he him stent.
 The folk of Grece I trow perfay,
 Sall find him for na freind that day.

OF Tholomere that zit lyand,
 At eard streikit baith fute and hand.
 The folk of Grece arested are,
 And him reskewit with fechting sare,
 Vneis in him the lyfe thay fand,
 Bot sone as he can vnderstand.
 The noyis the slauchter and the cry,
 On fute he start delyuerly
 And asked horfing, and the King
 Him selfe, ane broun can to him bring,
 And he lap on delyuerly,
 Thinkand to venge him haistelly.
 At that iusting tha knichtis tua,
 To frushit war and stonyed sua,
 That men nicht gang ane weill gude space,
 Or ony of them wist quhair he wes.
 Bot first recouered Gaudifeir,
 As ane knicht that was wicht in weir.
 Richt to the maister renk he raid

OF GADDERIS.

His bricht brand in his hand he had,
Thair with he payit that he met,
And in hede harnis oft it bet,
Syne fra ane greciane rest ane spere.
He was help lyke in great manere
Ane knicht of Grece thair with straik he,
Throw out the body quyte and fre,
And him deid fra the sadill draif.
Syne straik with straucht arme on the laif,
Quhen Tholomere hes sene him sua,
Disoull his folk he was full wa,
To venge him he had gude will.
The steid he steris than tit him till,
And Gaudifere the gude at neid,
In hy to him he steris his steid,
Tholomere him sa stoutly straik.
That he his harnes can all to schaik,
He wint weill to haif slane him thare,
Bot the speir was grete and square,
It nicht nocht thole the staluart straik.
That it nocht all to schouderis brak,
And Gaudifere sic ane rout him rocht,
That soudainly to erd he focht,
The helm in erd it stikkit sua.
That neir the nekbane zeid in tua,
The gude hors grippit Gaudifere,
Bot Dauceline that was wicht in weir,
Trauiffit challenge for to maik.
And with the staluart spere him straik,
That it to fruschit with great pane,
Bot Gaudifere sat as man of mane,
That nouthar arfoun na sterapis tynt.

¶ THE FORRAY

Na zit remouit nocht for the dynt,
 For Dauclyne leit he nocht to lede,
 Throw out the preis the staluart steid,
 He saw his lord the duke Betys.
 At erd amang his enemyis,
 Wnder hors fute defoullit fa,
 That ay he on hand wald ta,
 To get on fute thay that war by,
 Wald beir thame doun deliuerly.
 The gude Gaudifere hidder raid,
 Throw strenth of his steid but abaid,
 He plungit in the thikkeft preis,
 To help his lord that lyand was.
 Mony ane straik there hes he tane,
 Bot maugre thairis of Grece ilkane,
 On Tholomeris steid hes he,
 Horslit his lord throw his bounte.
 War nocht the duke now doungein fa,
 He hes ane hors I vndirta,
 Of grete bounte quhair on he may,
 Richt weill his hardement assay,
 Likit him than to leif the fecht.
 Maugre his fais I trow he micht,
 His gait richt weill to Gaderis ga,
 All thocht thay chaiffit him neuer fa,
CAVDIFERE weill delyuerit hes.
 His lord that at great mischeif was,
 And horslit him fa richly,
 Bot he felt him fa felonly,
 Hurt and to frushit with the fall.
 That his body was to stonyit all,
 Than to his men in hy said he.

OF GADDERIS.

Heir Is na bute langer to be,
 Ilk man defend his auin heill,
 The King is angry with to deill,
 And syne the furriours ar,
 All knyt with him baith les and mare,
 That deidly haitis vs ilkane,
 And thocht thay do ferly is nane,
 Bot ane thing fuithly fay I dar.
 War nocht the furriouris that ar,
 With thame agains vs fechtand,
 We fuld nocht for the remanand,
 Be drawin to day fra the battalle,
 Quod Gaudifere for outin fail.
 That is all certane that ze fay,
 For thay haue preuit weill to day,
 And ar assemblit for na mischeif,
 And with that word baith caught thair leif,
 Turnit thair brydillis and to ga.
 I trow that thair was sum of ya,
 To fell thare spurris that tyme na wald,
 Touart Gaderis thair way thay hald,
 Bot or thay all be cummin thare,
 The fydis of sum may sowe full fair.
THE duke held forrowfull his way,
 For neuer his lif tyme to that day,
 Was he chaiffit out of ane flour,
 Bot in all tyme the hie honour,
 Be left with him as I hard tell,
 All thocht the fecht was neuer sa fell.
 For enforcit richt wele was he,
 Of freindis and kyn of great bounte,
 Now of his mischeif was he wa.

¶ THE FORRAY

And he was woundit fair alsua.
 Thocht he had Ire was na ferly,
 And Gaudifeir was mair fory,
 Than man that war with strenth and micht,
 Dampned or disherist aganes richt.
 He maid na semblance zit for thy,
 To be abaissit greattumly.
 Behind his feiris he abade,
 Ane staluart speir in hand he hade,
 Embrushed vnder his helme he wes,
 Fulfilled of pryde and of stoutnes,
 He met thame oft with hardy cheir,
 That come approchand to him neir.
 His fellowis oft delyuerit he,
 Quhan that he saw thame chargit be
 Richt rudely brandist he his speir,
 Oft syse wit ze weill thay war,
 Strikken richt rudly that he met,
 And he all haillely him set,
 For to defend all the flearis,
 And for to stony the chaissaris.
 Mony ane left he efter him deid.
 He turnit oft his steidis heid,
 To thame that he saw neir chaissand,
 To helpe his freindis and warrand.
 Gif ony man sould louit be,
 For douchty dede I trow that he,
 Sould prysit be and that trewlie,
 With that Corneus in hy,
 Cryit vassale turne the to me,
 To greatly thow defoulles the,
 That fleis and leiffis thy folke lyand,

OF GADDERIS.

Suppryfit thow hes vs all neir hand,
 Bot thow art culit now ane party,
 Thy pryde the failzeis foullely.
 That passis fleand fra the ficht,
 Of that ilk fleif thow hes na richt,
 That I vpon thy helme se,
 Scho set it euill that gaif it the.

GAVDIFEIR him beheld wraithly,
 And said sumdele dispittoufly,
 War I chargit with nane bot the,
 Thy wordis fould thow sone lat be.
 Bot nocht for thy, fall as it may,
 The iustling fall thow haue perfay,
 Bot gif the failzeing fall in the.
 With that in hy to him turnit he,
 And he that wicht was and hardy,
 Agane him come full sturdely,
 For he was of richt great bounte,
 Bot all to succodrous was he.
 Had he nocht spokin so greatly,
 In armes he had bene worthy.
 Togidder thay smot quhill thair blafounis
 Thay thirlit, and thair habersounis,
 Corneus on him brak his speir,
 Bot sa hard smot him Gaudifeir,
 That his speir and his gunfoun,
 Was bludy to the hand all down,
 Baith leuer and lungis in shunder he thare,
 And dede down to the erd him bare.
 Than Gaudifeir said him in scorning,
 Thair lyis pryse in defoulling.
 Men that ar wraith will nocht weill ta.

¶ THE FORRAY

In thank to be defoulit fa,
 That hes thow feld in fum party,
 Had thow nocht proud bene fikkerly,
 Thow had bene of great vassalege,
 Now mon thow keip heir this passage,
 And quhan marcat or fair falbe,
 To thame that may pertene to me,
 Luke thow with thame na bargane ma,
 Gaudifeir declaris thy fa,
 Hes heir acquentit him with the.
 To day my fleing fall not be,
 Lattit for the I vndersta
 All quick to Gaderis fall I ga,
 Bot gif that I vnhorfit be,
 With ane better all out na the.
NOW gangis gude Gaudifeir his way,
 He hes him fet in hard affay.
 For his gude Lordis saik Betyis,
 The deid all out to villanes is,
 He him defendit doughtely,
 And oft he turned appartly.
 Richt as it war ane bairt bair,
 Quhan the houndis byte fould him fair.
 Garres thame fle on far him fra,
 With the chaifferis he did richt fa.
 For fum he fellit and fum he flew,
 And vther fum deill thame withdrew.
 And thay that efter him come chaiffand,
 Of felled folk thay fand lyand
 The feild spred and than the King,
 That had thame all in gouerning,
 Ane stalwart speir into his hand,

OF GADDERIS.

On Burfiuell come fast prekan,
And smot sa hard on Gaudifeir,
That all to slenders brak his speir,
Bot he brist not his habersoun,
Na Gaudifeir tint na arsoun.
And quhan the King was passit by,
He smot ane knicht sa sturdely,
That grufflingis to the ground he glaid,
And he furth on his wayis raid,
And oft quhan thay him preissit neir,
He turned with ane sturdy cheir,
And stintit mony ane sturdy pryde.
And thay that chaiffit at that tyde,
That war hardy of mekill mane,
He gart arrest thair hors agane.

MEN knew it weill that Gaudifeir,
Be this that he was wicht in weir.
He sat vpone ane nobill steid,
That nane micht better be in neid.
To Gaderis micht haue gane his way,
Gif that he wald haue fled that day,
As did his feiris in ane ling,
Bot he imbraissit to great ane thing,
Bot as ane beist hir birth will driue,
Fra the wolf that wald them riue.
His fellowis sa defendit he,
He trowit throw his great bounte,
For to be thair defence that day,
And sa he was the futh to say.
For war he outhertane or deid,
To help thame couth thay na remeid,
He turnit nocht his back to fle,

¶ THE FORRAY

Bot that quhen he was preiffit to be.
 He turnit stoutly his village,
 For fen the nobill vassalege,
 Of him that had sik renounie,
 War shewit in dede as in bountie.
 Sa did he thair without gabbing,
 He maid mony ane fare turning,
 And mony ane straik he sadly fet,
 Held nane on hors that euer he met,
 For with the spere that sharpely share,
 Mony ane fey he fellit thare.
 And syne vnto him self said he,
 For nane certis that I heir fie,
 All be he neuer of sic renoun,
 Sall I neuer tyne sterop na arfoun,
 Bot I fall quyte to Gaderis ga,
 Maugre the chaiffaris thocht thay war ma,
 Bot gif it happin me to fail,
 Throw him is maist to drede of all.
 His sheild of gold is fair and fyne,
 With ane read Lyoun that is thairin,
 And Ferrand is his nobill steid,
 May na man better haue at neid.
 This day thris withoutin wein,
 He hes me measured on the grein,
 Lyand as into orifounis,
 Nouthur for prayers na fermounis.
 Think I to mete gif that I may,
 He is our all ane hard affay.
 His straik thair may withstand nathing
 Brane nor bane na zit arming.
 The King that hes him in menze,

OF GADDERIS.

Aucht wele to hald him in dainte,
For throw him alanerly it is,
That we the feild leif on this wys,
IN fair speche lyis oft winning.
And in dispyte oft distrubling,
Be the this Gaudifere say I,
That into weir was fa wourthy,
And gude wertuous in him had he.
For large of hart he was and fre,
And thair with sueit and debonare,
Of courtis speking and of fare,
For he luffit neuer na lossingere.
Bot pryfit thame that wourthy were,
Neuer in speche for melancoly,
Defoulet he gude man na wourthy,
Alexander the nobill King,
Had hard all haill his carping,
How he to gude Emynedoun,
Our all gaif wourship and renoun.
He praisit him in his hart greatly,
And prayit to God Intentifly.
That he sould saif him fra cumring,
That day fra deid and fra menzeing,
For him thocht great syn and pitie,
That sic ane suld encumerit be,
He thocht and he him takin be,
And he wald serue him in laute.
That he sould weill mak company,
Of gude Emynedus the douchty,
And of him and neuer in his lyfe,
Conquere valour of ane syue,
That thairof na thing baith he and he,

¶ THE FORRAY

Suld parsonalis and lordis be,
 Forow thame all that chaisland weir,
 The King follouit ane bow dracht neir,
 And burfliuale richt fast him bair.
 His feit he sparit na thing thair,
 The erd dintit he raid fa fast,
 And fyre out of the flint braft,
 Gaudifere faw him cummand neir.
 And be the scheild of Syper cleir,
 Quhairin he faw an Egill stand,
 In to the castell of gold gletand,
 He knew thairby it was the King.
 And than withoutin mare letting,
 His hors to him he turnit in hy,
 And lauchand said him courtesly,
 Zow nedis nocht fa fast to ryde.
 For I fall zou richt heir abyde,
 Gif that zow lykis to iust with me,
 This land the dukis suld be all fre,
 And I will challange it to day.
 With that withoutin mare delay,
 Thai dressit thame for thair Iusting,
 And on thair scheilds at thair meting,
 Thare speris all to schunder braft.
 Thare hors war stark and hyit fast,
 And thai war baith stout and hardy,
 With thair bodyis as thai raid by,
 Thai hurkillit and with scheildis fa.
 That goldin buckillis brak in tua,
 Helmis and mailzeis to fruschit ar
 And baith thair visage hurt richt thair,
 Till throw the ventale ran the blude

OF GADDERIS.

That stremand to yare fadillis zeid,
 And Gaudifere him preiffit fa,
 That he the King gart bakuart ga,
 Our the leyndis of burssiuale.
 Baith arfoun girth and patrale,
 Brak in schunder withoutin wene,
 And he fell bakuart on the grene,
 Than Gaudifere maid thair na baid.
 Bot wallapand his wayis raid,
 First to the King come Tholomere,
 And Daucline als that was his pere,
 To help thair lord in full gude will,
 His hors richt sone thay brocht him till,
 And on his fadill thai him set,
 And it that was to beit thai bet,
 He askit quhen he horffit was.
 Ane speir for zit wald he mare chais,
 Ze are stonyit said Tholomere,
 I se zow bleid on feir manere,
 Now wait ze weill how Gaudifere.
 Can stoutly fet ane straik with spere,
 He is wicht cruell and felloun,
 And he war tane fuld na ranfoun,
 Saif him na he fuld hangit be.
 Or els sum euill dede he fould de,
 To saif his lyfe thair micht na wis,
 Honour na proffit to zow ris,

THE King beheld him iroufly,
 And said sen zow hes sic inuy,
 To venge my harm gif that thow will,

¶ THE FORRAY

Thow may haue laifere sone thair till,
 And nocht for thy I dar weill fay,
 Thow hes him nocht now to affay,
 Of ye broune that thow luffit fa,
 To erd bakuard he gart ye ga,
 Quhen the cantell of yi helm fa cleir,
 Stikkit in the erd on sic manere,
 For yi nekbane was neir brifling.
 And I may weill fay but lesing
 That thow to meit him hes na will,
 Of sic speche micht thow weill be still,
 For I knaw he is nane of thay.
 That mekill noyis and boft will may,
 For he can weill begin ane stour,
 And end it als weill with honour,
 And quhen he feis he hes mifter.
 Part thair fra on fair maner,
 And mak mony ane fare recouering,
 Quhen he preiffit is ony thing,
 He lettis nocht withoutin weir
 His fallowis chaiffit be to neir,
 Bot thame with fpeir or all bare,
 Deliueris thame quhen chaiffit are,
 Mony fare point throw his bounte.
 Fele fyis that day recouerit hes he,
 And our best men and maift of mane,
 He gart oft hald thair hors agane,
 Is nane that dar him neir affay.
 Than flatlingis to the erd gang thay,
 This day I faw him fell sic thre,
 That the worst wint throw his bounte.

OF GADDERIS.

To tak him allane and to bynd,
 Se how he bydis his feris behind,
 Lord how he delis at his lyking,
 Baith with his hors and his arming,
 I saw neuer man my lyfytyme ere,
 Sa cleynty daill with fcheild and spere,
 I prais far mair his fleyng,
 Than I do all our follouing.
 The lord that hes him of menze,
 Richt Ioyful in hart may he be,
 For ane worthiar knicht na he,
 I trow thair may nane fundin be,
 For he had leuer to be flane,
 Or hangit or with hors-be drawin,
 Than he for radnes fuld do sic thing,
 That micht him turne to repreuing.

GAVDIFIR hes this encountering,
 Set woundir weill quhen he the King,
 Sa stoutly to the erd down bare.
 That his best men abaissit ware,
 The proudest that amang thame was,
 Had na great zarning thame to chais,
 And thay of Gaderis war richt blyth.
 And Gaudifeir thair to alfuyth,
 Ane houndreth heir assemblit ar,
 That in armis richt wourthy war.
 The furriours than saw thame reill.
 That held thame ay in company weill,
 With Emynedus thair ledere,
 That he renounit bachilere.

¶ THE FORRAY

Quhen he that had thame in leding,
 Had maid thame fair admonising,
 That at the ending thay suld weill do,
 And thay assentit weill thair to.
 Ane poynt apertly than thay maid,
 And Gaudifeir thame weill abaïd,
 Than men mycht se sic glew begin,
 That to the erd zeid mare and min.
 Bot manassing thay mony straik,
 Great routis can thay gif and tak,
 And sa lang war thay thair fechtand,
 That Gaderains had the wakar hand.
 And quhen thai saw na better rede,
 In full great hy thay left the steid,
 Bot sexty of thair men of mane,
 At that assay thare left thay slane.
 Strikand with spurris thay fled in hy,
 Thare mycht men se that had bene by,
 The chaissaris streik mony ane spere,
 And mony ane hors that sweaty war.
 And at the erd mony ane scheild,
 Weill vernist, strouit in the feild,

G AUDIFEIR declaris he was wa.
 When he his men saw chargit sa,
 Bot he to do weill had sic will,
 That he na semblance maid of ill.
 His spere was tint bot he his brand,
 Had nakit drawin in his hand.
 For to delyuer all his menze,
 Sa great thing vndertane hes he,

OF GADDERIS.

That all the world fuld ferly haue,
Before him all his folk he draif,
Richt as the husband driuis his fee,
To fell at markat or at Citie,
Thare mony fare turning he maid,
For to help his that mifter had,
Thare it was sene richt weill that he,
Had of his gilt fcheild na pitie.
For he abandonit to thame fa.
That the tane half was neir in tua,
And in the laif was thair truncheonis,
Of fperis ftrekand weill thair pennonis.
Men sayis he had to Gaderis gane,
Maugre the chaiffaris euer ilkane,
Na war Philot and Licanor,
And Caulus that come him before.
With fperis on him thai fraik all thre,
Quhill on his arfoune dintit he,
With the fuord throw his bounte,
Sa manfully him defendit he.
That nane his hand ftraucht him to ta,
Maugre thame all he went thame fra,

THE gude gaderanis that with him war.
Micht nocht endure the flour na mair,
The fourriours that chaiffit thame na,
All difcumfit hes sene thame fla,
Quhill all thair hors war fa wery.
For thay war trauelit gretumly.
Thay micht nocht hald thame fra chaiffing,
Bot follout thame efter in ane lyng.

¶ THE FORRAY

Emynedus before thame raid,
 Ane staluart spere in hand he had,
 Sa fast ferrand than gart he ga,
 That stanis and flagmontis slaw him fra.
 He had our tane gude Gaudifeir,
 And he that hard on sic maneir,
 Him sa stoutly follow his trais,
 He lukit and knew weill quhat he was.
 Syne fais it is gude think I futhlie,
 To nurris gude men and wourthy,
 And he that negaitis do na will,
 He fall repent him as is skill.
 This knicht allane durst tak on hand,
 For to assay thretty thousand.
 Mony fair lordis sonnes to day,
 He hes put to our hard assay.
 That the motheris that thame bare,
 Sall haue lang tyme thare hartis fare,
 Our mekill loy to day hes he,
 Gart to our mekill dule turnit be.
 I wait nocht quhat thairof may fall,
 Na quhilk of vs that tyne fall,
 Bot that our departing beis wa,
 Bot we had leuer how euer it ga.
 To all perellis put my body,
 Than for radnes do velany,
 Thare fall na kin dout me leid,
 For I dout schame weill mare na deid.
GAUDIFEIR was full douchty,
 Of hie worship and cheualry,
 And great courage of hart alsua.

OF GADDEIRS.

And shame that distrenzeit fa,
 His great skaith hes vndertane,
 At Betys counfall tuik he nane.
 For he wald hald it great foly,
 That ony ane manis body,
 Sould put him selfe in sik bandoun,
 Agane the duke Emynedoun.
 Bot he had nocht this counfall than,
 Trauerfit his hors as michty man,
 He turnit nocht abasitly,
 Bot with speir straucht full sturdelly,
 Enbushit vnderneath his sheild,
 With helme embroshit endlang the feild.
 He draue agane Emynedoun,
 That come prikand in ane randoun.
 On Ferrand that richt fast him bare,
 To the iusting richt neir thay ware.
 I trow thair fall na peace be maid,
 Na zit plunging be na baid.
 Betuix thame quhill the tane haue skaith,
 Now at the semble ar thay baith.
 Thay war baith stout and hardy,
 And full of hie great cheualry.
 For ire matelent and stoutnes,
 Summond thame to do proues,
 Ather agane vther raid,
 Bot na kin mannance was thair maid.
 Gaudifeir come first richt stoutly,
 Vpon his gilt helme for drowrie,
 Was put the sleif of ane lady,
 The Kingis dochter of Nuby.

101

G.iiij.

Emynedus



¶ THE FORRAY

Emynedus in the sheild him straik,
 Quhill he in sheuers can it shaik,
 He panit him with ane great micht,
 Till of the sheild that shynit bricht.
 The brais and buklis braist in tua,
 And bare it in the feild him fra.
 Bot nocht for thy Eminatedoun,
 Tint na sterop na arfoun
 Bot smot him with samekill micht,
 Vpone the birnie that was bricht,
 Befoir the targe that he couth beir,
 Neir in his hart he bare the speir.
 And he fell with that deidly dint.
 Emynedus the hors hes hint,
 That was sa guid that nane micht be,
 Ane better steid in na cuntre.
 Now may he weill mak company,
 Of him and Ferrand the lufly.

THE King neir by the chais can mak,
 And sawe richt weill the staluart straik.
 And towart him he come in hy,
 And said thir of this cheualry,
 I gif zow halely all the prys,
 Thir folk throw zow discumfit is,
 Thay micht not thole zour assailzeing.
 Aganes zour dint helpis na thing.
 This man is deid withouttin wene,
 And he lay strekit on the grene.
 The knichtis of Grece grittumly,
 Him and his cheif cheualry.
 His worship and his great bounte,

Emynedus

OF GADDERIS.

Emynedus prayit zit that he suld be,
Erdit that his fare flesch na ware,
Reuin with beistis hede nor hare,
Heir of his dede I haue pitie,
Bot he sa greatly chaiffit me.
Quhen that he slew Pirrus the gude,
That he than mingit all my mude,
Zit me forthinkis that he is slane.
With all my mude and all my mane,
The King weill hard him mak his mane,
And to him said lauchand on ane,
It is fuith exemplair thay say.
That wourthy hartis it makis ay,
I wait it without lesing.
Sum vther wald nocht say sic thing,
He that sydis hes gart sow fair,
Ane sturdy straik he hes striken thair.
And sa sturdy forsuith it is,
This day was nane sic strikin I wis.
Attour all fould he louit be,
That nane attendit to his bounte.
Bot the great blude that he hes bled,
And the heit als sa hard him led,
That he suouned richt on his steid,
The King it sawe and fair can dreid,
That he fould die thair in that place,
Than menit he him and said allace,
Gif that thow deis gentill knight,
The flour is done of all my micht.
I trow neuer mair ioyous fall I be,
Into my hart gif I tyne the.

¶ THE FORRAY

Na I trow neuer to conqueir,
 Castell citie na land of weir.
 The Grecians menit him halely.
 For all thay luffit him tenderly.
 Sa great ane dule amang thame was,
 That thay haue left all haill the chais,
 For thay wenit that the knight of prys,
 Sould thare haue endit his gentrys.
 And Betys raid sa spedely,
 That he to Gaderis come in hy,
 Sory of his discomfiting,
 And Alexander the nobill King,
 Efter his maister leich hes sent,
 And he come sone at commandment,
 That at his bidding boun was ay,
 To wirk his will baith nicht and day.
 And tentit Emynedus and the wound,
 And said richt sone he sould be found,
 Vpon ane cod punzeid of cottoun,
 Was thikker than ane actoun,
 Thay laid Emynedus soffly,
 And Lycanor his feir him by.
 In fuouning Lycanor thidder brocht.
 For Betys sic ane rout him rocht,
 That men nicht weill his longis se.
 The King gart our thame stentit be,
 His Pauilloun in full great hy,
 And the leich trauelled bisselly,
 To haill thame tua that woundit were,
 And said thay sould be haill and fere,
 Maid within ane lytill space.

OF GADDERIS.

The folk of Grece sa ioyfull was,
Of this that thay forzet Sampfoun,
And of mountflour alsua Pyrroun.
Than all thay ludgit thame I hecht,
Quha had na tent ane ludge hes dicht.
Of branchis that micht gottin be,
That nicht thay passit with lytill le.

¶ Heir endis the first part of the buke
of the most noble and vailzeand
Conquerour Alexander,
the great. Callit the
Forray of Ga-
deris.

* *
*





¶ Heir beginnis the secound part
of this buik. Callit the avowis of Alexander.

IN mery May quhen medis springis,
And foullis in the forestis singis,
And nyctingalis thare notis neuis,
And flouris spredis on feirkin hewes.
Blew and burnat blak and bla,
Quhite and zallow rede alfua,
Purpit bloncat pale and pers,
As kynd thame colouris geuis diuers.
And burgeons of thare brancheis bredis,
And woddis winnis thare winfull wedis,
And euer ilk Vy hes welth at wail,
Than ga I boundin all in baill.
For ane the lustyest that is wrocht
That I haue luffit all lyke hir nocht
Na neuer gat thing of my will,
Bot tene ay sen I tuik hir till.
Sa that my trauell and my pane,
I se weill all is set in vane,
For thy I will set myne intent,
To get lessing of my torment,
For to translait in Inglis leid,
Ane romains quhilk that I hard reid,
Of amourus armis and of droury,
Of knicht heid and of cheualry.
For wise men sais he that in wit,
Settis his intent and followis it,
It garris him oft tymes leif foly,
And all murning of musardy.

QVHEN Alexander the King of prys,
Had discumfit the duke Betys.

¶ THE FORRAY

And Dedifeir the fair citie,
 Had wonnen quhair Floridas the fre,
 Beleuit with him as of houe,
 And Daurus did his wife to spoufe.
 Syne towart Ters he went in hy,
 Gled in hart and richt ioly,
 To se Candas the fair of face,
 That had him lukkin in luffis lace.
 Ane Citie fand he in the way,
 That Daurer hecht as I hard fay,
 Fynly walled with mony tour,
 Famiask aucht all that honour.
 The King and all his cumpanie,
 Reffaut he weill and nobillie.
 And of him tuke to hald his land,
 And maid him manrent with his hand.
 Fyue dayis or sex he foiornd thare,
 With gamin and play and fyne thay fare.
 Fra Daurer now the King is cumin,
 And towart Ters he hes nommin,
 That day thay raid richt to the nicht,
 And all thay ludgit King and knicht,
 In pauillionis vpon ane Riuer,
 The oist that nicht maid merie cheir.
 On morne quhan brichtin day had dicht,
 And Sone had fprede his bemis bricht,
 The King he rais and furth he gais,
 All him allane the air he tais.
 The lift he saw baith fare and pure,
 His oist he sawe baith stark and sture,
 Quhare plentie war of nobill men,
 The king louit his goddis then.

OF GADDERIS.

That had him send sa great plente,
 Of honour and of dignite,
 That he defyred na mair honour,
 Bot Babilon the maister tour,
 The quhilk his zarning maist was in,
 Allace that was baith fyte and fin,
 For thair he deit and that was pitie,
 Bot vther wayis it micht not be.

THE King beheld the grauis grene,
 Ane auld man than hes he fene,
 His beird his browis baith war hare,
 Lang and lyart als thay ware.
 In blak clething cled was he,
 As was the maner of Chalde.
 The King to him is went in hy,
 And salust him full courtesly.
 In Chalde language can he say,
 Gude man quhether art thou went on way,
 Or quhan thou come for God lat heir.
 That ald ansuered with simpill cheir,
 Fra wildernes and zon valleis,
 To ane tempill of antiquites.
 To Mars to make sacrifice.
 For my brother the wicht and wife,
 The quhilk was into Gaderis slane,
 Quhan thay of Grece with mude and mane,
 Sefit in Gaderis the nobill pray,
 That mony ane brocht to decay.
 That tinsall oft me turnes in tenis,
 Quhat hecht thy brother that thou of menis,
 Schir Gaudifeir, than sichit the King,
 And lang stude still but speking,

That

¶ THE AVOWIS

That ald beheld the nobill King,
 And sawe him in ane studying,
 Him thocht the dede of Gaudifeir,
 Anoyit him on great maneir,
 Than to him said he shir perfay,
 At Gaderis endit hes that day,
 The best on ground that euer was borne,
 Bot Alexander I tak beforne.
 To him I mak na man compair,
 King nor knicht na zit empeir,
 And gif the King into bounte,
 Had ony peir, it micht be he,
 For kynde had nurished him sa weill,
 Of all verteuis that man may feill,
 For nocht was wantand in that wyfe,
 That mycht put ony man to pryfe.
 For wise he was and debonare,
 Hardy kynd courtes and fare,
 To witnes dar I draw Venus
 Mars Neptune and Mercurius.
 The King answered to that ald,
 Be all the Goddis thow hes tald,
 I wald gif with my handis tua,
 Half that euer I wan him fra,
 With thy I war of sic ane pryfe,
 As I haue hard of thy deuyse,
 Of Gaudifeir thy brotheris deid,
 I am sorrowfull sa God me reid.
 Of Sampson and Pyrrus of mounflour,
 That war brocht vp of my nurtour,
 Had I thame all hail and feir,
 About me ay to be me neir,

OF ALEXANDER.

Than the iles of Chalcos and Melcheis,

Quhair Iafon wan the goldin fleis.

THE gude man hard the King fa speik,
For tein his hart in thunder breik.

For him thocht weill be his carping,

And by his speche that he was King,

He changit hew and vox all rede

His ene war birnand in his hede.

The anger thrang his hart fa fast

His vislage blaknit at the last,

And he had nicht his brotheris dede,

Had bene reuengit in that stede.

The King him sawe and knew him weill,

His matelent euerilk deill.

And lauchand said him courtesly,

Gudeman be all that God fall by,

Thy brotheris deid me lykit nocht,

Thocht Sampfoun and Pyrrus deir it bocht.

For thow refembillis ane man of wit,

At thy lyking I fall mend it,

Quhiddel thow will haue land or fe,

Or succour of my men and me.

Thow may vs leid quhair ever thow gais,

To tak the vengeance on thy fais.

The gudeman hard and sichit deip,

And with his ene fair coud he weip,

Than he fell and his fute can hint,

And wald haue killit it or he stint.

The King warnit and vp him tuke,

And said gudeman for Goddis buke,

Comfort the weill and tell me hale,

Thy name thy stait thy blis thy bale.

¶ THE FORRAY

Gif ony man hes done the laith,
 The or thyne outhier shame or fkaith.
 I fall gar mend it, be thow bald.
 Schir God forzeild zow said the ald,
 And ze do as ze heir deuyfe.
 Maid neuer zit on na kin wife,
 Sa hie ane man and sic ane King,
 Sa fair ane mendis for sic ane thing.
 My name now will I tell zow richt,
 Cassamus de laris lord I hecht,
 Gaudifeir was my brother deir,
 That deit at Gaderis quhan zour furreir,
 Raid in Forray sa sturdely,
 Emynedus flew him velanously.
 Bot wald God Grant throw his pouste,
 That I nicht anes vpon him fe,
 For all the gould fra thine to France,
 I wald nocht let to tak vengeance.
CASSAMVS than said the King,
 Lat be and speik of vther thing.
 And mak we iudgement vs betuene,
 Thow wait richt weill withouttin wene,
 That quhen men cumis in battell place,
 Quha will be gude he man purchase.
 How he may best auansit be.
 Gif Gaudefeir be deid, perde
 He flew Pirrus and vther ma,
 Lat we the deid togidder ga.
 And do we now as custome gais,
 Quha with the lord a concord mais.
 He sould hald to all the laif,
 Baith King and Casare knicht and knaif,

OF ALEXANDER.

Schir said the ald to myne aduysfe,
 Zour words ar sa wonder wyfe,
 That na man may agane thame set,
 All I forgiue withouttin let,
 And prayis zow for cheritie,
 Into my helping that ze be,
 And sheild vs fra disherisoun,
 My neuoyis tua out of Effesoun,
 For ze fall haue full great honour,
 Gif ze thame help with zour succour,
 The King said Cassamus perfay,
 I fall hald cunnand gif I may.

CASSAMVS to the King beheld,
 And said fare King quha nicht zow zeld
 This grete foredede and thy bounte,
 Gif that ze hald zour hecht to me.
 Suth is quhan Gaudefere was dede,
 He left tua childer in his stede.
 Gaudefere of Effesoun
 The eldest hecht, the other Betoun.
 Effesoun is ane fair cite,
 That in the marches of Calde,
 Of thair mother syde thame falles,
 With castels touris and mony walles
 For duke Betys hir brother was,
 That aucht Gaderis and Iosaphas.
 Ane dauchter hes Gaudefere alsua,
 Nane farar thing on erd may ga,
 To name thay call hir Fezonas,
 Ane farar figure neuer was,
 Bot ald Clarus the King of Inde,
 In his bandoun he walde hir binde,
 And wed hir all agane hir will.

¶ THE AVOWES

Bot hir assent is nocht thairtill
 Hir had weill leuer be grauin in grene,
 Thairfore that tyran is full tene.
 That he destroyes on ilkane fyde,
 Hir lands, and with ane hoste ouer ryde.
 Vnto thair cittie ane assege hes set,
 And to distroy thame, that auld hes thret.
 Fare sweit King for thy bounte,
 Think my neuoyis fall reuenged be,
 Of that tyran pantenar,
 Zon couetous, zon skarce lymmar.

CASSAMVS, than said the King,
 I zarne it maist of ony thing,
 To turnay with my sword of steill,
 With auld Clarus thus wit ze weill.
 Gif I the watter of Pharoun
 May pas, I fall him abandoun.
 Tine he fall outhur leif the land
 Or de, or than cum recryand.
 I fall him challenge the citie,
 Quhill thy coufinges delyuered be.
 Bot thocht thay held of me thare land,
 It nicht not greif I vnderstand.

THVS as he spak the King of pris,
 With ald Cassamus de laris,
 With that come gangand in ane rout,
 Emynedus the stith and stout.
 Philot Arreste and Perdicas,
 Caulus Clitoun and Floridas,
 Lycanor Gartene and Daures,
 Festioun Tholomere and Lyones,
 And efter thame come seuin thousand,

OF ALEXANDER.

The worst had cite or kingdome of land,
The King than sawe in hart was blyth,
And callit on Lycanor alsuyth.
Syne the duke Emynedus,
Philot Arreste and Caulus.
Cum furth my Douzeperis and my barounis,
Lords of touris and of tounes.
Schir duke of Archade Emynedus,
Forfuith as now it standis thus,
We ar accordit of Gaudifere,
That quhyllum deit of zour banere.
The duke answered and said, perfay
I vnderstand nocht quhat ze say.
The King said I fall zow tell,
That quhyllum of zour handis fell,
Gaudefere the nobill knicht.
The duke said schir be Gods nicht.
I haue mare dule of him and wa,
Than of fyue hundreth vther ma.
Of ane gude man great tynfall is.
Bot quhan he slew Pyrrus I wis,
My sifter sone that was sa gude,
For wrathe and tene I woxe nere wode,
For he was courtes wyfe and fare,
Hardy kynde and debonare.
Said Alexander thairfore say we,
Zon ald man behald and se,
With lyart berd and hare gresone,
That leanes him on zon burdone.
Schir said the duke I se him weill,
Him semis sture and stith to feill,
He burde be douchty in ane thrang.

¶ THE AVOWES

Gif ony man wald worke him wrang.
 Ze say suth said the King, perfay
 Quhat man he is I fall zow fay,
 Zon is Gaudefeires brother,
 Bot he is dede thair is nane other,
 God mot grant his faull mede,
 He left tua childer of his fede,
 And ane dauchter of great renoun.
 Gaudefere of Effesoun

The eldest hecht, the tother Betoun,
 That of worship and of renoun,
 Resembles thair fader Gaudefere,
 That worthie was in peax and were.
 Bot now of Inde the auld Clarus
 The brother quhylum of Pyrrus,
 Hes fet ane seage before that place,
 Bot will God geue vs that grace,
 That thay abyde vs, we fall fecht,
 Schir said the duke, ze fay all richt.

QVHAN that the King had tald his tale,
 It lykit all the douzepers hale.
 The duke said be the thrid day,
 We fall pas Pharon gif we may,
 For the lufe of the childer thre.
 My sheild of gold fall shawin be,
 To the folk of Inde no more.
 Quho best will do fall haue honore,
 Maugre haue he that spares his baines,
 Till the great hoste be rushit anes,
 Cassamus heiris thow quod the King,
 The worship and the nobill thing,
 Of the nobill duke de Archade.

OF ALEXANDER.

That sic admonishing hes made.
Schir said that ald in peax and were,
Ane fouerane bounte hes him distanit here.
For with larges and courtesy,
He gouvernis him in cheualry.
Haue ze forgeuin me said the duke,
The great ire ze to me tuik,
Said Cassamus all is forgeuin,
Zour worship hes my dule ouerdryuen.
Emynedus said I pray zow then,
That zour clething be of zow tane,
And tak ane rob furred with armine,
I grant quod that ald Palasine.
To ane fyde of ane tent he zeid.
And he vnclethed him full gude speid.
The Chalmerlane ane rob him brocht,
And clethit him sone and lettit nocht.
He was baith stith stark and strang,
Weill maid with lymmes fare and lang,
The King him sawe quhan he was dicht,
And swore be God and all his micht,
That wele him femed ane knicht to be,
To reik grit routtis in ane melle,
Cassamus and Emynedoun,
And all the douzepeirs and barroun.
Before the King of Massidonze,
Ordaned all withouttin sonze,
For the passage of Pharone,
And the vayne of Effezone.
The King ouer all the hoste gart cry,
Take hors and spere delyuerly.
At that turfing men micht here

¶ THE AVOWES

Great noyes and din quha had bene neir.

Cassamus led thame and was thair gy,

The countrey knew he halely.

All that day to the nicht thay raid,

And harbreid in ane meadow braid.

On thair ane hand was ane ryuer,

The tother hand the wod weill ner.

Fra Effefoun half ane iornie,

And quhen thay wist in the cite.

How Cassamus thare eme sa ald,

Brocht Alexander and his barnage bald,

In thair rescours for to fecht,

Ane lufe droury he hes thame hecht.

THE hoste thame restit all the nicht,
 Quhil on the morne that day was licht.

The King gart cry that all fould fare,

And nocht ane leif les nor mare.

Syne callit to him Antigonus,

Clyton Tholomere and Caulus.

Lordingis he sayis tyme is to fare.

To Effefoun full nere we are,

Methink it tyme to tak our harnes,

Speiris fwordis and all the fikkernes,

To fecht with indeans mak we prest.

We mak to lang foiorne and rest.

That war na richt to bachleiris,

That wald win lufe or pryse in weiris,

Als lang as man is in his zouthheid,

He fould assay himselfe in deid,

And put his body in euenture,

In trauell for to win honour.

Of douchty man is nobill thing.

OF ALEXANDER.

That alwayes gangs with mening,
 And of euill I fie oft fall,
 That ald and-zing is hated all,
 Antigonus him hard, and said,
 Lordings be all that God hes maid,
 Now may ze heir the nobillest King,
 That euer bare croun or vther thing,
 Wyfe courtes and large he is,
 Quhen he was xv zeir ald I wis,
 He thocht how he on ony wyfe,
 Micht win to honour and to pryfe.
 And in the eld of xviii zeir,
 He bare first armes, and but dangeir,
 With held the Lordis sonnes of the land,
 Quhilkis seruit him with fute and hand.
 Grete cumpany he can thame bere.
 In gamming play in peax and were.
 He may auance him of ane thing.
 He did neuer man dishonoring,
 Bot gaue thame greatly of his gude,
 And honored thame with mane and mude.
 Quha leids men with sic honour,
 Bot gif he be gude gouernour.
 Ane thousand is worth vther tua,
 Of ony gatherines that men may ma.
 Quha treatis gud men he may effy,
 And traist in thame mare fikkerly,
 Than on him that will cum to day,
 And on the morne will pas away.
 Ane man suld that war in pouste,
 Make him luiffit in his countre,
 Thocht he thame gif he takis tuinfald,
 H.iiij.

¶ THE AVOWES

That may men pryfe wele quha fa wald.
 And quha is hated in his feid,
 Weill na may he neuer speid,
 For wyfe men hes said beforne,
 Euill nichtbour makes euill morne.
 Perdicas said men aucht to pryfe
 And honour him on alkin wyfe.
 Quha will worke be zour counsell,
 May nocht mis honour na tyne trauell.
 Cassamus to the King come thare,
 And said thir it is tyme to fare.
 The day is fare the Sone is bricht,
 The wedder is baith fare and licht.
 To tempill Marcus I red we ga,
 And sacrifice to Marcus ma,
 And ask answer quhat we fall do,
 Quod Alexander I grant thairto.
 He lap on quhen his hors was cumin,
 His douzepeirs hes he with him nommin,
 The mekill hofte thame after raid,
 In cumpany that war lang and braid.
 Thair leder was auld Cassamus,
 That led thame to tempill Marcus,
 The King lap down and boun him made,
 The folk that tyme in custome hade,
 All cled in quhyte with legges bare.
 He entred in withouttin mare.
 All that he nedit he with him brocht.
 To his intent he leued nocht.
 Emynedus and all the laif,
 Baid thairout baith knicht and knaif,
 The dur he opned and in he gais,

OF ALEXANDER.

And hony and oyle he with him tais,
And on the alter he fet him doune,
Four swords hes he tane aflone,
And at four quarters hes thame fet,
Quhill thay in hony and oyle wer wet.
About the altar zeid he thryfe,
Adornand it on mony wyfe.
And amang the swordis than can he ly,
His hede in the eist and cryit mercy,
That he sould answer to him zeild,
Quhidder he sould win or tyne the feild,
Or how the fecht fuld gouerned be,
Aganes Clarus and his menze,
Quhen he had said ane sleip he tais,
And airly on the morne he rais.
And in his sleip ane voce can cry,
Richteous King rise vp in hy,
To Effezone zow ryde but let,
And rase the sege that thair is fet.
And reskew Gaudifeir the zing,
That hes great neid of thy helping,
With ald Clarus the King of inde,
Full hard battale fall thow finde,
For or hē be discumfit all,
Mony of thy gude men fall fall,
Bot at the last men fall him sla,
And discumfit his men alsua.
With that he walknit and vp he rais,
And to the voce great tent he tais,
The dur he opnit and furth is gane,
His men him keipit euer ilkane,
The watter him gaif schir Floridas,

¶ THE AVOWES

And the touell schir Perdicas.
 Than Areftotil him asked sone,
 Of facrifice how he had done.
 Maifter he faid richt wonder weill.
 And tald him fyne euerilk deill.
 Quhen Caffamus hard great ioy he made,
 And asked leue but mare abade,
 To Effefoun that he micht ga.
 For to confort his coufingis tua,
 And thair menze of that tything.
 I will weill fayis the nobill King,
 Bot luke that thow cum to vs sone,
 And tell vs how the oift hes done,
 And all the cunning of Clarus.
 I grant thairto faid Caffamus,

CASSAMVS on his steid hes ftridin,
 And fra the oift than hes he riddin,
 Or he was cummin to pharonne.
 That was vnder the nobill toune,
 It was neir nicht and he abaid,
 The caggis he faw how thay war maid,
 That had ane archearis fchot on hicht.
 The steppis he faw how thay war dicht
 The quhilk neirhand ane thousand ware.
 Of fyue fute breid and lytill mare,
 Quhare thay behouit doune to pas.
 For vthir paffage nane thare was,
 Bot ane bait and ane fchip grome,
 Caffamus callit and he come sone,
 Schir faid that grome we haue had greif.
 Sen that we loffit our lord and cheif
 Gaudifeir that ftyth in flour.

OF ALEXANDER.

That was our lord and gouernour,
For Clarus now with all his oist,
Assegis vs and makis great boist.
He fet his battreis to our wallis.
And vtheris engynis that thair to fallis,
And to zour confingis hes he fend,
That or four dayis be cumming to end,
Before the wallis we fall him fe,
For to assege with his menze,
Lo ze may fe his luge stand,
Befyde zone Crag that is neir hand,
Said Cassamus mak mery chere.
Fore heir cummis Alexander de lere,
And with him weill X. thousand knychtis,
To help and hald vs in all richtis,
Thow fall thame fe at morning tyde.
Heir ludgit at the watter fyde,
Schir said the suane than ga we fwyth,
To tell thir tythingis to mak blyth,
Zour neuoy Gaudifeir and Betys.
And Fesonas the fair and wyse,
And Edeas and Ydorus,
The douches of Antigonus.
That of amouris and of droury,
Can speke and spere richt merely,
Sic company men bird hald deir.
And cum alsua of landis feir,
To fe thame and mak cumpany.
For thay ar gay glaid and ioly,
Cassamus said delyuer the,
And sone that we our may be,
Cassamus to the schip is gane.

¶ THE AVOWES

His hors hes left all him allane,
 Bydand on the watter fyde,
 He rouit our in that self tyde,
 Till thay arryuit vnder the wall.
 Cassamus hard the noyis all,
 That thay in to the citie maid,
 For of Clarus great dout thay had,
 And thare he fand Gaudifeir and Betys,
 And with thame Caldeis and Arrabys,
 Quhen thay him saw than war thay blyth,
 Gaudifeir him askit fuyth,
 Quhy he thame left he said perfay.
 In to zour neidis I haue bene ay,
 For in zour succouris fall I bring,
 Of Massidone the nobill King,
 To morne ze may his pauillone.
 And his oist se bezond pharone,
 Gaudifeir said lytill succouris,
 Can I se for all is at rebours,
 Pharone is mekill deip and braid.
 And thair is nouthir brig nor flaid,
 That men may pas foroutin wylis,
 I hop within thre houndreth mylis,
 Said Cassamus I fall zow fay.
 How thay may pas without delay,
 Thay come down ay tua and tua,
 Endland the steppis thocht thay war ma,
 And passis into batis and galayis.
 thocht thay war ma within thre dayis,
 Betys said eme I heir zour saw,
 And I haue helm and scheild to schaw,
 Hors haubrek scheld and spere.

OF ALEXANDER.

Quharewith I aucht me wele to were.
Strenth will and hardement,
For to vincus the turnament.
And shent worth I bot gif I fet,
Sic strakes fra we and thay be met,
That thay that cumis in our succouris,
Sall say that I lufe parramouris.
Fare neuoy said Cassamus the ald,
Speke softer and be not sa bald.
For zoung men that to armes tais,
Sould lytill speke how euer it gais.
Betys said I haue sic will,
That I on na wayes may be still.
Quharefore I requyre zow and pray,
That to morne quhan I se the day,
That foure hundreth with habersouns,
With speires fwordes and blafouns.
Ifhe we furth of the cite,
Or the Indeanes may warned be,
We fall do weill my hart me sais,
And mony of thame we fall abais,
Fra that Alexander de leir,
May fall, of vs sum tydingis heir.
Said Cassamus I grant thairtill,
With gude hart and nobill will.
My hart reioysed is but were,
Quhan I may ocht of armes here,
The quhyle is wele lang fen I rade,
Or hors or armes vmbeftrade,
Or bare haubrek spere or sheld,
Bot as Hermyte in wod and feild
I haue leued, bot now my will.

¶ THE AVOWES

Me geuis zarning to fecht my fill.

EME faill me nocht said Betys,
 That we to morne quhan day can rys.
 Mak we to the hoſte ane Ieopardy,
 For outtin affray aduysedly,
 Steir we thame in our cuming,
 That Alexander heir thairof ſum thing,
 I grant ſaid Caſſamus the knicht,
 With gude hart mane and nicht,
 Quhan Gaudeſere hard he leuch in hy,
 Eme ſayis the childe ze think foly.
 Lat vs zoung men this melle ma,
 Ze ar ouer auld dintis to ta.
 Quhen Caſſamus hard his blude quouke,
 For proper diſpyte he nicht not luke.
 He ſaid to him full fellonly,
 Thow hurſone full of cowardy.
 Auld Clarus and his menze,
 Hes heir aſſeged this citte.
 That elder is all out than I,
 And zarnes to luſe be droury,
 And thow for all thy freſhe effere,
 Hes done bot lytill in this were.
 Now for I am tyred in trauell,
 Thow hes forbiddin me the battrell.
 Bot quhan I am armed weil,
 With haubrek helme and ſword of ſteill
 For all the gold into Calde,
 Thow durſt nocht byde me dintis thre.
 Thow was neuer lyke to Gaudeſere,
 That nobill renouned in peax and were.
 The chylde ſmyled and away is went,

OF ALEXANDER.

And tholed his emis matelent.

FARE sweit eme said Fezonas,
Luke ze take nocht in crabitnes,
For na thing that my brother sayis,
Ze may weill wit he dois bot playes.
For amouris that ar ioly ay,
Garris him fumquhyle bourd and play,
And I leuch als with gude will.
And sa wald all that couth of skill,
For quhen in ald men sic wourship neuis,
It gammis all that heris and gleuis.
He said fair nece thow knawis nocht our kynd,
Na quhen we come na of quhat strynd,
Na of oure eldaris the senzeory,
Na the renounit cheualry,
King Pryam was our antefesfour,
That aucht all Troy and that honour
We come fleand in this countre,
Fra that distroyit was the citie,
Mafflones our father hidder come,
His wife and barnis him with nome,
With riches filuer gold sa rede.
Tuke in this land baith reif and stede,
And Gaudifeir thi father forow,
Quhais faull our lord scheild fra forow,
Duke Betys sifter tuke to wife,
And with hir this citie antife,
was geuin in to mariage.
And all this land in heretage,
Bot Clarus now clamis senzeory,
For thi luif damyfell ioly,
Wald thow him lufe this were war gane.

¶ THE AVOWES

Thy counfall she said me hes tane.
 To zow and to my brether tua,
 I am haill geuen withouttin ma.
 Quhat euer ze do I stand thair till,
 Now ordane quhat euer ze will.
 Bot I had leuer drowned be,
 Or euer he had fefing of me.
 Quhen Cassamus hard, he had pitie,
 And said fare nece comfort the.
 For my richt arme fall of be shorne,
 Or he the wed be euin or morne.
 To morne cumis vs succour planere
 That with vs will duell withouttin were
 The best and the hardyest of hand,
 Als far as fey excedes land.
 Alexander and his cumpany,
 That fader is of all cheualry,
 Emynedus cumis als but wene,
 And mony vther knychts kene.
 Fare eme sho sayis is this to trow,
 That Alexander cumis hidder now,
 With his hoste to helpe vs here.
 Zea fare nece withouttin were,
 To morne at pryme thow fall him fe,
 And vther of full great bounte.
 Schir is he sic as ze vs say
 Ze fueit nece and better perfay.
 For he is wyfe courtes and cunnand,
 Zoung fare fwete and auenand
 And ouer all large and hardy,
 And dois his dedes auyfedly,
 All euillis hes he fra him set.

OF ALEXANDER.

And glaid of thy come sickerly
Thy hardynes hes made me red,
Amang thy fais I faw the sted.
In sic ane thrang amang thame set,
That all my flethe baith quok and fuet,
Had the Bauderans manly the affailzeit,
Our help mycht lytill the availzeit,
Heir cumis Clarus full sturdely.
Armit and all his company,
All farraly ridand in battale,
And we tyne ocht withoutin fale,
It is tynt think for euer mair.
To our small folk I rede we fare,
Quhen he had said his will, he went,
And thocht on Ydeas the gent,
His hors hede he turnit thare.
And drew his fuerd that scharply schare,
And his steid bare him stythly,
To ald Clarus than can he cry,
Wickit carle thow fall it by.
Of Fezonas the sueit droury,
That is baith zing and auenand,
Fare poleist and plesand.
Heir fall I challenge hir fydis fene,
Hir breist hir armis and als but weine,
Thow fall neuer haue that paramour,
Nakit vnder thy coueratour.
Scho fall alout haue ane better than the,
to quham that scho fall geuin be.
Gif God will and the nobill King.
That all thingis geuis but stinting,
Sic ane thing or euin thow fall fe.

¶ THE AVOWES

That thow in mekill inde wald be,
 Quhen Clarus hard than was he wraith,
 And strenzeit the steid with spurres baith,
 And far fra his feris he straucht his speir.
 And he to him come as of were,
 Cassamus hit him in the scheild,
 Quhill splenderis flew out of the feild,
 And he him in the blasoun.
 Till of his speir he maid trounschoun,
 Far by passit withoutin mare skaith,
 Clarus him said in hething raith,
 Hare carle thus thow chapis nocht.
 All thy dede hes thow söcht,
 Men hes me tald and knauin is,
 That Alexander cumis and all his,
 To succour zow with his poware.
 Bot gif that we may fall fa fare,
 That I hand mycht on him lay,
 He suld aby the deid perfay,
 At that bastard did to Porrus.
 Before the place of Pontapolus,
 Gif God sayis my neuoys weill,
 And my fuord and mymy mais of steill.
 I fall me venge on that King,
 And gar him rew his neir cuming,
 Said Cassamus fa God me rede,
 Thow fall forthink haue thow no dreid.
 Thow art nocht sic that thow bird blame,
 The King that is of rial fame,
 That wan all Tripolis and Ganas,
 Daurus Pollus and Nicholas,
 Ane man with word may mak him fa,

OF ALEXANDER.

Alfweill as with deid I say,
lak nocht the lord that all fuld lout,
With les and mare he is to dout,
It fallis na lard that land fuld hald.
For to mislay nowthir zoung nor ald,
Ane richt euill fare men fuld fle,
And hait him all that feis with E,
With that he passit furth and him socht.
Clarus him baid and fled him nocht,
And with his neiffis he him hint,
Full sturdely or he wald stynt,
And Cassamus him hynt agane.
Full michtely as man of mane,
Had thay lattin thame allane samyn,
Thay fuld repent thame of the gamyn,
Bot Bauderans indeanis and perland.
Come rycht fast in the preis prekand
And gart thame part withoutin let,
And Cassamus to slay thay thret,
Quhen Betys saw his men sa stad,
To succour thame great will he had,
And plungit in amung thame all,
As tempest that garris woddis fall.
He schalit and thirllit the mekill stour,
To help his eme and to succour,
He sesit his brydell with mekill pane,
And said fare eme ha turne agane.
Me think it tyme withoutin weir,
With draw vs hyne of thare danger.
Myfall vs ocht we ar bot tane,
Or ellis suppryfit or ellis flane,
Confing quod Cassamus do as thow will.

¶ THE AVOWES

Fare sweit coufine I grant thairtill,
THAN Cassamus is turned agane,
 And Betys als ane man of mane.
 Thay withdrew thame nocht cowardly,
 But vpone brydill auysitly
 Thay raid and sua furth thay past,
 And Indeans thame followit fast,
 The gudeman raid as gude warriour,
 Befyde him Betys faucht in stour,
 Quhill thay come richt to the wall,
 Quhair that thare men thame kepit all.
 Fare eme said Gaudefere,
 War nocht zour counfall of langere,
 We had discumfit bene ilkane,
 And all our men outhar flane or tane,
 Ze blamed ar for that I zeid,
 I saw zow now in sic ane neid.
 Quhare that I wald nocht haue bene stad
 For all the gold that Pryam had.
 Said Cassamus fare sweit coufine,
 I hope thare fallis to luffaris fyne
 Fare prayer and douchty deid,
 For to Ideas langer thay zeid.
 And me abandoned as was skill,
 For sho me gaif baith hart and will.
 To day airly at myne arming,
 Hir lufe sho taucht me with ane ring
 And now I wald but lossingery,
 Lufe hir and ferue hir iolely.
 With sword of steill that wele can there.
 With helme and haubrek sheild and spere,
 Thus zeid thay carpand to the wall,

OF ALEXANDER.

And that as gude men baid thay all.
Before the littis at the entre,
Gat thay the Indeans menze,
And thay come prekand throw the sand,
Gyrdand with sheilde and spere in hand.

BEFORE Effefoun at the zet,
Was mekill noyes and great debait.
Of hors and men full great affray,
And thay come prekand at deray.
And thay within can stanes cast,
Baith zong and ald richt wonder fast,
Sum kest with handes and sum with floung,
All war thay doand baith ald and zoung.
Thare was the King of Pincarne,
Assailzeand with his menze.
Thay war nocht armed for to fecht,
Bot thay culd wele shute at richt.
Quha drawes thame nere of thairis fall haue,
Memoryall quha lykes to craue.
Ferefull was the noyes and cry,
And the assault cruell and hardy,
Vpon the walles of that Cite,
Thare was gude men and that plente,
That defendit thair walles weil,
With clubbis mellis and axes of steill.
Thay thairout richt hard can cry,
And thay thairin richt preuelly,
Thame held and was richt wyfely led,
And richt manly defendit thare sted.
Sa fare defence thare couth thay mak,
That the great hoste was put abak.
The folk of Inde withdrew thame than,

¶ THE AVOWES

And rewit that thay the fault began,
 Maugre thair is away thay went,
 Clarus brint neir for matelent,
 Quhen he saw the hale battalis.
 Turne agane that nane affaillis,
 on Cassiell than can he cry,
 That lord of Bauderis was and medy,
 Thow said nocht four nychts fyne.
 In to thy solace eftir wyne,
 That thow all effezone suld tak,
 And wyn it for fare Ideas saik,
 That is to say fare and gent.
 And with hir do all thyn intent,
 And I of Fezonas the fre,
 That is peirles of all bounte,
 Said Cassiell fair schir King.
 Ze mak menyng of sic ane thing,
 That neuer fall failze with my will,
 Bot I be strenth be lend thair till,
 Gif that I lufe that maidin fre.
 And courtasie be ocht in me,
 I aucht to lufe all hirris I hecht,
 For that I hope Is lufis richt.
 Agane hir will to do nane ill,
 Bot serue hir baith with hart and will,
 And gif that sho on ony wyfe,
 With haldis me of hir franchis.
 Than haue I lemman at my will.
 And lufe I will baith loud and still,
 And sagait fall ze do I wys.
 Gif we wald of lufe brouk the blis,
 Ze wary hir and all hir kyn.

OF ALEXANDER.

Hope ze sagait hir lufe to wyn,
 Thow art rycht courtes said Clarus,
 The quethir the dame Ydeus,
 Na gettis thow nocht for all thy fair.
 Courtafly coneris feildin cair,
 Schir said the Bauderane at zour lyking,
 I am zour man and ze my King,
 Of zow hald I landis in feis.
 Castellis towris and fare Citeis,
 And thay of Bauderis ar with me heir,
 And synodis that I haue to steir,
 Thay pas nocht hyne quhill ze heir duell.
 That tale of me fall na man tell,

ALL this reпреif and this hething,
 Cassamus hard and this speiking.
 And Betys als his consing deir.

Eme said Betys now may ze heir,
 How zone Bauderane with his harnes,
 That is oylit without affrays,
 Wald wirk his will with Ydeas.

Fare fueit consing said Cassamus,

I am first luffit and in sasing,
 Za said Betys at zour wyning,

THVS hes Cassamus and Betys,
 Said of the Bauderanes deuys,

That was courtes weill taucht and keynd,

And wald haue Ideas to freynd,

He luffit hir with all his mycht.

Wnwittand zit of that fueit wycht,

The battellis come than on ane raw,

Bot alfer as ane bow mycht draw,

Durst nane approche that wit ze weill.

¶ THE AVOWES

For waponis that war sharpe to feill,
 On bothe the fydes thay held thame still,
 That nane did vthir mekill ill.
 Clarus neirhand out of wit is gane,
 And waryed his Goddis euer ilkane.
 And Marciane to him he cald,
 Marciane said Clarus the ald,
 It femis weill quhair hartis failzeis
 The laif of lymmes lytle vailzeis.
 And quha hes hart hardy and gude,
 Strenth him doubilles in mane and mude.
 Quha luiffis honour he feikes it ay.
 Cowartis dois worship at delay.
 Quha feis gude the gude fuld cone,
 And of gude father fuld cum gude fone.
 Gif he be nocht gude but vnhappy,
 Or gottin into bastardy.
 Men will him hait in dede and thocht.
 Dredes he na shame he countis nocht.
 Marciane said fare sweit confine,
 Now thay me fale that efter wyne,
 Manasses Betys and Gaudefere,
 And als ald Cassamus de lere.
 Slayand with tounge and words of wynd,
 Than into my palace of Inde.
 And now abased ar made and still.
 And nouthar can do gude nor ill.
 Wickednes thame followis all,
 And thay it follow great and small,
 Farly how in harneshartis be red,
 That in zouth hede and strenth is sted,
 And feis his feit in steropis straucht,

OF ALEXANDER.

And hes in hand his reinzeis raucht,
His helme his haubrek and his speir,
His mace his sword richt hard to sheir.
His steid that starting and stamping mais,
And seis the stoutnes of his fais.
Despying him with bofte and pryde,
Schent with the armes at that tyde,
Hald sa lang the nobill steid,
That he na him prik endlang the meid,
Worship to do and cheualry,
That men speik thair of greatly.
Fra man haue helme and irne weid,
In stirroppis straucht strekand his steid.
He suld wene that he war worth Hector,
Pryams sone, or Prothinos.
Gif he be pure and hes bot small,
He mak him ford stith in stall,
With his burneist brand of steill,
Lo heir the mistre I se it weill.
Quhair the gude is erle or knicht,
Duke or Admerall, or King of micht.
Now ar my sonnes in hunting went,
And we with the floures of Orient
Fechtis, and with our enemeis,
Cassamus Gaudifeir and Beteis.
Now gude dede salbe pryfit I hecht
And loued more than to the richt,
Quhare the gude fall haue honour,
The wicked shame for thair labour.
The flearis fall haue shame and skaith,
The chaiffaris menfk and honour baith.
Fare eme said Marciane of Pers

¶ THE AVOWES

Me think be that that ze rehers,
 That the gude and the hardy,
 Of zour court fall haue warrandy,
 And the cowartis that ar fleand,
 Sall fhent be and recryand.
 A quhat thame fallis foull that fleis,
 He is war than dede that fleand deis.
 Fy said Clarus of that foull lyfe,
 Thair fall nane that is borne of wyfe,
 Call me flear nor se me fle.
 Eme said Marciane, now I se,
 That all the folk of this Citie,
 Thinkis wele to reuengit be.
 Abydis succouris and that sone,
 Za said Clarus and that or none.
 Sall thay of Alexander the King,
 Haue help rescours and succuring.
THVS as that ald was sermonand,
 And hardiment to thame kennand.
 Sa saw thay on zond halfe Pharoun,
 The standart and the gunfioun,
 Of the riche Empriour,
 That aucht all Grece and that honour,
 The baner of Massidone with all.
 And vther baneris great and small.
 Thay hard trumpettis and Elephantis
 Tauburnes and feir instrumentis.
 Before his men the King can ryde,
 His barrounes war on ilka fyde,
 And restit at the water of fare,
 Cassamus hors than fand thay thare,
 That he left thare at euin late.

OF ALEXANDER.

That brocht him to the King of stait,
And said lo heir is Cassamus steid,
Za said the King sa God me reid,
He wait our cuming al be this,
We fall him se cum sone I wis,

THE gentill empriour of Grece,
That lord of lyue was and Caldeis,
He lichtit on the roch of rair,
That had ccccc. steppis and mair,
Fra thyne down to the watter syde,
His oist all haill thare gart he byde,
And scheuit to the Emynedone
The flude that braid was of pharone,
And archearis on that vther syde,
With landis that was fare and wyde,
Mony tentis and pauilionis.
Helmis speris and pennonis,
The assailzeing saw he at the wall.
And instrumentis that thare to fall.
And auld Clarus and his great menze,
And alswa within the citie.
He saw Gaudefeir and Betys,
With thame Caldeans and Arabyis.
Lordingis said the nobill King,
Zonder I beheld ane ferly thing,
I se samony helme of steill.
I hop nane may thame numer weill,
Ilk man me think to schaw his steid,
Or sport him self assayis his weid,
Thame of the citie blame I nocht.
That keipis thare Citie quhen thay ar socht,
Bot ane thing I warne zow weill.

¶ THE AVOWES

Indeans ar fals that fall thay feill.
 Cum thay in fare feild for to fecht,
 Sik marterdome fall we mak I hecht,
 As we made anes of Dauris men,
 That ay aganes ane war ten.
 The King Clarus is wyfe in were,
 Richt stout and hardy of affere,
 Bot his men him hates as the dede,
 To his tynfall thay will him lede.
 Sen he is hated I warne zow this,
 We fall discumfete him and his.
 Cassamus and his coufines baith,
 The hoſte of Grece hes sene full raiht.
 Fare eme ſaid Gaudeſere lo,
 Now is gude tyme worſhip to do,
 Gif we na do we fall be ſhamed,
 And als ſalbe reſufed and blamed.
 I ſe the encheſoun apperand,
 And the tyme is richt auenand.
SAID Cassamus fare confines dere,
 Me think it leuis nocht in me here,
 Na we ga furth for to aſſaie,
 The folk of Inde in the battale.
 Now I aſſent me vailze quod vailze,
 In my defalt it fall nocht failze.
 Ze byrd be douchty be all richt,
 Sa fall we be, be Godis nicht,
 Thy fader was Gaudeſere de larace,
 And Gledas the fare of face,
 Thy mother was, and duke Betys,
 Thy eme that was of mekill prys.
 And zonder I ſe on roch Balaas,

OF ALEXANDER.

The King of Grece and Damas,
That father and fyre of wourship Is,
Emynedus is thare I wis,
Lyoune Artaste and Predicas.
Festioun Caulus and floridas,
The folk of Grece fast on vs gouis,
And lakkis vs maa I trow na louis,
That we heirin bydis fa lang.
That we na gang furth to thirll zone thrang,
This day thow aucht richt weill to schaw,
Quhat strenth thow may in armes draw,
Zonder ar the folk men may nocht fle.
That spekis on law and strekis on hie,
Sa wyfe is the nobill King,
In his place is mony dyuers thing,
Than in the chace richt wele I wait.
Quha pleis nocht weill may fone be mait,
Now for the King of Grecis saik,
Ane suddand fray on thame we mak,
Quhare we the Bauderane son fall se,
That challangis Ydeas the fre,
With that his helm he can on lais,
And syne the scheild he can on brais,
He hint ane spere that was fa styth,
And straik his steid with spurrus suyth,
Eme said Betys withoutin me,
Ze fall nocht Ische to zone melle,
Said Gaudifeir I am all boune.
With that thay ischit out of the toun,
Wele x. thousand of all menze,
Of effezoun and of Calde,
The King Clarus and Cassaell.

¶ THE AVOWES

And Marciane with his tropell,
 Agane thame come with all thare micht,
 In middis the preis begouht the fecht,
THVSGAIT an baith the halfis remouit.

The oiftis that nocht ane vthir louit,
 The folk of medy farraly,
 And Effezonis raid hardely,
 Aganis persianis that wourthy weir.
 That marciane had to leid and steir,
 That couth thame weill and wourthy lede,
 Alexander hatit he as the deid,
 For his emys saik porrus.
 That he slew at pontapolus,
 Marciane was sib to Clarus neir,
 His sister sone he was but weir,
 He was staluart and fare but sailze.
 Hardy and douchty in battailze,
 Alffone as he saw Gaudifeir,
 To him he ran strekand his speir,
 Quhen Gaudifeir him saw alsuycht,
 In sterapis straucht he him als ftyth.
 Strekand his steid as man of mane,
 Come gaily girdand him agane.
 Him femyt weill ane man of mycht,
 Ferfly in ilk feild for to fecht,
 Quhare he saw Marciane hidder the raid,
 And marciane baldly him abaid.
 And hit him that throw strenth of steid,
 His mekill speir in splendris zeid,
 And Gaudifeir him hit I hecht,
 With sic vertew in randoun richt,
 That steid and knycht baith schaft and scheild.

OF ALEXANDER.

He bare doun bakwartis in the feild.
Quhen Marciane felt he fallen was,
He was shamefull and fwith he rais,
And stert on fute and drew his brand,
Wend Gaudefeir had bene neirhand.
Bot he that ellis quhere had his thocht,
Gyrdit fast by and socht him nocht.
The hoste of Grece can halely fe,
That straik, that enfewing, and that melle.
Harrow said Alexander I haue sene,
Baith hors and man ga doun bedene,
Bot he gais girdand throw the meid,
With helme embrafed in his weid.
The steid gayly garris he ga,
It semis it deiris him nocht ane stra.
Said Tholomere I trow it is,
Of Gaudefeiris barnes quhais faull haue blis.
Allace said Alexander the King,
Quhat me missell in mekill thing,
At Gaderis quhair that he was dede,
Had he leued quik sa God me rede,
We sould haue worthin freinds weil,
At Gaderis tynt I our great deill,
That I tint Pyrrus and Gaudefeir,
And Sampfoun that was wicht in weir.
Greatly menit he Gaudifeir,
And his sone that wele couth steir.
Quha had than sene Betyes,
And als Cassamus de larys.
And the folk of Effefoun,
Pas the listis of the toun,
Quhair thay fand thame of Pyncarne,

¶ THE AVOWES

That naked war and of weir vnfle,
 Sa mony thay flew sic roume thay made,
 To Gaudifeir thay come but bade.

THE flour was great and fell the noyis.
 Quhair Gaudefeir thirlit the groyis.

Sa far he past that mekill pane,
 Endured he or he come agane,
 Thair dang he on, bare down and beft
 Thame he ourtuke the lyfe they left.
 Indeans him fled as thay wer wod,
 Betys and Cassamus the gud,
 Him followit neir with ane thousand men,
 That men be countenance nicht ken.
 Of thame of Inde great martir made,
 The renkis deuoydit quhair thay raid,
 On ather half was noyes and greif.
 Quhen cummin was the great mischeif.
 For Gaudefeir at the first meting,
 Straik him to erd euin the King.
 That hors and he to erd lay baith.
 And that the King of Inde fa raith.
 His sword in hand all naked he bare,
 On ilk fyde of him his fais ware.

QVHEN that the Bauderane his couling,
 Come wallopand with great etling.

And with ane spere that sharpely share,
 Mony down to the erd he bare,
 Amang thame he rade and rudely rushit,
 Defoulit with feit and all to frushit,
 Apparaled the hardement,
 With arme all straucht great strakes he sent.
 He strake and fellit and mony hes flane,

OF ALEXANDER.

Quhome euer he hit he sparit nane.
With speres and swordis was flane his stede,
Vnder him and to erd he zede.
Thay do great harme that sic supryfes,
Delyuerly on fute he ryfes,
And but abasing his sword he drew,
And routes rude about him threw.
Ane renk about him hes he made.
Quhair euer he straik nane him abade.
Speres and dartis at him thay cast,
The Bauderane him defendit fast.
And said confine defend the weill,
Luke nane cowardyce in vs feill,
Quhill that succouris cum to vs heir
And that at hand is cumand neir.
With that Bauderanes and Perland,
Come thare into the preis prekand.

THVS thir knichtis that war sa kene,
On fute wer fechtand on the grene.
Defendand thame with routis ryde,
Caldeans assalzeit on ather fyde,
The King of Grece thame saw and louit,
Als his folk fast on thame gouit,
Lordingis said the nobill King,
Zonder ze may fe ryall thing,
Of zon tua knichtis that zonder fechtis,
Defendand thame with all thare michtis.
With great worship and auyse,
And with great zarning to win pryse.
Thare hardement haldis thair auyce,
Thare great worship and thare pryce.

¶ THE AVOWES

Hald in zour hartis I pray zow this,
 And shaw it furth quhen mifteris.
 Nocht for thy will I nocht say,
 Na ze ar worthyer be alway,
 And hardyer in all kin thng,
 Bot I say it for amending.
 Now will I gang efter the were,
 In Babylon the croun to bere.
 Thare fall zour worship tak ending,
 For thy I shew zow thair fechtng,
 That ze suld moue gif mifter war,
 On zon tua knichtis that fechtand ar.
 Certis I wald be les than King,
 And les haue in all kin thing.
 With thy that I als worthy war,
 As zon knichtis that fechtand ar.
 Gif I wantit landis or dignitie,
 I suld conquer aneuch plente.
 Gif ze haue preued his dedes zare,
 Ze suld him lufe tharefore wele mare.
 Quhat be he than said the King,
 Schir zon is Cassiell the zing,
 That Lord and fyr is of Bauderis,
 Of Medes and Synadis.
 Than Alexander hes sworne raith,
 Be his croun and his Godis baith,
 That him worthy bird to be,
 His eldars war of sik bounte.
 Of Thebes and Troy was all his kin,
 Him bird richt wele great worship win.
THVS hes the King said his aduysse,
 Of the Bauderane that was to pryse.

Sa said

OF ALEXANDER.

Sa said the ladyes on the wall,
And louit him baith great and small.
And Marciane that was him ner,
And zarned that thay delyuerit wer.
I trow said Ideas the fre,
That zon be Afaltoun that I fie,
Me think his fheld ane castell gude,
Thay fle him all as thay war wod.
Me think his sword ane wall of steill,
To Eugeneus his armes ar likned weill.
That stryken hes mony ane sturdy strake,
And mony ane cowart hes gart quake.
He is delyuer, stalwart, and smart.
Wele made on hors, and hardy of hart.
I lykken him to the gods all,
That I adorne and honour fall.
That he be nouthier shent nor flane,
Bot God gif grace that he be tane.
His worship richt wele we se,
We wald se gledly his bounte.
And how his corps of cumpany,
Is warneft and of courteffly.
Fare fallow said Fefony,
I hope thow lufis specially,
Ze say suth said Ideas,
Better than all on erd that gais,
He wat na thing quhat he may be,
Bot be my Gods all sik as he,
Suld haue worshep and cherifing,
And our all vther haue louing.
Wist the Bauderane how Ideas,
Him rusit and dame Fefonas,

¶ THE AVOWES

His hardement fuld doubled be,
 And enforced his bounte,
 Nocht for thy as stith in stour,
 He defendit him with honour,
 Quhill his men come on ilk fyde,
 And horfit him on ane steid of pryde,
 And Marciane alſua his confine,
 Vpone ane vther fresche and fyne.
 Thare men nicht se defouling of steidis,
 Sum dang and fum for dintis dredis.
 The Effesonis war rusht thare,
 Makand great noyes dule and care.
 The assalt was cruell and douteous,
 The battell het and hideous.
 Ane child fra thame is went in hy,
 That culd weill speik and wittelly.
 Throw out the femble all he past,
 Quhill Cassamus he met at last.
 And to him hiely can he cry,
 Schir but ze speid zow hastelly,
 Zour seruandis halely will be flane,
 Speid zow or thay will de ilkane.
 Quhen Cassamus hard his intent,
 His blude changed for matelent.
 And said to Gaudefeir in hy,
 Follow me sone rycht haistaly,
 With that tortoun loud can thay cry,
 His men to him than come rychtly,
 With force fechtand agane he went.
 Maugre quha sa had matelent

NOW the Cietezenis ar went agane,
 Manly as men of mekill mane.

OF ALEXANDER.

Wyfly fechtand but affray,
Clarus thame followit at deray,
That neir for wraith of wit is past,
With all his folk affailzeand fast.
Thare wirth it the cietezenis pay treuage
or refist the Kingis great outrage,
Gaudefere turnit oft and Betys,
And fa did Caffamus delarys.
Thay schewit weill at thare parage,
Was cuming of Troy and of Cartage,
Caffamus led thame wittely,
Sufferand his myſchif halely.
He did fall douchthy vaffalage,
Befyde pharone and that riuage,
Thay fand the affailzearis at the wall,
Thare feruand is neir difcumfit all.
Childer confingis ſaid Caffamus,
Great ſchame and ſkaith this dois to vs,
That for thare power pryſis vs ſmall,
Thay wald reif vs our landis all.
And zonder I ſe the nobill King,
That abydis my cuming,
Faſt behaldis vs the Greciatns,
And haly als the maſſidoms.
To day bird weill ane douchty man,
Schew all the wertew that he can
Quha ſa ſare ſtrakis can ſtrike,
He fall be lowit wieht pure and rike.
As wourthis direnze our heretage,
And with ſwordis win vs paſſage,
My treuage ſal be payit with my brand,
Outhir quyk or dede ouris is the land.

¶ THE AVOWES

Throw out the folk I will fute het,
 Now furth fare beirnes and conqueis the zet,
 Quha failzeis now thay fall haue skaith,
 Disceis and great dishonour baith.
THrow strake of sword and strenth of steid,
 Maid Cassamus quhair euer he zeid,
 Throw his vertew that was wele prouit.
 His tua confines that was wele louit.
 With thare men armit him followit weill,
 Reddy to stryke with sword of steill.
 Now haue thay mifter for to be,
 Sturdy stout and byffe.
 For thay war neuer in sic ane thrang,
 Clarus behynd vpon thame dang,
 And before thame hard battale,
 Cruell and hardy withoutin fale.
 Thame worthis assaile, and thame defend,
 And win entre quhan God will fend.
 Or thare honour micht saued be,
 In great perell was thare menze,
 Bot worship hardement and rigour,
 Gaif thame strêth into that flour.
 With that Cassamus far by he rade,
 Ane mekill axe in hand he hade.
 Thare fand he Cassiell and the Bauderane,
 That the zettis had hewit with mane.
 He cryit to him that he nicht here,
 That bargane fall thow by full dere,
 With that he listit his hand axe hie.
 And straik als fast as he nicht dre,
 That in suouning he gart him ly,
 Vpon his arsoun dissally,

OF ALEXANDER.

And at his ryfing he him fefit,
 His brydill in his hand he leuit,
 And with the tother hand fik ane fuak,
 He raucht euin ourthort the bak,
 That he wift nocht ane myle of way,
 Quhether that it was nicht or day.
 Quhen thay within faw him fua dicht,
 Thay fefit him with all thare nicht.
 This was the Bauderane fefit and tane,
 With men that wald him fone haue flane,
 Na war Caffamus de laris,
 That fafit his lyfe as man of pris,
 And led him tane in the Cite,
 Great dule maid thay of his countre,
 But quhen thay haue the mifcheif fene.
 Thay turned all agane in tene,
 Than thay of Effefoun entrit faft.
 And clofit thare zettis quhan thay war paf.
 Thus endit that affalt and melle,
 And thus entered thay in thare cite.
 Quhen none was paffit than ceiffit the noyes,
 Battellis withdrew thame and groyes.
 Gaudefere and his brother Betis,
 Caffamus and thare folk of pris.
 In thare Caftell the Bauderane led,
 Quhen he onarmit was and cled.
 He was richt fare and auenand,
 Zong fimple and of fare fembland.
 Of fare effere was the Bauderane,
 Gaudefere bad his chalmerlane,
 Bring him clething and that belyfe,
 Kirtill and mantill he brocht him fwith.

¶ THE AVOWES

Of Inde semit fare and fyne,
 And he ressaute it and cled him fyne,
QVHEN vnarmit was Cassiell,
 And cled in kirtill and mantell,
 He was rycht frely fresch and fare,
 Thay brocht him for the heit of are,
 Ane hat of hyde of Salamandar,
 Of ane foull that breidis in Alexander.
 Cassamus him by the hand hes tane,
 Quhare was ane Ryng of rych stane,
 Schir said that ald in this castell,
 I think to schew zow ane iouell,
 Sa fare sa fuet sa auenand,
 That to zour sicht is richt plesand,
 hard lang ere how that Clarus,
 And ze held speke of Ydeus.
 That hes the visage cleir and fare.
 With corporis courtes and debonare,
 The Bauderane kest doun his face,
 And of his speche aschamit was.
 And in ane study held him still,
 And na word spak gude nor ill,
 Schir said Cassamus leif zour thocht.
 To be our thochtfull it helpis nocht,
 For mony ane man hes bene tane,
 And fyne delyuerit weill agane,
 This weir full lang may nocht lest.
 The syneffing approchis fast.
 How euer it be the worst mon tyne,
 Throw battell mon this were tak fyne.
 Worship oft fyse men mon obey,
 Couth ze haue delt with cowardy.

OF ALEXANDER.

This day had na man takin zow
Bot that war nocht for zour prow,
Tharefore gud thir gif it be zour will,
Comfort zow and be now still.
With the maydins zow gammyn and prufe,
Gif thare be ony that ze wald lufe.
And I will be as messingere,
Zour erands to thame for to bere.
Eme said Betys lat be zour fare,
I pray zow speke thareof na mare.
I sawe dame Ideus the zing,
Gif zow hir lufe with ane gould ring.
Fare confine said Cassamus,
Be all our Gods and be Marcus,
I am our ald to clap or kis,
Maydin that zoung and ioly is,
Bot he is zoung and fare of fere,
And hes great lordships for to stere,
And our all thing is ioly and gay,
His make saw I nocht this mony ane day,
And sen God hes sik ane to vs send,
Quhair nathing may to be amend,
To solace him we suld vs pane,
Schir mekill thank sayis the Bauderane.
Bot I dar be our gods swere,
Baith Neptune Mars and Iupiter,
I saw hir neuer that ze of mene,
Bot in feir steids haue I bene,
Quhair I haue hard pryse hir bounte,
Hir wit hir worship and hir bewtie.
Forthy will I said Cassamus,
Schew zow the fare dame Ideus.

¶ THE AVOWES

And by the sleif he hes him tane,
 And towart the chalmer is he gane.
 Ane chyld is to the chalmer went,
 To tell the maydins that war gent.
 How the Bauderane was tane and led,
 vnarmed and fyne cled.
 He hopit ane better bachlere,
 Na better taucht in all manere,
 Was nocht in warld na mare to pryse,
 Na to honour in ony wyse.
 For he is courtes attour all thing,
 Rigorus hardy but affraying,
 And of fare hauing gude and gay,
 Wele taucht and kynd but deray.
 Quhen the ladeis hard him sa louit,
 Ilk of thame on uther gomit.
 And for his faik sum sichit fare,
 Fefonas said and wald not spare.
 To sic fuld ladyes do honour,
 And grant thame solace and amour,
 Erar than to Clarus King,
 That auld and worne is in all thing,
 For he is zoung fare and fetyce,
 Courtes douchty at all deuyce.
 Dame Ideas now may ze se,
 Him that ze pryfit of bounte
 That iustit herefurth sa fare and faucht,
 And with his sword sic routis raucht,
 Gif all cour wiffis sa sone fuld fall,
 I wald I had ane of thame of all.
 Wald Iupiter it fuld cost me,
 Baith girdill and gold with thy that he,

OF ALEXANDER.

Dedenzeit to lufe zow lelely,
 And I grant zow his lufe courtasly,
 Great almous it war that sic menze,
 Micht at thare will assemblit be.
 With that ze are fare to feill,
 And can comfort zour lemman weill.
 Said Ideas ze may best scorne,
 Ze ar baith better and eldar borne.
 With haldis him with zour self in still,
 And lat me work as weirdis will.
 I kepe na lufe loud na still,
 Bot Cassamus quhill at he will,
THE Bauderane Cassamus and Betys,
 That was ioyfull and ioyus.
 Come in the chalmer of quhilk the wall,
 Of gold clenely was pantit all,
 With siluer als and with asour,
 Made findre things of sere colour,
 Thare fand thay Fefonas and Ideas,
 And the fare dame Idorus.
 Quhan thay saw thame cumand neir,
 Thay rais sone and on thair maneir,
 Thay welcumed thame with fare wordis in hy,
 And by the hand richt courtesly,
 Ilkane tuke vther and fyne thay zeid.
 To sit on sege and filkin weid.
 Ay tua and tua dame Fefonas,
 Sat vmeft and fyne the Bauderane was,
 Idorus fyne and fyne Betys,
 Syne Ideas the fare of face,
 And Cassamus sat all the last,
 Ideas he embrased fast,

¶ THE AVOWES

And to hir said he damyfell,
My hart I gif to the all hale.
But velany thocht or mauite,
Thairof thy hart fall fikker be.

CASSAMVS was wyfe and wyly,
Glaid and ioyfull in cumpany,
And in battell cruell and kene,
And greatly of the warld hes sene.
The ginnes knew he hale I wis,
To forzet dule and begin blis,
He wald richt glaidly fet his pane,
For to reioyce the Bauderane.
Cassamus said quhat think ze fyre,
This chalmer will nouthur haue wraith na ire,
For this is dame Venus hous,
That to lufaris is delytious,
Quha beis hir lufe him behouis,
Here may nane duell bot he that lufis.
Here may valzeis nocht the thocht,
Na to the shamefull helpis it nocht.
Schir said the Bauderane ze ar worthy,
Weill taucht and full of courtesly.
To here zow I am desyrous,
And I to say is richt ioyous.
Said Cassamus fare maydin fre,
Sall I shew zow za shir parde.
Certis be Neptune said Cassamus,
I am wele auld and ryatus.
Bot of eld it is the richt,
For to be crabed day and nicht.
Schent worth he that crabis him ocht,
Schir Bauderane ferly zow nocht.

OF ALEXANDER.

Lo heir thre wenchis full pietuous,
And we ar thre stark and vertuous,
Sa our Goddis me were fra wa,
The thre I wait weill luffis the tua.
But now I will discharge me all,
Of amouris thochtis great and finall,
And to zow that ar gracious,
I leif the thochtis of amorous.
For to that craft I am our ald,
Crabbit contrarious lene and cald,
The Bauderane sayis ze haue dischargit,
Zow and me with the briding chargit.
That euenture is on great manere,
I set to bair and is nocht fure.
Now pray I God and makis my mane,
That I nocht lufe now my alane.
Said Caffamus it war velany,
That zow sould faill of droury,
Gif ze heir to lykis to lufe,
Or ony cheis for zour behuf.
Gif I be trouit ze fall nocht faill,
To ydeas said he in counfall,
Maydin this man is richt douchty.
And lord is of great senzeory,
And he is zoung fare and plesand.
Courtes fetas and auenand,
Lufe him and hald him dante,
upone his behalfe I pray the.
Schir said that fueit quhen ze me prayes,
I fall aduysf me neid wayes,
to answer him adwysfedly,
All with resoun without folly,

¶ THE AVOWES

'Throw zour counsell gif I it do,
 Thare bird na reprufe follow thairto.
 Sen ze me haue to keip and steir,
 Of zour hie counsell I zow requeir,
 Thow art wele taucht he said I wis,
 With that he lukit throw ane tyrlis,
 And saw on the zond fyde Pharoun,
 Mony ane tent and pauillioun,
 Of the rich Empriour,
 That ocht all Grece and that honour,
 Quhan the Bauderane the hoste can se,
 He asked quhat it micht be.
 The King of Grece than said that ald,
 That maister is and hes in wald,
 Alexander de lere quhare all largenes,
 Florisfeth and spredis in all noblenes.
 Sa wele lufes he my coufines tua,
 That he cumis thame rescours to ma,
 On tuisday the battell fall be,
 Agane Clarus and his menze,
 He begouth euill his fenzeory,
 That with strenth wald haue Fefony.
 Now will I our Pharone fare,
 To the best King that euer croun bare,
 And ze thre damyfellis fall bere,
 Cumpany to this bachelere.
 That here is in zour presone left,
 Quhill I agane cum to zow eft.
 And I fall fwere zow be Venus,
 Cupid and Mercurius,
 And the ioy and the dignitie,
 Of his lufe and his lemmenis bounte,

OF ALEXANDER.

That he fall chaip on this maner,
But zour thre willes that fittis here.
Schir said the Bauderane thank haue ze,
I may nocht quyte zow this bounte.
Bot gif I may on ony wyfe,
I think to quyte zow zour frenchyfe.
EFTER this speche rais Cassamus,
And callit to counfall Idorus.
And Betys als his cousine.
I pray zow said that palasine,
Freindis to mak company,
To the Bauderane lord of Medy,
For of him and zour nece Idea,
Think I ane mariage for to ma.
Efter this battell gif Marcus,
Geuis vs to speid aganes Clarus.
And ilk knicht also is haldin well,
To help and mentene ane damyfell.
With that out of the chalmer he gais,
And to the King the richt way tais.
Thay that war left quhen he was gane,
On filkin carpets fat doun ilkane,
That strout war with findry floures,
Wele fauorand of sere coloures
Amang thame made thay play and gamyn,
To folace and to sport thame samyn.
Thare was demandis and fare answervis,
Enquestis greting and prayers,
Of amouris and his worshep all,
And of the gude thairof nicht fall.
Thay bourded and gamed fast,
Thare speche ordaned thay at last.

¶ THE AVOWES

To the King that fuld nocht le,
 Thay cheisit Betys and hecht trewlie,
 And swore that he fuld richteous be,
 Quhill he was in his maiestie.
 Than Idorus of rashes and strais,
 Full fetassly ane croun sho mais,
 Scho crounit him full courtesly.
 And sat down sone in cumpany.

THE counterfittit King him dresfit on hicht,
 And he bad Ideas the bricht.

Throw strenth and vertew of the play,
 That sho the futh fuld to him say.
 Gif sho of lufe had felt the shouris,
 The sicing quaking and the stoures.
 Zit felt I nane said the cleir,
 Bot great thochtis haue I suffred feir.
 Be God said Fefonas the fre,
 That sheld na may nocht couer the,
 I ware richt wele thocht thow consele
 Thow lufis with gude hart and lele.
 I say na mair said Ideas
 Bot gif I lufe and lemnen has,
 I thank ane thousand syfe Venus,
 Cupido and Marcuris.
 With that sho sichit and changit hew,
 Hir visage that was freshe of hew,
 Woxe rede and farar as I wene,
 Than it euer before had bene.
 The Bauderane hir beheld and saw,
 His hart was woundit into that thraw,
 With amouris throw fare hede unfeinzeit,
 And strenth of zarning that him distrenzeit.

OF ALEXANDER.

And thow fare sifter quod the King,
Fezonas my fueit thing,
For the fay that thow aw Dyany,
Hes thow lemman or droury.
Now said the wenche be Iubiter,
I haue nouthir gilzeame na gauter,
I lufe na man in priuate,

Na na man dedenzit to lufe me.
The King saw and persaut weill,
That ielusy gart hir speik ilk deill,

QVHEN Betys saw his sifter zing,
Dryfe Ideas sa to hething,
He leuch and gamyt him wilfully,
The Bauderane callit he courtasly,
He said schir for the dignite,
Of this play and zour bounte.

Withoutin ony fenzeing,
The fuithfastnes sais to zour King,
Quhare ze think maist to lufe lelely,
Schir said the Bauderane courtasly.

I fueir zow be the rialte,
Of zour croun and the dignite,
And be the faith I haue to amours.

And sa lufe mak me succouris,
I think nouthir quhare on luffing,

Bot on dam Ydeas the zing,
To quhom I grant me halely.
And with hart prais hir tendarly,
That scho me lufe for hart and will,
With mude and mane I grant hir till,
Schir said the madin courtasly,

I refuse nochit zour droury.

¶ THE AVOWES

Bot thankis zow ane thousand fys.
 Of zour spech and of zour franchys,
 Trewly I se nocht said the King,
 In this aquentance nakin thing.
 Bot fueit aquentance lufe and drowry,
 Than lukit he by him ruthfully.
 And said my fueit dam Ydory,
 Sais sum comfort now in hy.
 A fueit hart weill taucht and plesand,
 Confort thy lemman wit and grant,
 I haue na will said Ydory,
 To becum lemman allanerly.
 with speke bot I grant it to the,
 Sa wounder frely fall it be,
 Scho spekis baith with hart and will,
 All fall be tynt withoutin Ill.
 Bot lat we now the batellis ga
 Of vs and of Clarus alſua,
 And wourthy wirfhip win manfully,
 And luffaris manteme thame knychtfully,
 Gif God geuis zow ane mandment,
 I may come ſone to parliament,
 Ane vthir grant heir mak I the.
 Quhen I will lufe bot gif I be,
 Suppryfit with lufe or ſtrenth or liſt.
 That I fall lufe the all thir firſt,
 Schir ſaid the Bauderane ſa haue I blis.
 Ane fare cunnand me think this is,
 And for zour faith fare fueit ſchir King,
 Reſſauis in thank ſchir this hething,
 And to my Goddis I fall oft pray,
 To keip my freindis out of zour way.

OF ALEXANDER.

SCHIR said the King I grant it weill,
 Hir will me lykis euer ilk deill,
 And takkis in thank pane and trauell.
 Trauell or eis quhethir euer scho will,
 War nocht that men wald it let,
 Or to auant or rufing fet,
 Sic ane word say I wald,
 That commonly men fuld it hald.
 For great outrage bot this I say,
 In lyfe ocht lang leif gif I may,
 Clarus fall by his barganyng,
 And in this countre his cuming.
 Quod the Bauderane fais hardely
 Zour lufe I wait weill deir fall by,
 Ane houndreth and ma I tak on hand,
 Agane zour fuord I fall warrand,
 Na said Betys I me repent,
 That I fa largely myne intent.
 Hes said bot he that he luffis weill,
 And zarnyng hes his lufe to feill.
 And gaily luffis in hope of blis,
 His will he may nocht hele I wis.
 For quhen I fe hir forow me,
 That I lufe lelelly in fyne laute,
 Gif I be fet on hie intent.
 To win pryce or auancement.
 Thairon fuld na man think ferly,
 Na speke thairof repreuabilly,
 For this I dar weill say I wys,
 Quhen hart in lufe enamurit is,
 That it wourthis suffer mony fald,
 Baith ioy and forow heit and cald.

¶ THE AVOWES

And I dar fueir that my zouthede,
 In sic poynt lufe hes gart me lede,
 That I had neuer zit loud na still,
 Na enchesone to schaw my will.
 Gif I spak heir our opinly,
 Meikly heir I cry mercy,
 Fare lufe said Ydorus the gent,
 Spekis with mare auysement.
 And lufe and keip thy lufe lelely,
 For my hart hes thow vterly,
 Dam said the King sa God me rede,
 That had me leuer than ony mede.
 Schir said the Bauderane be God of mycht,
 Ze haue mare conquerit in zour richt,
 Than priam in his distruction,
 Tynt quhen distroyit was ylion.
 Schir said the King full courtasly,
 Richt thus mot fall zow haistely,
 The Bauderane said at hir lyking,
 Me beheuffis be in alkin thing.
 That hes my hart sa subtely,
 Woundit within me priualy,
 That it na wound na Ire may mak,
 The quethir wele oft it garris me quaik.
 Fell neuer sa fare to presoneir,
 Of the disport that I haue heir.
 Ze haue made me courtesly,
 I loif my goddis soueranely.

IN Venus chalmer that with gold fyne,
 Was carued with craft and with engyne.
 Betuix thame fyue in cumpany,
 The ioy communit iolely,

OF ALEXANDER.

Ilkane had lufe at thare deuys,
 Bot Fezonas the fare and wys,
 Scho had na lufe that for hir vailzeit,
 All thocht fare hartis hir affailzeit.
 Bot scho was wyfe and held hir still,
 And wittandly couth couer hir will,
 Quhill lufe for his great courtasie,
 Reflaut hir in cumpany,

THE Bauderane newit that gamyng agane,
 And faid schir King it is nocht to lane,
 We haue custume in my cuntre,
 That quhen men ar in Rialte.
 Thay fuld nocht le na zit le may,
 Als far furth as thare wittis mycht say.
 Allsone as thare fouerane King,
 Hes askit ilkane ane asking,
 Than will thay wit of his couine.
 Ilk man askis him ane asking fyne,
 Quhethir men ask him foly or wit,
 Till his intent he mon tell it,
 The King faid Certis I grant thair till.
 Now askis on quhat euer zow will,
 The Bauderane faid I ask zow heir,
 For the great bounte ze bere,
 That zow is chargit of rialte,
 That ze but fenzeing tell to me,
 Quhilk of thir tua maist ioy zow mais,
 To sie fare Ydorus in the fais.
 Throw quhom that fyne lufe zow distrenzeis,
 Maisteris commandis and restrenzeis,
 Or than fueit thocht but company,
 Quhen ze think on hir anerly.

¶ THE AVOWES

Shir said the King sa be I quit,
 Throw lufe that I indure for it.
 Wele better and offer it helpis me,
 The amorous thochtis of that fre,
 Than dois to behald on nere,
 In hir visage polist clere.
 Thus may men preif zow sikkerly,
 Quha sa couth say the resfoun quhy.
 The Bauderane said sa God me saif,
 The resfoun quhy fane wald I haif.
 For certis I wend witterly,
 That throw sweit blenking anerly,
 Wele mare alway ioy it is,
 And mare comfort ane thousand fis.
 Than all the thochtis that thocht may be.
 Schir said the King sa God me se,
 Of zour will I grant apartly,
 All grant I nocht vtterly.
 May fall ze lufe on that manere,
 Gif ze lufe sa our lufes gais fere.
 Now be it wele that ze lufe sua,
 All vther wayes my lufe man ga.
 Quhen I se hir forrow me,
 That is fulfillit of all bounte,
 And I behald hir colour cleir,
 Hir hart that to fyne gold is feir,
 Hir cheke hir chin hir middle small,
 Hir fare hede and her fassoun all.
 I am sa mouit throw that sicht,
 That I haue nouthre strenth nor nicht,
 To heir to se na zit to fele,
 As man suld do this wait I wele,

OF ALEXANDER.

Thus am I staid before that fre,
 For hir that all my lufe suld be.
 Tharefore I say that behalding,
 Reuis luffaris ioy throw abasing,
 And quhen that I am anerly,
 Into my chalmer all preuaily.
 To think vmbethinkand ledis me,
 Of hir that I here couth fe,
 That wyfflyer without affray,
 I fall content me wele alway.
 And preuelly discouer hir till,
 All hale my stait baith gud and ill.
 That I now think and thinkis eft,
 On hir that hes me resting rest.
 And in my thocht I send hir baith,
 The ene of my hart that showis raith,
 Hir fare cuming and hir ganging,
 Hir sweit countenance and hir hauing.
 The farrar that I fra hir be,
 The farrer lufe distrenzeis me.
 Thusgate of me hapned is,
 Thus haue I spent my time I wis.
 The Bauderane said ze ar to trow,
 And als zour skill is to allow.
 For ze haue tald me wonder weill,
 All that I zarned ilka deill.
 Dame said the Bauderane now may ze,
 Ask zour intent and zour zeile,
 At zour King euer ilk deill,
 For he can reffoun wonder weill,
 dame Fesonas say on zour thocht.
 Schir said that shene I gruge nocht.

¶ THE AVOWES

With that sho dressed vp hir face,
 That was wele colored at deuyce,
 And richt wele formit at all degre,
 To gar gay hart inamoured be.
 Fare sweit thir said sho to the King,
 Say me the futh without lesing,
 For the faith ze aw to bere,
 Zour men that ar about zow here,
 And be zour croun that is hie,
 I coniure zow that ze nocht le,
 Quhat tua thingis that makes zow maift lyking,
 Or confort into leill lusing,
 Fare said the King and I fall shaw,
 Efter the wyt that I can know.
 Hope and vmbethink ar the tua,
 That ereft cumis confort to ma.
 Quhen I am dredand my mischeif,
 And my noyis that ar sa greif,
 Forthy of thame I loif me mare,
 Than of all that in amouris are,
 Vmbethink helpis agane dispare,
 Vmbethinking makis my body fare.
 To play me with vmbethinking I fe,
 Hir fare semblance and hir bounte.
 Quhen I am wraith vmbethinking,
 Bringis me gude hope and comforting.
 Quhen thir tua in my hart may be,
 I am sa ioyfull alluterlie,
 That thare is nathing me to muse,
 For hope that I haue of my lufe.
 Thusgate of lufe me leiris the play,
 I dar this swere baith nicht and day.

OF ALEXANDER.

Schir said that thene ze can richt wele,
Record of lufe euerilk dele,
The stoundis the shouris and the beit,
And baith the bitter and the sueit.
QVHEN Fefonas had said hir lyking,
Than Ideas spak to the King,
Wyfly at layfer and at deuyse,
Schir sayis me said the maydin of pryse.
Sa euer the trauell be zow quit
Of lufe, that ze indure for it.
Quhat tua thingis dois zow to dre,
Sorrow and pane luke ze nocht le.
In the mister of lusing,
Or ellis in the following.
Dame said the King I will discouer,
That I may in my wit recouer,
And gif I le shent mot I be,
Of lufe and of his maieste,
Zarning and rednes thay tua,
That garris me neir out of wit to ga,
For oft fyse into byrnyng zarning,
Me worthis betuix dede and deing.
Defendand me radnes to abyde,
That oft affailzeis me on ilk fyde.
Radnes me garris wene witterly,
That I fall neuer win my drowry,
Nouthur for gift nor for na seruyce,
Na for trauell with nane auyce,
Na win the ioy that lufe can geif,
In quhilk we se thir lufers leif.
Dame said the King and sichit sere,
I wat richt wele it is but were,

¶ THE AVOWES

IN Venus chalmer full of sweitnes,
 With floures spred and with cypres.
 On segis thare filkis was nocht to seik,
 Thir lele lufaris thare held thare speik.
 The tua held court agane the thre.
 With glaidfchip gamyn and with gle,
 Mony demand thay askit that day,
 The King hes thame affoilzeit ay.
 That was richt wyfe and delyuerand,
 Courtes weill spokin and auenand,
 The Bauderane courtes and pledour,
 To Ydorus with the fresch colour.
 He beheld and said perfay,
 Dam ze ar now to assay,
 Now may ze ask him quhat ze will,
 Said Ydorus I grant thair till.
 Than to the King scho lukit raith,
 And callit him lufe and lord baith,
 Scho zarnit to wit at this asking,
 How he of wit had warneffing.
 Lemman scho said be that fay,
 That thow to laute fuld haue ay,
 And to the ryell maieffe.
 And to thame that thow heir may se,
 Three thingis I pray the nemmin heir,
 Of quhilkis sum men in errour are,
 Quhilk thre thingis ar maist sufficiand.
 To lele lufe and to hald lestand,
 Or standis in to maist misther of luffing,
 Or helpis best in the following,
 And maist mantemys it in vigour,
 And into strenth and honour.

OF ALEXANDER.

The King abased was and rad,
To mak ansuer great dout he had.
He was abased to say thare till
And shamefull for to hald him still.
And nocht for thy full courtasly,
He said swete hart gay and ioly,
I am nocht all certane of this,
And mony ar als in dout I wis.
Bot I fall say as says the autoures,
That of all wit was gouernoures,
That Philosophers and Dyuinors war,
God him self the lele luffar,
Beris witnes in lele lusing,
Wit suld be first at the beginning.
That kennis thame sua thare work to lere,
That wicked tong na euill may dere,
Laute is the tother I wis,
That garris it left and leif in blis.
Hering is left that kepis it weill,
Fra all persauing ilka deill.
And fra thare fallowis that dois luffaris.
Mony noyis on sere maneris,
Thir thre ar the vertewis I wis,
That maist of strenth and vertew is,
For to sustene the branches wele,
Of lufe and keip thame stith as stele.
Quhat better can I pray him say,
Here fall na wrath be na zit deray.
Bot thusgate sayis our anteceffouris,
Of all science and doctouris.

A MANG thame fast they playit and leuch
With gammin and delyte aneuch.

¶ THE AVOWES

Thare acquentance richt courtelly,
 Thay made amang thame freindfully.
 Of amours lukes richt ampill fent,
 And of sichis distrenzement,
 In depe hart that fished raith,
 With party thochtis ioyfull and wraith.
 Thay had plente forout sparing,
 Of sik thing had thay na wanting.
 The Bauderane was in sik presoun,
 That he may se all at bandoun.
 Sik ane merour before his face,
 Fulfilled of ioy and of solace.
 Small with resfoun and schapin wele,
 All growen of new ilka dele,
 With armes fare and lely lyre.
 Hir hare as gold with visage fyre.
 Gracius glaid and plesand,
 Debonare fueit and auenand.
 The Bauderane mare esy is,
 Than is clarus of Inde I wis,
 That for his mischeif maid his mane,
 His men about him saw he flane.
 Before his tent he lichtit tit,
 And asked gif his sonnes were cumin zit.
 Schir said ane chyld men hes me tald,
 That thay haue vennisfoun thik fald
 Takin for to charge ane chare,
 Here at our hand thay cumin are,
 Blyth and glaid and richt ioly,
 Thay wat nocht of our cheualry.
 Quhen Clarus hard that he was wraith,
 With that Marciane was cumin raith.

OF ALEXANDER.

Soroufull and wa with the Bauderanes.
 Medeus and Synodus aganes,
 With forrow and cry makand thare mane,
 For thay wend that thare lord was flane.
 For Cassamus him gaif sik pay.
 That he vpon his arsoun lay.
THE folk of Bauderis lichtit doun,
 Before Clarus pauillioun,
 For thare lord sorowfull that was tane,
 For thay weind he had bene flane.
 With the strakes that he zude,
 That Cassamus him gaif full rude,
 That gart him on his arsoun ly,
 Maugre his hede all dissaly.
 Than thay of Arabe and Calde,
 Send him takin in the Cite,
 Therefore his men war all sa wa,
 That nerehand out of wit thay ga.
 To Clarus than spak Marciane,
 Schir we ar cumin to zow to plane,
 Of the defoull and the outraying,
 That we haue tholit at this ishing.
 Zour men defoullit ar and flane,
 And Cassiell alfua is tane,
 I had bene flane withoutin fail,
 I was sa sted in the battaill.
 Na war he with sword in hand,
 Come for to make me warrand.
 Now tak this counsell amang vs all,
 How his delyuerance best may fall.
 Freind said Clarus lat be thy mane,
 Thocht zon men haue the Bauderane tane,

¶ THE AVOWES

And led him in thare palais,
 Thare he lauches gammis and playis,
 With his lemmen dame Ideas,
 With Idorus and dame Fefonas.
 That to lufe me dedenzeis nocht,
 Scho lattis of me as sho na rocht,
 All at eis is the Bauderane,
 Thow nedes for him mak na mane.

EME said Marciane be still,
 Ze haue answered wonder ill.
 Great ill fallis of villanes speik,
 And gude of courtes and of meik.
 Speke courtesly and leif sic fare,
 Me think that ze amouit are.
 Gif thay that of fer landis fere,
 Be cumin in zour helping here,
 To proue thare micht, thare gud to spend,
 Thare worshap and manhed to amend.
 And throw thare worshap ar tane in flour,
 Hyeand and creffand zour honour.
 Ze fuld haue lufe wele mare I wis,
 Than Porrus that zour awin sone is,
 I haue great radnes at this were,
 Sall turne to war than it was ere.
 Ze fall haue mifter of helping,
 Gif that I euer knew any thing.
 The King of Massidone I wys,
 That of this warld nere lord is.
 Is ludged zonder bezond Pharoun,
 To help Gaudefere and Betoun,
 Delyuer the Bauderane gif ze may,
 And gif thare wrath be or deray,

OF ALEXANDER.

Mak him zour freind and zour preue,
 Thusgates fuld gud men treatit be.
 To flemme thare awin men oft fys,
 Tynfall fallis in mony wys.
 With haldis zour freinds with zow all,
 And honour thame baith great and small.
 And hechtis and geues thame largely,
 Sa fall men lufe zow certanely,
 And ay to zour auancement,
 Sall thay haue hart will and talent.
 Throw strong men, ar men succured in feild,
 Of gud nichtbour the wyfe makes sheild.
 And thusgates fall ze wele trow,
 This counsell is maist for zour prow.

CLARVS said fare fueit coufing,
 I haue hard all thy carping.
 Bot I will do thairof na thing,
 Lo thare shortly thy answering.
 With this thay lichtit on the grene,
 The Kingis sonnes at the hunting had bene,
 All four lichtit thir bachelers,
 With bow and brais as fallis huntaris.
 Before thame all came Caneus,
 Syne Caleos Salphadyn and Porrus
 Porrus was zongest of thame all,
 And maist douchty of thame great and small,
 He was mighty and staluart to stand,
 And hardy als of hart and hand.
 And fikker of hart withoutin fail,
 And to endure that great battaill.
 Best of his brether he couth him steir,
 At melle quhan that misther wer.

¶ THE AVOWES

Stryke with sword and couer him with sheld,
 And gar ane steid start in the feld.
 And was wele taucht in all hauing,
 And sweit in courage in all thing,
 Bot he was nocht fa fare futhly,
 That men bird speke of him greatly.
 For he was broun rede in visage,
 Bot of body he was na page.
 His lymmes war baith great and square,
 For his meiknes men lufit him mare,
 With vther gude that God him gaif,
 Courteffly was nocht to craif.

QVHEN Clarus saw him cummand ner
 He blenked on him on this maneir,
 That he dedenzeit nocht to behald,
 Nane of his sonnes nouthir zong nor ald.
 He said him fallow can thow nocht blaw,
 Ane horne and fet thy fettis on raw.
 vncuppill thy houndis and gaming ma,
 Quhen vther folk to battell can ga.
 Than fleis thow to wod to gamin,
 To sport the and thy hounds famin.
 Of cowart that is richt but fale,
 That dar nocht luke on the battale.
 The great enforce na here the noys,
 Na se affembling of the groys.
 Schir said Porrus fa God me se,
 Bot I gab I hope that we,
 Sall cum in tyme for to assay
 Our worshap preue howeuer we may
 Is nocht zon Alexander that is thare,
 Ludged bezond the water of fare.

OF ALEXANDER.

With the oist of Grece that riall is,
And thame of maffidone I wis,
Gif I knaw ocht or euer kend,
This battale mon this weir tak end.
The assaltis count I na thing,
Zit prys I les this rioting,
Quhen we war at the wod to play,
We wist na thing of zour deray.
In pauillions ay will we nocht be,
We man fum tyme to gammin and gle
And ze fuld nocht fa largely,
Call vs cowardis but ze wist quhy.
Now is the Bauderane tane in hand,
All may I nocht be his warrand,
Bot gif that I may dais thre,
Leif and fyne God wald help me.
Zit sall I ather wyn or tyne,
With that ane horne of ebor fyne.
And his fwerd hes he fra him done,
And Marciane he callit sone,
Marciane said Porrus the fare,
Thow art annoyit on grit manere.
Me think thow art of pure purchases,
To help thy freind that mister hes.
Quhen that disconfort is in him done,
He is shent and discumfit sone.
Set all to all I pray it the,
Or thow now dispryfit be.
Great ferly oft fallis in were I wis,
Quhyle men chaissis and quhyle chaiffit is.
Ane day men takis, ane vther is tane,
Of weir cumis peax, quhen weir is gane.

¶ THE AVOWES

Ane riche man that worth is ocht,
 Suld nocht be moued in dede na thocht,
 Na be our forrowfull for na thing,
 Na be our ioyfull for na winning.
 Bot in ane poynt ay glaid and blyth,
 For making of gude cheir oft fuyth,
 Confoundis his fais and confortis his,
 Quha is courtes and meik I wis,
 He may find now plente,
 To saue his honour and his cowntre,
 Gif my father that hes vs to lede,
 War gude in manere and in deid.
 He fuld haue fele wourthy,
 Weill luffand stout and hardy,
 Bot his felony him schentis all,
 Now mon we fecht baith great and finall,
 With Alexander King of Damas,
 As I hope in to ane litill space,
 And sum of vs will say perfay,
 And my self oft hes hard thame say.
 Sall we ga flay ws for zone man,
 That reiffis ws all that euer he can.
 Disheresis vs and reiffis our gude,
 We aucht hait him in mane and mude,
 Sic thing as this hes discumfit,
 Thare hartis all hale quha may thame wyt,
 Thus ar thare hartis deid ilkane,
 That thare chiftane is tane or flane.
 Quhen lord of hart is large and fre,
 Large and courtes and hes pietie,
 And he anoyit beis of his skaith,
 Hardy lele and luffand baith,

OF ALEXANDER.

Than is ane worth vther tua,
 Quhen lord has nede agane his fa.
 War my fader sik as I say,
 Him durst lytle drede zon great deray.
 Bot with his men he hated is,
 That fall him serue of sic seruiss,
 He is in point now for to tyne,
 Him self and his four sonnes fyne,
 Or than to haue great skaith or shame,
 Quhen he and his ar fleand hame.
 Sa dois he nocht that zarning hes,
 For to haue victory of his faes.
 Ane King is but ane man I wis,
 And sone disconfit is fra his,
 Quhen he is left at grit mistere,
 And fleis ilk man on fydes fere.

PORRVS said Marciane of Pers,
 Lat be it helpis nocht ze rehers.
 Gif the Bauderane lord of Medy,
 Be tane throw his cheualry.
 Tak we counsell to help him sone,
 Se certanely that it be done,
 All be it agane Clarus will,
 I red nocht that we hald vs still.
 Send efter thy brether thre.
 And byd thame cum and speke with me.
 Porrus hes send ane squyer sone,
 And thay ar cumin withouttin hone,
 Caneus zede first into the tent,
 Syne Salphadyne fare and gent,
 Syne Caleos prince of Amory,
 That was fetas gay and ioly.

¶ THE AVOWES

Lordingis fayis Porrus here me,
 Caffiell is tane throw his bounte,
 Thay of Effefoun hes him led,
 As thare presoner in thare sted.
 Quhether I say foly or wit,
 I will be trew, answer to it.
 To morne airly in the morning,
 Ane lytle forrow the Sone ryfing.
 Befyde the See at the brafin zet,
 Thidderwart will I to my gait,
 With xxx fallowis withouttin ma,
 And ze fall in the bushment ga,
 With cccc. that hes haberfounes,
 With helmes sheilds and pennounes.
 And in the forrest of Daurere,
 Sa knaw I Betys and Gaudefere,
 That thay will ishe furth to vs fone
 And we fall fle withoutin hone,
 Quhill we cum to our Bushment nere,
 And ze with displayit banere.
 Sall ishe to thame apartly,
 In middes the visage hardely.
 My father Clarus fall affale,
 On ather half with his battale,
 At the zet quhare the barreris hewin is,
 This fall we do forfuith I wis,
 Be affailzeing on tuin partis,
 Sa fall we win on sumkin wis.
 Quod Caneus brother I me consent,
 Thow spekes richt wele to mine intent.
 Than was that iorney thame amang,
 Vndertane and sborne with aithis strang.
Thairin

OF ALEXANDER.

Thairin thare was ane chyld that playit,
At skirring and himself assayit.
That was borne in Garantere,
And was kynfman to Gaudefere.
Quhen that he hard the counfall hale,
Of thir fyue that war stith in stale.
He thocht that it suld sone be tald,
To Cassamus de laris the ald.
For the lufe of Gaudefere,
He will be spy into this were.

QVHEN he had herd all thare intent,
And the deuyfing of thare bushment,
And how the pray suld sesit be,
At the zet and with quhat menze.
To draw furth Gaudefere and Betyts.
And ald Cassamus de larys.
And how on vther fyde suld assale,
Clarus with all his great battale.
To himself than said he sone,
But I thame warne it war euill done.
Delyuerly ishit he of the tent,
And slely to the toun he went.
Tharein he entred throw the zet,
To Cassamus he tuke the gate,
And fand him sittand at the stare,
To pas to Alexander de lare,
To tell him tydingis of Clarus,
Of Marciane and of Porrus.
By the sleif he hes him tane,
And tald him all by him allane,
Of thare bushment and thare cuming,
Of Clarus sonnes the ald King.

¶ THE AVOWES

Schir said the child I aucht richt wele,
 To tell zow thare entent ilk deill,
 For I am borne of massfony,
 That zouris fuld be of antecessory.
 To morne airly is nocht to lane,
 Clarus four sonnes fall mak ane trane,
 And vthir fall in buschment byde,
 Four houndreth at the woddis fyde.
 To draw furth Gaudifere and Betys,
 Brother said Cassamus delarys,
 I compt nocht all thare schore ane hare,
 Now will I our pharone fare.
 To Alexander the empriour,
 And tell him all the tallis this hour,
 Brother said Cassamus the hare,
 Now will I our pharone fare.
 And Gaudifere fall with me ga,
 With Alexander ane quentance to me,
 And of thy travale wit thow weill,
 I fall the quyte euer ilk deill.
 With that thare boit begouth to ga,
 And our Pharoun thay rowit fa,
 Syne our steppis hand in hand,
 Thay clam and thare ane rod thay fand,
 That to the hoste thame led full richt,
 That fast war lugeand thame I hecht.
 Cassamus lukit on ilka fyde,
 And mony pauillion of mekill pryde,
 He saw standand and mony ane steid,
 That war arrayit in riche weid.
 Mony helme and mony blasoun,
 Mony spere and mony pennoun.

OF ALEXANDER.

Of this Gretians noblenes,
Micht na man euin the riches.
Bot thay war few I vnderstand,
Thay war nocht passand ten thousand,
Gaudefere him followit than,
And said fare eme quhair is the man,
That suld cum for to help vs here,
In fecht quhan that we haue mistere.

SAID Cassamus sueit coufing,
Here ludgeand thame on this maring.
Fair eme said Gaudefere the fre,
I dar nocht deme that sic menze,
That ar sa few into my sicht,
Ar sa gude weriouris and sa wicht.
Be God said Cassamus the ald,
Thay ar baith hardy stout and bald,
Smart delyuer worthy and wicht,
For out affray futhly I hecht.
And they haue sic ane lord withall,
That fare and blythly will thame call,
And honour thame in alkin thing,
But pryde dedenze or outraying,
And geues thame steidis and fare Palfrayes,
Runseis Courfouris and Haiknays,
Hechtis and geuis without sparing,
Gud and treasour and vther thing.
And quhan that he cumis to the assay,
His men sa sweitly can he pray.
That ilk man preissis to further and fill,
His honour baith with dede and will.
That na man forsakes na kynde of thing,
Fra thay se it be his lyking.

¶ THE AVOWES

Quod Gaudefere men fuld had dere,
 Sik lord and dout on great manere,
 With him wald I richt glaidly speke,
 That slew my father me bird him wreke.
 Said Cassamus sone I the pray,
 For to obey all that thow may,
 Alexander the nobill King,
 That cummis here in thy helping,
 To fecht for the with ald Clarus,
 That wald disheris the and vs.
 Refrenze sone thy matelent,
 Throw pure pryde ar mony shent.
 Thow may na thing ingreif the King,
 And he may help the in mekill thing.
 Forzet thy fathers dede I rede,
 Outtragijs hardement made his dede,
 Gif that he wald haue tane his way.
 As vthers did I hard wele say,
 He micht haue cumin to Gaderis wele,
 Maugre the chaissaris ilka dele.
 Wit thow that he was stith in stour,
 Wicht and hardy of great valour.
 He wend allanerly him allane,
 Wincus the chaissaris euerilk ane.
 And all the flearis to warrand,
 This was richt hard to tak on hand.
 Thocht that him slew, Emynedus
 Ferly was nane, he slew Pyrrus,
 His nece air, lord of Montflour,
 That maist fuld mantene his honour,
 His sifter sone was that Bachlere.
 Ane nobill man and wicht in were,

OF ALEXANDER.

The King said fyne in amending,
 That dede for dede fuld by passing,
 Said Gaudefere I grant thairto,
 As ze me ordane I fall do,
 Throw out the hoste Cassamus rade,
 Gaudefere by the hand he had,
 Richt to the Kingis pauillioun
 Thay raid, and thare thay lichtet doun.
 Alexander vnder ane thorne thay fand,
 Sittand at the ches playand,
 With ane Sarafyne that hecht Candas,
 The Quene had sent fra Damas.
 Gaudefere halfit courtesly,
 the King, and Cassamus inclynit in hy,
 Alexander blenkit vp on this wys,
 And knew Cassamus de laris,
 And by the skirt him hint but let,
 And by him self hes him set.
 And wele mare ioy he made him fyne,
 That coufine fuld do to coufine.
 He askit than of Clarus efferes
 And of his couen and of his weres.
 that ald tald him alluterly,
 the Bauderanes taking halely,
 And of thame that war flane or dede,
 At the assaying of thare stede.
 Cassamus said the King, perfay
 Into short tyme gif that I may.
 With ten thousand of nobill men,
 Sik ane lessoun I fall him ken,
 That he agane in Inde wald be,
 Quhare of vermine is great plente,

¶ THE AVOWES

ALEXANDER made great folas,
 to Caffamus that thare was,
 Glaid and ioyfull and richt mery,
 And of his eld cant and ioly.
 Gude Caffamus faid the King,
 Sit down and tell we fum tithing,
 Of Clarus and his fone porrus,
 And of the Bauderane and Caneus.
 Of marciane and Caffarus,
 And the auld antigorus,
 And of the tua coufingis alfua,
 And of fefonas and ydea.
 And of ydorus the fare of face,
 Of thame ay fpekis floridas,
 He fais thay ar his coufingis neir,
 Antigorus dochteris deir.

SCHIR faid Caffamus alfone,
 Ze fall wit all that we haue done,
 To day in the morning airly,
 Of Effezone we went in hy,
 With cccc. on hors he hecht.
 Weill armyt and clenly dicht,
 We prikit amang the pauillonis,
 Or euer arrayit war the barronis,
 Antigorus is flane and dede,
 With fperis and fuordis in that ftede,
 Sa fand we in our hame cuming,
 The toun in great barganyng,
 Thare layit on vs thay of Medy,
 And thay of Inde and Pincarny.
 Thare worthit vs defend or affale,
 And win entre with great battale.

OF ALEXANDER.

In that stede was the Bauderane tane,
Bot vther presoun hes he nane,
Bot Wenus chalmer quhairin he is,
In ioy and gammin and in blis.
With my coufine dame Fefonas,
And his lemman dame Ideas.
Now hes Porrus and Marcien,
Takin counsell with thare men,
That to morne at the port Luore,
Thay will ane bushment mak preue.
And gadder to thame all our pray,
And gar vs ishe out of array.
Gentill King be it zour will,
Gif vs zour gud counsell thare till.
And of zour best men len vs sum,
To wait the tyme quhen thay will cum.
For ours are wonded and trauald,
And wery fen thay war assayled.
The King said gud thir ze fall haue,
Als mony as ze fall efter craue.

SCHIR said Cassamus the ald,
Of Clarus sonnes now haue I tald,
Of thare counsell and of thare ordaning,
How thay to morne in the morning.
Sall set ane bushment to our zet,
And tak our pray syne ga thare gate.
For to luke gif that thay may,
Gar vs prik at thame at deray.
We ar few men and armit ill,
Len vs of zouris quhat ze think skill.
Cassamus said the King perde,
Thow fall haue anew plente.

¶ THE AVOWES

Bot quhat chyld be that the by,
 That saluft me fa courtelly.
 Schir it is Gaudefere my neuow,
 That to plenze shir cumis to zow,
 Of ald Clarus and his menze,
 That hes affegit his citte.
 And wald him do great outrage,
 And chafe him out of his heritage,
 And haue the wench agane hir will.
 Trewly the King said he dois ill,
 Zit quhen he had serued hir lelely,
 And throw fare seruiss and courtelly.
 And throw fare femblance and franchys,
 To pleis hir in all thing at deuys.
 Gif that he nicht encheue fa,
 For to encheif or purpofe ta,
 Outher in part or ilka dele,
 Me think than had he sped richt wele.
 Bot he is wicked fals and ill,
 And of ane hie fell wicked will.
 Bot gif that I vii days may be,
 Leuand and fyne God help me,
 In vther places worthis him to harbry,
 Or ellis meikly to ask mercy.
 Schir he hes first quod Gaudefere,
 Destroyit our landis with his were.
 And alsua of my fatheris dede,
 We ar annoyit and will of rede.
 For quhill he leuit, the auld Clarus,
 durft neuer come to were on vs,
 But allfone as he was dede,
 He shuie to were on this our stede.

OF ALEXANDER.

Fyll yllare haill saw the pryde,
 And the assemble in the tyde,
 At the wall of Iosaphas,
 Throw zour knychtis forrait was.
 And with that word fast sichit he,
 Alexander had great pitie,
 And said Gaudifere de laris,
 Be my deir mother Olimpyas.
 Of thy fatheris dede am I,
 Sorofull in hart and richt fory,
 For the it fall amendit be,
 Gif I leif lang in liege pouste.
 And alsua God hes send vs heir,
 The best that euer armes may bere,
 Throw him zour fais salbe greuit,
 Zour freindis honourit and releiuit.
 And als we that richt weill but fail,
 Quhen men cumis armit in battale,
 sum men may tyne quha euer it be,
 As happinnis throw distane.
 Had Gaudefere slane Emynedus thare,
 My hart it wald haue mislykit fare,
 Bot tharfore fuld nane euill will.
 Be schauin in hart nouthar loud na still,
 Wmbethink the schir of honeste,
 Of wirship honour and bounte,
 Tak not the dedis that passit are.
 Heuy in hart hyne forther mare,
 Mais freinship with gude hart and will,
 And I abandoun heir zow till,
 My body and my rialte,
 Quhill ze of Clarus vengit be.

¶ THE AVOWES

Schir said Gaudifeir zour meiknes,
 Zour courtasie and zour largnes,
 Is bot mesure that wait men weill,
 I fall do as ze deim ilk deill.
 Freind said the King that lykis me,
 And thair of greatly thank I the,
 The King made ioy and solace,
 To Cassamus that wourthy was.
 And als to Gaudifere the zing,
 Vassale he fais haue na dreiding,
 The manassing of auld Clarus,
 Na zit of his sone Porrus.
 For gif I leif in liege pouste,
 Thow fall of him weill vengit be,
 And thow fall serue ws with gude will,
 Said Gaudifere baith loud and still.
 Wpone the best wyfe that I may,
 Sic seruice said the King perfay,
 Is gude and thankfull that fa sone,
 Is foroutin dangere done.
 And quhen men seruie on sik manere,
 The lord sould be gude guardonere,
 And manteine richt weill to the end,
 And largely gif and dispend.
 And be gude fallow in company,
 Full of myrth glaid and ioly,
 This makis wourthy men I wis,
 And yusgait wourship nurist Is.
 Nocht to defoull na be felloun,
 Na disetit but enchefoun,
 Lo heir gude fallow said the ald,
 And gude lord als baith stout and bald.

OF ALEXANDER.

Than leuch the King richt mirrelly.
And lauchand said thame Iolely.
Ze ar richt welcum be Marcus,
And ze wele foundit said Cassamus.
Than leuch thay all baith gud and ill,
And loued Cassamus baith loud and still.
VITH that ane squyer went and tald,
To Emynedus the bald,
That the ald man with the hare berd,
That the mekill hude werd,
And the mekill burdene bare,
That was famekill great and square.
Was at the Kingis pauillioun,
And Gaudefere of Effefoun,
That was gay and richt ioyus.
And of all fassoun richt fetus.
With fare visage and sum dele rede,
The hare lyke crisp was on his hede.
The King him makes richt fare calling.
And of zow tua makes according.
Of Gaudeferes father de laris,
That was sa wordy wicht and wis.
And the chyld profers him his cite,
And all the landis he haldis in fe.
His body his seruis and his micht,
To work his will baith day and nicht.
Emynedus said now will we,
Ga fe him that we zarned to fe,
And gif God grantis throw his pouste
We fall richt wele accordit be.

QVHEN Emynedus the bald,
Hard tell tythingis of the ald.

¶ THE AVOWES

That cummin was Gaudefere,
 Of Effefoun the bachlere.
 The quhilk he wald richt blythly fe,
 His fallowis to him than callit he,
 And asked thame how that he nicht,
 Pleis the chyld be ony richt,
 To be his freind without fantyfe,
 Said Lycanor to myne auyfe,
 Ze fpeik richt wele and wittelly,
 To honour him is courteffly.
 Than fichtit the duke and thocht a ffound,
 And faid he wald on kneis found.
 To proffer hartly him till,
 His help, his feruice with hart and will,
 In amendis of ald done dede.
 Twelue feiris will he with him lede,
 Barefhank but belt, in kirtill alane,
 And thare fwordis fuld euerilk ane,
 Hald be the pointis and fay him fyne,
 Schir tak amendis at zour lyking,
 Thay answered that thame thocht richt wele,
 It war to do euer ilka dele.
 Wele worth the hart quhen fic bounte,
 Is fetand ane hie renoune.
 Than callit the duke quhom he fa wald,
 In tale tweluefum wer thay tald.
 Be the pointis thare fwordis I wis,
 Thay held ilkane that takin is,
 Outher of dede or than mercy,
 All that euer fawe thame halely,
 Ferleid on thame ilk man,
 And faid all into common than,

That

OF ALEXANDER.

That is wonder great ferly,
 That sa riche and sa mychty,
 As he amendit sic ane thing,
 Quhare were askis na mending.
 Vther answered that by thame stude,
 And said it come him of gude.
 And of wonder great franchis,
 that in his hart ay nurist is.
 And for that he but fenzeing,
 Wald haue had of Gaudefere lele lufing,
 He contenis him sa I wis,
 And dois that his worship is.

EMYNEDVS was gratius,
 Gentill fre and curius.
 And of body worthy and wicht,
 And wonder forsy into ficht.
 For to se Gaudefere the zing,
 He had wonder great zarning.
 And for his frenship zarned he.
 Hartfully his freind to be.
 With his tuelfe feires he went,
 to honour him is his intent.
 Barefut thay went with hedes bare,
 In kirtill allane forouttin mare.
 richt to the Kingis pauillioun,
 thay went all furth in ane randoun,
 Quhen Alexander thame saw I hecht.
 He had ferly of that ficht.
 Quhill he vmbethocht him at the last,
 And in his hart cleirly can cast,
 that it was done for Gaudefere,
 de laris the bachelere.

¶ THE AVOWES

And als that he wald hartfully,
 Accord with his sone wilfully.
 Cassamus by the sleif he tuke,
 And shewit him the douzepeiris and the duke.
 And the nobill humilite
 That he begouth, he leit him se.
 And the gude man ansuered raith,
 That was richt wyse and subtell baith,
 And said thir God wat he payis his richt,
 And that hes he wele lerit I hecht.
 Ane wicked man wald wene full sone,
 He had bene shent had he zon done.
 And be zon semis richt wele that he,
 Of wit hes zarnessing plente.
 And zon is proffeit and honour,
 Worship also and valour.
 Be all our Goddis than said the King,
 In this prouerb is na lesing,
 Na he dois gud that gud is,
 the wicked ay the worst I wis.
 And worthy men aucht wele to be,
 Honoured and worshipped ay in laute.
BEFOIR the King of Greces tent,
 the douzepeiris with ane assent,
 Asssembled with Emynedoun,
 that formeist zeid and syne Lyoun.
 Arreste syne and Perdicas,
 Tholomere Daucene and Floridas,
 Emynedus spak with simpill chere,
 And asked quhilk was Gaudefere.
 that I haue zarned for to se,
 Said Alexander zon is he.

OF ALEXANDER.

That standis with zon furred mantill,
 Emynedus than zeid him till.
 Fell down on kneis richt haftelly,
 And proffered him his sword in hy,
 Quhen he had quit him I wis,
 With all his Goddis and with his,
 That he suld with his body do,
 His will quhat euer it turned to.
 To leif or de or to presoun.
 Than cryit the folk with ane soun,
 Forgif Emynedus the gude,
 The chyld ashamed quhare he stude,
 For the dukes humilite,
 And for thame that he can se.
 He was zong courtes and wicht.
 Ane forsy man of mekill nicht.
 Emynedus by the hand he tuke,
 And lichted als lichtly as the duke.
 Quhare that he knelit him beforne,
 As he had bene ane new barne borne.
 Schir said the child zour bounte,
 Zour franchis and zour humilite,
 Hes slokned all my fyte to day.
 I grant zow heir for euer and ay,
 My lufe but fantyse loud and still,
 My body my gudis at zour will.
 Emynedus said this bounte.
 Sall wele be quit zow fa God me.
 Zour worchip fall I eke in hy,
 With all the land of Tabory,
 That I wan fra Amyragon,
 That held of Inde and Amoron.

¶ THE AVOWES

Ane great pagane thare in was borne,
 Zour gude antecessoures zow beforne.
 And I fall gif zow ane wyfe I wis,
 The farest thing that formit is,
 Elydan myne awin coufine dere,
 Pyrrus sifter withouttin were.
 That zour father in Gaderis flew,
 Thare dyit ma men na anew.
 Now fall we freinds be hartfully.
 Gaudefere thankit him greatly.
 Cassamus for pete gret,
 And knelit down forouttin let,
 And thankit the duke richt courtesly,
 And he him raisit sone in hy.

BEFOIR the King of Grecis tent,
 This peax was made with ane assent.
 Of duke Emynedus the wicht,
 That forfy was in feild to fecht.
 And of Gaudefere I wis,
 That lord and sire of Calde is.
 The King sat on ane cod I hecht,
 And Cassamus sat by him richt.
 The laue of barrouns on the grene,
 He gart thame halely sit bedene.
 Schir said that ald it is wele lait,
 And it is tyme to ga our gait.
 Now hamewart to our men will we,
 For dout that thay affrayit be.
 Thay will ishe blythly to the scry,
 To stanche thare faes bot nocht forthy.
 Thay ar nocht armed wele at richt,
 And hes bot few hors on to fecht.

OF ALEXANDER.

Syr it is maist traiftfull that we,
And thay to gidder auyfit be,
Callamus said the King in hy,
Thow fais richt weill and wittely.
With the fall thow lede I wis,
Of my men that best armyt is,
And thay that wyfest is of weir,
And horfit best for that effere.
Than Arreste said to the King,
Schir I haue hors at zour lyking,
And haubrek that is sikker and clene,
Baith helm and scheild that schyins schene.
In all gerdoun I pray that ze,
Me leif to pas to that melle,
Arreste fais the King fa kene
Zit is nocht helit as I wene.
The woundis that thow in Gaderis tuke,
Zis schir he fais be Goddis buke,
Thay ar weill lang syne hale and feir,
I wald gif that zour willis weir.
Gang se the semble of the fecht,
This pray I zow with all my mycht,
I fall do weill as I haue thocht,
Said Alexander I grounch it nocht.
Schir said Perdicas for zour valour,
And zour wirship and zour honour,
And for zour mekill courtasie,
Lat me ga se that barny.
Of thame of inde and of Baudare,
And the thre ladeis that ar fa fair,
Ydory and ydeas,
And fair dame fezonas.

¶ THE AVOWES

To se thare folace and thare play
 Is great delyte as I heir say,
 And gif I to effezon ga,
 To se the fecht I vnder ta,
 My fuerd fall better be I wis,
 That now all our rouffit is,
 The King said Predicas perfay,
 Be my faith and be this day.
 Be Neptune Mars and Iupiter,
 And be the faith I aucht to bere,
 To my mother Olimphias,
 that is sa fare of fax and face.
 He that prays me he fall nocht ga,
 thame that I will this poynt to ma,
 the laif with me fall byde all still,
 than war thay loyus baith gude and ill,
 He lukit about baith heir and thare,
 And sone perfauit he be his fare,
 That Caulus wald richt blythly ga,
 Waffell he said gif it be sua,
 That thow dar pas the great passage,
 Of pharone and the great riuage,
 And se the touris of the citie,
 And the madinnis that ar sa fre,
 Lift vp thyne ene gif thow dar fare.
 To zone citie zouris that wourthy are,
 To se gif thay can wapnes weld,
 Schir said Caulus God zow forzeld,
 I had leuer ga se that were.
 Na be callit King Tholomere,
 I fall se the rowtis ride,
 That thay can mak on athir fyde.

OF ALEXANDER.

And quhat Clarus can I wis,
And Porrus als yat his sone is,
And his cheualry may betyde,
to fail ane party of thare pryde.
My sheld is bendit ilka dele,
My sword is gude and forgit wele,
And my steid is weill steirand,
Staluart and swyft and weill at hand.
Caulus said the nobill King.
Thow art happy in mekill thing,
Courtes and meik in cumpany,
And in battell stout and hardy.
Quhen the King had said him sa,
He lenit on him and lukit him fra.
Glaid and ioly and full of blis,
The barnage hale of Grece I wis,
He saw stand at his feit.
Courtesly with wordis sweit,
Lordingis he said ane hundreth fys.
I thank zow of zour good feruis.
Of landis honour and of feis,
Of riches rentis and of citeis,
That I throw zow hes wonnen I wis,
quhair throw that I sa heyit is.
For throw ane it is nocht perde,
I aucht thareof nocht loued be.
I am nocht bot ane perfoun heir,
Lytil and euill made but ilkane feir,
Ar fundin ay douchty at the preif,
Now lykis it God I am zour cheif,
Bot to zow all baith famyng and feir,
I hecht quhethir I be hyne or heir.

¶ THE AVOWES

That but zow fall I neuer wis,
 Haue eis na ioy myfeis na blis.
 To talk with zow me fall be leif,
 Quhidder God sendis cheif or myscheif.
 Said Tholomere thir wit ze wele,
 That zour great worship euer ilk dele,
 Hes vs effered on sic manere,
 That neuer mare in peax na were,
 Nane fall for zow refutit be.
 Trauell thocht it be great to se,
 For ze sa wyse ar and worthy,
 And sa fulfillit of courteffy,
 That ze serue to haue full wele,
 All that euer may be done ilka dele,
 Ane lord makes worthy men I wis,
 Or ellis sum folk begylit is.
 Now may ze gif richt largely,
 For winning falbe hastelly,
 All hale Clarus possessioun,
 Gif that we pas may Pharoun,
 Said Cassamus sa God me rede,
 Of that passage I haue na drede.
 Said Alexander thareof am I,
 Glaid ioyfull and Ioly.

CASSAMVS said the King als fone,
 Thow fall ga hame withouttin hone.
 And with the gang fall Perdicas,
 Caulus Arreste and Floridas.
 And Lyoun als fall with the wend,
 Sic succours to the fall I fend.
 Be all our goddis thame I wald nocht kis,
 For ane thousand gude citeis.

OF ALEXANDER.

Zit fall I do the mare nor this,
 I haue ingynes and rapes I wis,
 To ane male hors I vndersta,
 Tak the ane thousand thow fall haue ma.
 Mekill thank said Caffamus,
 Bot we haue hors tharein with vs,
 Fastly anew for four thousand
 Than tuke thay leif and vp thay stand,
 The King thame leued and halfed thame raith,
 To Gaudefere than said he laith,
 Thow fall grete wele dame Fefonas,
 Idorus and dame Ideas.
 And on my behalf thow fall thame say,
 That for thare sake gif that I may,
 Sall the Pharoun passed be,
 Of all my menze and of me,
 I am abandoned said Gaudefere,
 To wirk zour will baith far and nere.
 The King enbraiffed him in hy,
 And he inclyned full courtasly.
 Than went he furth withouttin mare,
 And all his fallowes that war thare.
NOW Gaudefere gais his way in hy,
 And fyue fallowes in cumpany.
 Caulus Arreste and Perdicas,
 Lyonell and Floridas.
 And to Emynedus ar thay gane,
 and courtelly thare leif hes tane.
 And he inclyned than in hy.
 and leued thame richt courtelly.
 And fyne to Gaudefere said he,
 Wele sone agane we fall zow se,

¶ THE AVOWES

And all gude cunnandis gif God will,
 We fall zow hald and wele fulfill,
 I fall the giue Elyadoun the fre,
 And Tabory als haue fall ze.
 Than fall ze and I and Betis,
 Accordit be without fantis.
 Ze fall grete wele the maydinis all,
 And on my behalfe fay thame ze fall,
 That we fall challenge thame fra Clarus,
 And alfua fra his sone Porrus.
 With that thay turned and zeid thare gate,
 Caffamus led thame to the bate,
 And zeid endlang the steppis down,
 Ane mariner had thame ouer Pharoun,
 And arryued vnder the toun,
 Richt at the port of Perroun.

THE Barrounes ished out of the bate,
 Caffamus led thame on the gate,
 The citizens thame honored fast,
 And as thay throw the citie past.
 Thay beheld the toures and the hallis,
 The castellis housis and the wallis.
 The tydingis come to the chalmer Venus,
 Quhare Fefonas and Idorus,
 Leuch and playit, for Ideas
 Of the Bauderane amoured was.
 It was ane ile of ielouffy,
 That Fefonas had sa felony,
 That all ane quhyle be sho not hale,
 Ane squyer to thame tald this tale,
 That thay of Grece was cummand I wis,
 That worthiest in worship is.

OF ALEXANDER.

Thay ar fyue fallowes of valour,
Fulfillit of worship and honour.
Quhan the maydinner hard I hecht,
loyfull thay war with hartis licht.
And furth of the chalmer ar thay went,
To honour thame is thare intent.
OF the chalmer ishit the cumpany,
Betys zeid first and Idory.
Aganes the knichtis of Grece I wis,
Thay zeid blythly and full of blis.
Betys led Idorus the fre,
And sweitly to hir prayit he.
And sho him grantis his will party,
Bot I say nocht alluterly.
The Bauderane led dame Fefonas,
Haldand hir hand that fetas was,
All war him leuer haue had the last,
Him worthit thole, all greuis it fast,
His ene beheld hir that he led,
All was his hart in vther sted.
Of amouris spak thay ilk a dele,
And Ideas that knew it wele.
Apartly of the Ielusy,
And leuch thareat richt wilfully,
Baith of hearing and of sicht.
Now is the Bauderane tane I hecht,
Me thinkis here and ansywres thare,
Ane fare mistre em think that ware,
Bot wit wyfed wele and wittelly,
And clenely with courtesy,
Come in that point to help I hecht,
That kend him with ane souerane flycht.

¶ THE AVOWES

For to knaw the points all,
That euer may to that mifter fall.
Thus went thay playand all in pece,
Quhen thay met the knichtis of Grece.

THE Kingis knichtis of Damas,
Caulus Arreste and Perdicas,
And Floridas the flyth in flour,
Ar cummin richt to the maister tour,
And out of Venus chalmer I wis,
The amorous menze ifhit is.
Betys led dame Idory,
And the Bauderane dame Fefony.
Thay met the knichtis in the great tour,
Ilkane bare vther great honour.
Fefonas tua knichtis hes tane,
And Idorus hes left allane
Hir lemman and tuke vther tua,
Lyoune and Perdicas war tha.
Bot the fare dame Ideus,
Maid mair ioy and callit Idorus.
My dere sifter lo our coufine,
Floridas the palafine.
Ask him how thay fare in thare landis,
Of our antecessouris sum tythandis.
My dere sifter said Idorus,
I lose Cupido and Venus.
Ilkane made ioy to vther I het,
On filkin carpetis war thay fet,
And carpit thare lyking as the left,
Quha couth gude tythandis, tald thame best.

ON filkin carpettis that war schene
War fet tha cumly knichtis kene.

OF ALEXANDER.

To speke of amouris thare I hecht,
Demandand and lugeand to the richt,
Ald Cassamus tuke Ydeas,
Be the finger that fetas was.
And in hir eir he said my sueit,
Hes thow of help great mister zit,
Schir said that schene throw zour counfall,
I haue mantemyt me fa weill.
That I haue lemman and luffare,
Fare and fetas and of gude fare,
Harrow said Cassamus and leuch,
I se that now weill yneuch.
Thair I haue best the busk bare,
And ane vthir hes tane the hare,
Quhen sho it hard sho changit hew,
And sueitly said as wyse and trew.
Beauschir zit is me fallin nocht,
Quhare throw that man bird blame me ocht,
Thocht all war witting I warne zow weill,
Baith deid and thocht euer ilk deill.
I grant it zow my lufe I wis,
And I of zouris als sedit is,
Zit haue I zemit it hidder tillis,
Bot had I wrocht efter zour willis
And done zour counfall as I wene,
Thair throw had I deffaut bene,
Sueit said the gude man be nocht mad,
All thocht I bourd to mak ws glaid.
Ay to win honour fall I haue
Hart and hand attour the laif,
The Bauderane fall I gif to the.
That fare and fetas is and fre.

¶ THE AVOWES

In ftede of Caffamus the hare.
 Schir faid the fchene for ever mare,
 I am abandoned in all thing,
 to work efter zour counfaling,
 Schir faid the fchene ane hundreth fyfe,
 I thank zow of zour great franchyfe.
 For quha is gude freind in laute,
 At ane myfter men may fe.
 With that the Kingis meffingers,
 War cummin with hors on mony maneris,
 Brafin and broun, quhyte and gray,
 That the King had fent that day,
 to Gaudefere and his brother Betyſ,
 Couerit with couertouris of prys.
 And to his douzepeiris fent he fyne,
 Thare hors and halely thare armyne.
 And men of armes great fuſoun.
 than ioyfull war thay in the toun.
 Syne efter all aſſembled ar,
 And amang thame the wyfeſt war.
 thay charged the commounite,
 That thay ſuld nocht affrayit be,
 For nathing that thay hard nor ſaw,
 For on the morne quhen day fall daw.
 Clarus four ſonnes fall tak our pray,
 Richt at our zet and hald thare way,
 And to the forreſt tak the gate.
 Bot therefore nane fall oppin the zet,
 Na zit poſtrum na mak na fray,
 Quhen this was ſaid that I here ſay,
 to Venus chalmer thay went I wis,
 that cumpany richt ioyfull is.

OF ALEXANDER.

AT the fute of the mekill tour,
Wnder the flurist ficcamour,
Was fpreid into ane harbure grene,
Carpettis of filk and filuer fchene.
thare fat the knichtis of Grece I wis,
And the maydinnis that ioly is,
Of Alexander and of Porrus,
the knichtis held fpeke of Clarus,
Of Daurus preis and of Melchis,
And the maydinnis that was fetis,
Held halely fpeke of amouris all,
And gud that thareto may fall.
thus thir folk in great folas,
And in fhort tyme afsembled was,
the ches was afked fone I hecht,
And men thame brocht wele at richt,
Sic ane chekker that neuer ar,
Was fene ane better feildin quare,
The leifis of gold war fare and fyne.
Subtyle wrocht with ane engyne,
The poyntis of Emeraudes fchynand fchyre,
And of rubeis birnand as fyre,
The ches of fapheris war I wys.
And of topace that richeft is,
Pigmeus thame maid with flicht,
Thay war full fare to fe with ficht,
IN filkin carpetis of the Grece
Auld Caffamus gart bring the ches.
Him felf hes fet the alphyis,
And lauchand faid he on this wys,
Lordingis lat fe quha will aflay,
Said Perdicas fchir ze fall play.

¶ THE AVOWES

Perfay said Cassamus I na ken,
 I am ane churle to cary men.
 Betuix me and my alphis we fall,
 Bynd vp the oxin in the stall.
 This is it that euer can I,
 Bot eit and drink allanerly.
 The Bauderane fall begin perfay,
 And Fefonas fall him affay.
 To leif thare melancoling,
 For thay ar baith in lele lusing.
 The Bauderane said I refuse nocht,
 Na zit the amorous thocht.
 The King of lufe will I nocht tyne,
 For all is hirris here and hyne.
 Fefonas said to mak him wraith,
 To mekill shir drede I zour skaith.
 Quhat I fall haue outhir rouk or knicht,
 To auantage bot ze me hecht,
 That it be without wrething,
 Ze fall be met without lesing.
 In ane nuke with ane alphing.
 Said Ideas ze manance fast coufing.
 Manance aucht to bere cumpany,
 To wrang winning and succudry,
 But or the play all endit be,
 For all zour fere I hope to fe,
 Zour great mannance full halely,
 Fefonas said hir preuelly.
 Gif ze be zelous I will him pray,
 That he zour lufe wald put away,
 And to allege zour mekill ill.
 Said Ideas ze fay zour will.

OF ALEXANDER.

Quhan I lufe outhir him or her,
I keip nocht of sic messinger.
The Bauderane hard the speche all,
And loked to Ideas the finall,
Quhen sho persauit sho changit hew
Hir visage that was freshe and new.
Vox ridder weill than rose on rys.
Cassamus tuke ane cod of prys,
And by the playeris lenit him syne.
Be God said that palasyne,
Lo here ane lytstar wele at richt,
That sone sa syne hew can dicht.
Draw shir Bauderane ze can shute speiris,
That hit the hart and it nocht deres,
Draw on shir Bauderane for ze may,
Haue wele the first draucht of the play.
I Grant wele said the maydin fre,
That the first draucht the Bauderanes be,
Bot I fall haue the nixt I wis,
And mete him syne all maugre his,
With ane alphine gif I may speid.
Dame said the Bauderane God forbaid.
Mak thare ane note said Cassamus,
Schir said the maydin be Marcus.
I am sa sikker I vnderta,
That in the letter sho sekis ane stra.
I am nocht of my fallowes play,
Ideas the fare and gay.
Na zit hir sifter Idorus,
Bot quhen it lykes to Venus,
And Alexander the nobill King,
I fall haue lemmen at lyking,

¶ THE AVOWES

Quhilk fall of body douchty be,
 And of hand baith large and fre.
 Fare nec said Caffamus the ald,
 I trow ze be the halest hald.
 Thus thay playit with gammin and gle,
 The knichtis of Grece and of Calde,
 And spak of amouris and of droury.
 Sporting thame richt merelly.

ALL out the ches lay,
 The knichtis of Grece to se the play.
 The Bauderane drew ane poun but let,
 That befor the feires was fet,
 And the maydin hir knight in hy.
 To stele the poun all preuely.
 The Bauderane drew his feiris on ane,
 To kepe the poun or he war tane.
 And sho hir alphyne for to ta,
 The fers or ellis to gar hir ga,
 On bak and leif the poun at the last,
 Dame said the Bauderane ze preis me fast.
 Schir said sho lat zour sicing be,
 And nocht forthy fa mot I the.
 Thay haue na watter for to pas,
 And he thocht and in ane study was.
 And she him draue to hething ay,
 Schir Bauderane sho said perfay,
 Zour sicing thare nocht pas the se,
 Weill uir zow may thay gaistned be.
 Quod Ideas dame be Dyany,
 Ze can speke full hethingly.
 quhen Fefonas hard that sho was wraith,
 Thare had thay rekned with vther baith,

OF ALEXANDER.

Na had the knichtis of Grece that ware,
On ather halfe standand thare.
That wele perfauit thare inuy,
Engenered all of Ielufy,
Cassamus smylyt with luffum cheir,
And said wicked tounge was euill to fteir,
And syne can sing quhen he had said,
For he that speche wald down war laid.
The Bauderane efhamed was,
And changit colouris in his face,
And to his poun ane knicht drew syne.
And Fefonas with hir Alphyne,
Tuke his feirs and said in hy,
Dame in zour word may nane affy,
And the Bauderane richt subtelly,
Answered without melancoly.
And said sichand my sweit thing,
I am tane throw behalding,
quhen thay had hard that reffoun all,
Abased thay war baith great and small.
quhat he menit thay vnderstude na thing,
For thare was doubill vnderstanding.
Said Fefonas ze speik wyfly,
The draucht is myne draw hardely,
I say eschesk dam that I heir.
Delyueris it than blythly my deir,
Lat now quhat ze do thair till.
Madame ze haift zow mair than skill.
Auyfe zow fchir or ze be wraith,
To day and hald to morne baith,
Madame sa lang will I nocht stand,
With that he tuke his rouk in hand.

¶ THE AVOWES

And wald haue drawen as thocht he than,
 Amends zour check shir said tho than,
 And spak ay taryand him hethingfully,
 Schir wraik zow nocht fa egarly.
 Ze lufe with lele hart and trew,
 Ane lady fare and bricht of hew,
 Worthy and of gude hauing,
 And shir na raith fuld haue resting,
 quharefa the lufe had harbry tane,
 The Bauderane than said on ane,
 Dame ze say suth be all that is,
 Sa and God will I think I wis,
 And with fyne hart and stedfastly,
 Quhen swete vmbethinking suddanly,
 Me takes and partes my hart in tua.
 And thyrlis sumtyme with thochtis thra.
 quha fa micht fe hir fassoun all,
 Hir face and hir middle small,
 Portured and shapin suthfastly,
 As quhylum I saw that lady,
 In Venus chalmer at our gaddering,
 quhen we playit at the suthfast King,
 Is na man na he aucht to be,
 Affrayit at hir fyne bounte.
 Amendis zour chek shir said that May,
 We think our lyttill on our play,
 I fall haue of zour men I wis,
 Or ze of myne fen thus it is,
 Ze think our mekill on that Caldiane.
 Said Ideas dame be Dyane,
 Ze ar our wilfull for to say,
 Zour will in ernest or in play.

OF ALEXANDER.

Gif I mak gammin said Fefonas,
That is for sporting and solas.
Thir knichtis of Grece wilfully,
Thay wald I made thame cumpany.
Ze ar fle dame said the Bauderane,
And sewis it weill fa God me fane,
But threid or nedill all subtelly,
Thay draw thare drauchtis fa comonly.

QWHAT fall I say thay playit fa lang,
And warned ay vther amang,

The Bauderane couth nocht of the play,
Samekill as sho weill far away.

Dame Fefonas the fare and meik,
Countred him into speik.

Schir said that shene ze can weill mare,
Of this play than I wenit langare.

Now draw wyfly for mister is,

Ze salbe met fa haue I blis,

Outhir in the nuke or in the score,

As I haue said zow oft before.

Dam said the Bauderane fa mot I the.

I hald me pait how euir it be,

ze haue ane nuke quhare of God wait,

That weill titar mycht mak me mait,

Than I and all that euer I haue.

Mycht mak me mait fa God me faue,

Than leuch thay all with gamyn and glis,

And sho apartly aschamyt is,

Hir face woxe rede that ere was cleir,

Said Gaudifeir fare sifter deir,

Foly is to mak debait,

Speik fare or he gais his gait.

¶ THE AVOWES

Schir said that schene fa God me rede,
 In a thocht euill in word or deid,
 Dam nane did I said the Bauderane,
 Bot wikked I war fa God me fane.
 Gif I na durst sic ane mait abyde,
 Quhen Cassamus thame hard that tyde,
 His hart was blyth for Ioy in hy,
 He tuke his cod and haistaly.
 Kest at the chais and spilt the play,
 And lauchand fyne can to thame say,
 Amuffis thow nocht and be nocht hait,
 The honour is myne ze baith ar met,
 Than cryit the carll weill merely,
 Gar bring the wyne delyuerly,
 And weill xx. in filkin weid,
 In cupis of gold it brocht gude speid.

EFTIR the play the knychtis rais,
 And thair leif at the ladeis tais,
 To venus chalmer the ladeis zeid,
 And the Bauderane thame can lede.
 The lase at counsalè duelt at richt,
 Said Gaudefeir be God of mycht,
 Me think we do ane great foly,
 Of the Bauderane lord of medy.
 That is the persoun without fechting,
 Said Cassamus be heuinnis King,
 It is full gaeat courtasfy,
 He was tane throw cheualry.
 And in amouris heirin is laucht,
 With ane wenche that is weill taucht,
 That byndis him I warne zow weill,
 Fastar than fetter, or mais of steill.

OF ALEXANDER.

For sen lufe feftnys him I wys,
And laute that wyll do na mys,
And he hes suorne be his Goddis all,
And the gude that of lufe may fall.
And als his lemmans fare falfoun,
That he fall lelely hald presoun.
Suith feir said floridas perfay,
His Goddis are in hethin ay.
As resoun will for to the gude,
All gude thing grouis in mane and mude,
And he that wickit is and tratour,
Ay fleis him gude lufe and honour.
Lawte passis all I wys,
Quhen it in gude man herberit is,
He that dois weill I hald he luffis,
And he dois that to euill him geuis.
THE Ladeis eftir the cheis play,
To venus chalmer went thare way,
The laif duelt at thare counsale hale,
Lordingis said Cassamus we fall,
As I trow to morne haue fechting
Weill arly at the day rising,
To morne quha lykis it to se,
The wirship fall in honour be.
To morne airly richt to the nycht,
Sall wirship weildit be at richt,
To morne I trow thare fall be sene,
That nurist hes in armis bene.
Porrus and Caneus his feir,
And xxviii. with thame but weir,
richt at our zet fall tak the pray,
And syne went to the wod away.

¶ THE AVOWES

Marciane cummis with thame I wis,
 That gude and lele and worthy is,
LORDINGIS said Cassamus the hare,
 To morne richt at the zet of Fare,
 Quhare the Bauderane was quhylum tane,
 The Indeanes fall affaill ilkane.
 And Clarus sonnes as I hard say,
 On vther halfe fall tak the pray,
 And fle syne to the forrest end,
 Alexander hes zow thidder fend.
 Geue vs counsaill quhat thow thinkis best,
 Said Arreste forouttin rest,
 I rede we arme vs hastelly,
 And leip vpone our hors in hy.
 And sua gate byde will we thame fe,
 Said Cassamus bliffed mot thow be.
 Than thay thame armed great and small,
 Commonly throw the cittie all.
 The counsell endit is I wene,
 And armed all thir knichtis kene,
 That worthy in the citie are,
 And efter sone arryued ware,
 All the kirnallis of the walles,
 The burgeffis gais to as wele it fallis,
 And in the hosste quhen day was cumin,
 The four brether hes thare armes nomin,
 That I haue named lang time syne,
 Caneus Caleos and Salphadyne,
 Porrus alfua and Marciane,
 And with thame wele cccc. men.
 Before King Clarus syne thay went,
 And tald him thair enbushment.

OF ALEXANDER.

Said Marciane I fall zow fay,
Quhen we haue fessit and tane the pray,
Gar ze affailze thame at the zet,
On vther halfe to mak debate.
Said Clarus leif ze speik foly,
My men fuld flane be halely,
We haue affailzeit and wonnen but fmall,
The great battell fall amend vs all.
I will nocht that my men be dede,
Na zit defoulit at that stede,
Quha thinkis to fecht at great battaill,
At dykes and walles fuld nocht affaill.
Ane knaif that is nocht worth ane caik,
May flay ane gude man with ane straik,
Bot at the nobill renouned iorne,
Quhare gude hart fall allowit be,
Thare bird the worthy kyth valour,
Thare fall men se quha winnes honour.
Alexander and his men ilk deill,
Cummis and will fecht I wat richt weill,
Outher fall we win or all tyne,
Lat fall how euer may happin fyne.
Bot this me confortis weill I wis,
That lyfe or dede me destaned is,
Now happin as may for euermare,
Sall nane reprufe me nouthar quhare,
That Philloppis sone fall in danger se,
Me with him accordit be,
In to his vnhap he fall fecht,
May I him hint in hand I hecht,
Na nicht aganes me he fall haue.
And our men sa God me saue,

¶ THE AVOWES

Seuin fyfe ma than he hes brocht,
 For all his boift I count him nocht,
 Said Marciane now be it fa,
 He turned his brydill and he to ga,
 To Porrus to the bushment.
 And fa furth to the wod is went,
 Into the Forreft of lawrere,
 That was besyde the Citte nere.
 Clarus four sonnes and thare menze,
 Enbushit war in ane place preue.
 And fend thame that the trane suld mak,
 Richt to the zet the pray to tak,
 And kend thame fyne how thay suld do,
 How thay suld fleand cum thame to.
 Thay leit to haue thare will but bade,
 But thay wist nocht quhat help thay hade,
 Of knichtis of Grece that wele couth fecht,
 And also of the ladyes that war bricht.
 That on the walles of the citte,
 Lay to behald the semble.
 The furriouris went thare way,
 Thay war thretty as I hard say,
 That fall by deir thare hardiment,
 Or thay cum to thare bushment.

THE furriouris went thare way in hy,
 Horfit and armit iolely,
 Marciane was chiftane I hecht,
 And fuore be God and all his mycht,
 That sould outhir Iust or failze,
 Or he agane come vailze quod vailze.
 And Porrus fuore be his Goddis ilkane,
 That he sould outhir be deid or flane.

OF ALEXANDER.

Or he fic prefonere thare fuld tak,
That fuld the Bauderanis loufing mak,
Thus raid thay mananfing with mycht,
the fone was ryfing and fchynit bricht.
the zet was apnit the pray out paf,
the fourriouris it embraiflit faft,
Endlang the citie rais the cry,
The knychtis of Grece full fturdely.
Lap on thare hors and furth thay fare,
And Caffamus that hir held thare,
Followit thame with ane great company,
the furriouris full hardely.
Raid vpone brydell ane huly pais,
Wthir was nane thare fleand was,
the pray before thame ilka deill,
And enterit to defend it weill.
Floridas forrow his fallowis raid,
that mekill was and manly maid,
And to Porrus faft can he cry,
Vaffale thow fall leif the ky.
And thy hors alfua gif I may,
Sa lychtly paffis thow nocht away,
Abyde fchir vaffale of the bare,
Or fleand fall thow de richt thare.
Quhen Porrus hard for matelent,
He was fa crabbit that neir he brint,
And turnit him foroutin mare,
Floridas ftraik and wald nocht spare,
Porrus in the myddis the fcheild but let,
Quhare ane bak bare in gold was fet,
that the fcheild and the haubrek brift,
Befyde his fyde the fpeir out thriſt,

¶ THE AVOWES

That weill ane span and mare I weyn,
 Mycht of the speir behynd be fein,
 It was bot hap that helpit thare,
 That he na was deid or woundit fare.
 And Porrus straik with all his mycht,
 Him in the scheild that schynit bricht,
 That he inthyrllit ilka deill,
 The speir brist on the plait of steill.
 The hors war stark and thay hardy,
 With scheildis and schulderis haley,
 Thay hurklyt quhill to the erd zeid thay,
 And ane lang quhyle in fuounyng lay.
 Porrus rais first with mekill pane,
 And Gaderit his gere as man of mane,
 And syne passit furth to floridas,
 Quhare he in fuonyng lyand was.
 And tuke him be the hand I hecht,
 Now hes thow leit he said schir knyght,
 For madeis my hors is myne,
 And the ky als maugre thyne.
 Floridas anfuerit him na deill,
 For he mycht nocht all heir him weill,
 Quhen Porrus saw his myscheif all,
 He fueir be his Goddis great and small.
 That he suld neuer reprouit be,
 At hame in to his awin countre,
 That he had outhir for weill or wa,
 At sik myscheif greuit his fa.
 Than to his hors he went but baid,
 Lap on and to his fallowis raid,
 And leifit floridas his feir,
 In sic poynt as I tell zow heir.

OF ALEXANDER.

Now Porrus followes him cumpany,
Inflammit with ire and melancoly.
Him semit be douchty in dede
quha had him sene sterand his steid.
In stirroppis straucht brassit his sheld,
Straik with his spurris girdand our feld.
At stering him semit na page,
For he berit as ane lyoun in rage,
He rais first and but help of man,
Lap on his hors but quhat be than,
Thay ar both to lose greatly,
Bot of worship men fuld lelely,
Speke and deme for it is sin,
To reis thame that thay sa deir win.
For men worship byis oft dere,
And purchessis pryse in places fere.
Forthy fuld na man for na thing,
Say vther than gude for weill doing.
Said Ideas I grant thare till,
Ze haue refraned me with skill.
For fra the body want valour,
the hart zarnis to win honour,
And weill on thame dar trauell take,
And na trauell nor pane forsake.
It is ferly that worthy leuis,
Gif he his tyme in armes geues.
Thus thay spoke of thir bacheleris,
that worthy war and wicht in weris,
Baith lang and large stout and hardy,
And thay tua faucht enforfitly.
the tane of thame had sone bene dede,
Or may fall baith into that stede.

¶ THE AVOWES

Quhen thay of Inde and of Calde,
 Burshit togidder thare Intermelle,
 And gart thame part without mair skaith,
 All was it maugre thair is baith.
 Ane Intermelle man mycht thare find,
 Of the knichtis of Grece and Ind,
 Fulfillit of despite and pryde,
 Geuand and takand woundis wyde
 Arreste that was gude at neid.
 Come prekand on ane baufoun steid.
 Couerit vnder his scheld strekand his speir,
 In helm enbusshit Ioynt in his gere,
 And vpon Caldeanes can cry,
 Clarus sone prince of amory,
 Turne the vassale schame is to fle,
 Abyde or thow fall fleand de,
 Quhen Caleos hard he was wraith.
 And turnit the hors and bodie baith,
 In sterapis straucht Ioynt in his weid,
 Brandissand his speir he zeid,
 Togidder thay straik in the blafonis,
 Quhill scheildis brist and habirgeonis,
 And ilkane vther woundit fare.
 To the erd baith bakuartis bare,
 Thay start on fute delyuerly,
 The waykast had na will to ly,
 Thay knichtis rais that war curious.
 Hardy and stout and dispittus,
 Nouthir of thame preissit vther greatly,
 Bot athir throw his mycht anerly,
 Wend the wourthiest for to be,
 And to vincus that semble.

OF ALEXANDER.

Arreste deualefter was wourthy,
Mekill and stark stout and hardy,
And in armes conquerand,
Egir and als affailzeand.
And Caleos was zoung and gay,
And fers and stout forout astray,
Ilkane of thame tua of his speir,
Ane trunſcheoun in his hand can bere.
Togiddir thay zeid than pais for pais,
Sic routis thay raucht that ferly was,
With the truncheouns in thare hand,
That neir thay ſtakker and mycht nocht ſtand.

HARD was the battale for to ſe,
Betuix Caleos and Arreſte,
That felly faucht in myddis the grene,
Sa fulfillit of ire and tene.
and ſa wald athir do vthir ſkaith,
That thay forzet thair fuerdis baith,
Arreſte preiſt furth ane pras,
Hint Caleos that wourthy was.
Be the auentale and to him tit,
and with the trunſcheoun ſyne him hyt,
With his neif ſic ane colle,
That neir hand diffy deid was he.
The trunſcheonis war baith great and ſquare,
and the knychtis war wraith it fare,
On heidis armys and on blaſonis,
Sic routis thay raucht quhill the trunſcheoins
rycht to thare neiffis to fruſchit ar,
athir had ane ſpan or lytill mare,
Thare had Caleos deid bene weil neir,
Quhen he with hie voce and cleir.

¶ THE AVOWES

Cryit the ensigne of Olympe,
 quhare ar my brether is nane me by.
 Caneus him hard and sterit his steid,
 Streikand his spere com wale gud speid.
 Now ar thay tua aganes ane,
 that wicht and worthy war ilkane.
 The ane straik with the armit neif,
 And with the trunshun straikis geif,
 The tother straik with the sword of steill,
 Arreste dred thame neuer a deill,
 And cryit valester thay ar all shent,
 Gaudefeir hard and thidder went,
 Streikand his speir with spurris I hecht,
 His suord in hand all burnest bricht.
 Caneus can neir him draw,
 And said allsone as he him saw,
 Ane word of great nobillite.
 Lo heir his sone as of bounte,
 that passit all that lyfe nicht lede,
 And sen that Iosaphas was dede.
 Sen I haue met him we fall fecht,
 For he is sikker worthy and wicht.
 Me had leuer had this melle,
 than the rent of ane hale cittie.
 For I fall wit gif I dow ocht,
 And quhat thing is in my thocht.
 For sik man wenes weill that he is worth,
 that failzeis all quhen he cumis furth.
 And sik wenes he is worth na thing,
 That is oft worthy in preuing,
 My father said ziftrene lait,
 Before the pauilloun in the gait.

OF ALEXANDER.

That he na fand neuer sic ane man,
 In all the tyme he leuit quhill than,
 Sa stark sa hardy na zit sa smart,
 Na sa ameuserit of great hart.
 As Gaudefeirs body delarys,
 The sone aucht pairt haue of his prys,
 In sterapis strenzeit he than and stude,
 And Gaudefeir come as he war wod,
 And hit euin vpone the croun,
 That he our tuke the straik all doun,
 The straik was great the suord was gude,
 Besyde the syd the suerd doun zude.
 And baith hie doun and his scheld,
 He gart fall flatlingis in the feild,
 Perfay said Caneus now I se,
 That it is suith men said to me.
 He hes hurt me on the syde,
 And woundit with ane rymbill ryde,
 Now war gude be vengit gif I mycht,
 With that word he girdit furth I hecht
 Now tua for tua ar samyng set,
 Tua horfit and tua on thare feit,
THE fechting of the brethir tua,
 Caneus and Caleos alsua.
 agane Arreste and Gaudefeir,
 Was hard and cruell fell in feir,
 With that the Bauderanis come prekand,
 Thare lord with greting regratand.
 that presonere in the citie was,
 amang the ladeis fare of face,
 to fecht for thare maisteris saik,
 Quhare thay sic ane presonere fall tak.

¶ THE AVOWES

That fall be the ladie deir,
 And Cassamus hir cousing neir,
 On ather halfe come Caldeanis I wene,
 And Alexanders knichtis kene,
 Ilk ane cryit heichly thare enfenze,
 All faucht thay fast and wald nocht fenze.
 Arreste cryit Valester that was his,
 And Gaudefere Tortoun I wis,
 The Grecians Massidone can cry,
 And thay of Inde cryit Olimpy,
 The battellis war full perralous,
 And the fecht hard and hideous,
 The dust that rais troubled the air,
 Quha held on hors him selfe fell fair,
 Throw helme and haubrek blude thay draw,
 Quha hurt or haill was nane nicht knaw.
 The archeris formeft wald be in the fecht,
 And last at parting gif thay nicht.

BESYDE the wod fyde that was shene,
 Into ane mekill medow grene,
 Before the tour quhare Fefonas,
 Lay in Kirnallis and Ideas.
 The battellis on baith the fydes met,
 Quhare mony ane rummill rude was fet.
 Quhare mony ane hand and mony ane hede,
 War all to hewin in that stede,
 And sadillis war temit of douchty men,
 Than war the douchty eith to ken.
 quha had gud helpe leit on with fors,
 And Arreste hes conquered ane hors,
 And Caleos ane vther I hecht,
 That was baith starke and fresche to fecht.

OF ALEXANDER.

Porrus that chaiffis cowartis,
Thirles the battellis and departis,
Thare was thirled mony ane fheild,
And mony ane brand brokin in the feild,
Mony helme hewin and mony knight,
Throw fors was fellit in the fecht,
And mony ane man full wourthely,
Fulfillit with hardement douchty,
The gude fchewit that thay had will.
To win honour and cum thair till,
The Knychtis of Grece full hardely,
Schewit thairthrow thare cheualry,
The folk of Ind affrayit ar.
And fcallit in troppellis heir and thair,
Sa that thay war discumfit neir,
And marciane foroutin weir,
Throw wraith the fainze of Olimpy.
With his voce richt hard can cry,
And thay of ynd and of medy,
With Clarus four fonnes come in hy,
And in tropell assemblit than.
Our foly doubillis faid marcian,
We haue our airly tane this pray
Thay challange it weill hard perfay,
Clarus felony deir by fall we.
His wrang his wickednes that we fe,
For ws beheuffis suffer velany,
Or refaue dede allutarly,
And nane of vs fall vengeance tak.
Bot reprufe to our airis mak,
Had Clarus affegit the citie,
On athir half with his menze.

¶ THE AVOWES

The folk had nocht bene sa hardy,
 To Isch this day sa sturdely,
 Sa God me rede I can nocht rede,
 For gif we byde we ar bot dede,
 For gif we fle our folk ar schent,
 Forthy ilk man say his intent,
 Fare coising said Porrus perfay,
 I am zoungeft and I will say.
 Gif my father be fell of thocht,
 It cummis him of kynd he coft it nocht,
 Sen Alexander haitis ws and all his,
 Heir helpis na discomfourt I wis,
 Bot wirship hardement and rigour.
 Throw wit I can se na succour,
 Do zour deuore I pray zow all,
 and keip zour honour or it fall,
 Do we neuer na couardry,
 For wiked lord na felony,
 Sa fall our wirship doubillit be,
 and enforfit our bounte,
 I fall nocht counfall that we fle.
 Neuer myle thocht we suld de,
 Heir de or leif or wyn the place,
 Said Marciane be Goddis grace,
 My will geuis me nocht to do sa.
 Eftir my menze will I ga,
 With that he blew ane horne on hicht
 and releuit his men with all his mycht,
 and thocht to fle thame defendand.
 Quhill he mycht bring thame to warrand,
NOW marciane his gait hes tane,
 Clarus four sonnys ar with him agane.

OF ALEXANDER.

Sory and wraith war thare menze,
With baneris waiffand tua or thre,
Sa wyfly fleand saw he neuer,
All held togidder wald nane disseuer.
Caneus and Porrus the fre,
Baid richt defend and thare menze,
And to the forrest thay thame led,
Of fellit folk the feild lay spred,
Sum held thame still and sum wald chas,
Grecians and Caldeanis mengled was
Fourty or fourscore chaiffit fast,
Bot Betys all his fallowis past,
Weill neir ane bow draucht and inare,
Of Iborus he thocht him thare,
Of thare sueit assembling.
Quhan thay playit at the suithfast King,
In Venus chalmer quhen the Bauderane,
In presoun was with preue pane,
And in his steroppis he him straucht,
And cryit Tortoun with mekill maucht.
And strenzeit with spurris the steid of pryde,
And ouertuke thame at the reuer syde.

AT the inganging of the forrest,
Come baith prekand, but Arrest,
Abandonly forrow his fallowis all,
Ane great bow draucht thay tua of pall,
The furriouris he outtuke in hy,
And hyely can to Porrus cry.
Schir vassale with thy goldin sheild,
Turne the to me or in this feild,
Thow fall de fleand gif I may,
Allace that euer I saw this day.

¶ THE AVOWES

Said Porrus for this day tuis,
 I haue bene reprouit for cowardis,
 Gif I furth with my fallowes fare,
 Schamed I am for euer mare.
 And of alfmekill as I haue done,
 All fould me blame vnder the mone,
 His hors sa frely turnit he than,
 That neir to erd zeid hors and man,
 For pure dispite and for outrage.
 He was as quha war in ane rage,
 In baith his handis his ax he hynt,
 And heit his hand to gif ane dynt,
 And Bety's come as out of wyt.
 And with the staluart speir him hit,
 Wit ze weill that rout was ride,
 And porrus straik that wald nocht byde,
 Him euin vpon the helm of steill.
 That straik was wounder fell to feill,
 Sa vndemous ane dynt I hecht,
 quhill he baith hering tynt and sicht,
 And on his arfoun als lay still.
 The hors start fourth was brydillit ill,
 And bair him furth amang his fais.
 Marciane him weill knew and tais,
 By the brydill and on him baid.
 The folk of ynd quhen thay him had,
 Reft him his sword in to that sted,
 Thus gatis was Bety's tane and led,
Now Marciane gais his gait in hy,
 And led him presonere him by,
 The knychtis of Bauderis had ane reioifing.

OF ALEXANDER.

In thare hartis of his taking,
And said thay conquerit gretly,
For throw him fuld thay haue quykly,
thare lord that tane was in the toun.
In Venus chalmer in presoun,
Bot fall I trow thair winning fall,
For Porrus was enclofit all,
and enuironit with men on fute.
to gang on bak him was na bute,
For he on athir fyde was socht,
With comonis that him sparit nocht,
Bot quhen he saw that he was sa.
Suppryfit allane withowtin ma,
His hart in to his body grew,
With baith his handis vp he drew,
His scheld vpone his bak I hecht.
to traist to couer him in the fecht,
and before as knyght hardy,
Defendit him full stalwartly,
ane renk about him hes he maid.
he sparit nane that him abaid,
Bot the carllis schot speiris on fer,
For in handis durst nane cum neir,
Sa that thay flew within ane space.
his hors and thare to erd he gais,
Quhen Porrus feld his steid was deid,
he start vp stythly in that steid,
and cryit the ensenze of olimpy.
and dang on thay carllis richt douchtely,
On ilk fyde he gaif rowtis ryde.
Durst nane of thame his dintis byde,
Porrus lukit and saw ane waill.

¶ THE AVOWES

And before him as styth in stail,
 He couerit him with scheild ilk deill.
 The ax in his hand of steill,
 With his vndemous strakis geuing.
 Him femyt suppryfit in na kin thing,
 On the comouns of effezoun,
 Sic pay he maid he dang thame down,
 That neir hand fyftene in that place.
 Was lyand deid or disseit was,
 Was nane of thame durft nych him neir,
 Bot all on fer assailzeit him feir,
 And staines and slingis hard thay cast.
 He couerit him as he mycht best,
 Quhill that the hand ax schaft held hale,
 Thay had the war part of the dail,
 Bot sone it brak than was he wa.
 The heid it flew full far him fra,
 Than thay enforcit on him the cry,
 And he allane full sturdely,
 Addressit him agane thame all.
 And he thame dreidit bot richt small,
AT the auld wall before the toun,
 All the commouns of Effezone,
 Assailzeit Porrus and that richt fast.
 Neif stannis at him fast can thay cast,
 And he him couerit that myster had,
 Ane castell of his scheild he maid,
 And of his helm ane styth doungeoun.
 And of the auld wall ane croun,
 He maid ane fox trais I hecht,
 And of his brand that schynit brycht,
 I wis he maid his Campioun.

OF ALEXANDER.

Baith fleisch and fenonis he bure all down,
 He all to hewit I warne zow weill,
 Thare fais to frushit he ilka deill,
 Of handis and heidis baith braune and blude.
 He maid ane lardnare quhare he stude,
 He gart thame fle maugre thame all,
 And syne for warrand come to the wall,
 The wyffis cryit assailze the theif.
 Sum meynis hir sone that was his leif,
 And sum hir husband menit sare,
 The ladeis that in kirkalis war,
 Ferlyt than quhat he was greatly.
 That defendit sa douchtely,
 All him allane agains thame all,
 Certis said ydeas the small,
 He is ane of Clarus men.
 Be the blak bare I him ken,
 He Iustit lang ere with floridas,
 Za fare coufing said fezonas,
 Gif that we the suith fall say.
 He lap on hors the first perfay,
 And at the fechting heir down,
 He gart him ly on his arfoun,
 Wald he haue slane him he war deid.
 He is douchty sa God me rede,
 It semis he dois his lyking all,
 Dere God gif it mycht sa fall,
 That he may be in presoun tane.
 Than suld I haue him to lemmane,
 Dam said ydeas God wait,
 We grant him zow but mair debait,
 Now wald I blythly that it war.

¶ THE AVOWES

Richt as we haue deuyfit heir,
 Za nece said fezonas the fre,
 Gif he be tane quhat euer he be,
 I fall haue him to any part.
 Or I fall fell baith craft and art.
 And of him mak my lemman to,
 Sen that I may na better do,
 We grant zow him said ydeas.
 Mekill thank said fezonas,
 Thus thay spak makand thare fermoun,
 And Porrus faucht lik ane lyoun,
 Ay to the knychtis of Calde,
 And Alexander knychtis fre,
 Returnit that had leuit the chais,
 And the pray reskewit was,
 Bot zit wist thay na kin thing.
 Of Bety's na of his taking,
 That marciane led to presoun,
 Hame richt to his pauillone,
THE knychtis of Grece returnit thare.
 The fourriouris wald chace na mair,
 Before thame brocht thay hame the pray,
 Ioyfull and glaid Ioly and gay,
 Befyde the auld wall haue thay went.
 Quhare Porrus schewit his hardement,
 Quhen Cassamus saw him he can cry,
 Zeild the freind delyuerly,
 Or zow fall dee with dyntis feir.
 Thy defence may nocht help the heir
 Gang vp and the Bauderane be,
 Amang the ladeis that ar sa fre,
 Quhen Porrus had hard matelent.

OF ALEXANDER.

He swet for ire quhill neir he brint,
 Certis said he shir harrot hare,
 Is nane of zow sa hardy thare,
 That of myne fall haue ony thing,
 Bot he it win with hard fechtng.

CASSAMVS worthy was I wys,
 And wele deuyfed at all deuys.
 The outragious hardement weill he knew,
 Of porrus and be his hew,
 Of his semblance he knew full weill,
 That he na louit him neuer a deill.
 For honour zarnit he mare I wis,
 Than siluer or land or ocht that is.
 And to the cairles can he cry,
 Withdraw zow out mare hastelly,
 I fall wele better chewis me.
 Delyuerly than lichtit he.
 And said to porrus hastelly,
 Zeild the to me frely,
 And lat the nocht defoulit be,
 Na flane amang this communitie.
 Porrus na hede wald to him tak,
 perfay said Cassamus gif I mak,
 Mair bade to abyde thy will.
 the knichtis or vther loud or still,
 Sall say that I dar nocht assailze,
 Body for body in battailze,
 With that he grippit his sword in hy,
 And couered him with his sheild cleinly,
 And went to porrus sturdely,
 And porrus met him richt hardely.
 Bot I of na auysement,

¶ THE AVOWES

Can tell bot of thare hardement,
 Of bodeis armes and breiftis braid,
 And heidis fik ane hurching maid,
 That men micht lykin it was fa snell,
 To tempest that fra the cluddis fell,
 Ather hes feld his fallow leill,
 For thare armine styth of steill,
 Na man of thame was fa hardy,
 That he na wald haue peax honorabilly.

THVS Cassamus can assailze fast,
 Porrus can perellous strakes cast.
 Gif the tane bare him worthely,
 The tother bare him hardelly.
 With the plummettis of swordis bricht,
 Thay strake vther with all thare micht
 On fydes, and als baith woundit ar,
 The carlis had ferly that thare war.
 And said that thay war deuils or dragouns,
 For nouthel helme na zit blasouns,
 Nor mannis body may suffer lang.
 Sik dushis as thay togidder dang.
 Than Gaudefeir enforfitly,
 Come with the men of Arraby,
 And hard the dinging of thare dyntis,
 That kest fyre as man dois flyntis.
 Certis the knichtis of Grece can say,
 We saw nane fik fechtand this day,
 In all the fechting that is gane.
 Now lat we thame ane quhyle allane,
 Thare at leuch Cassamus I wis,
 And said lordingis be all that is
 I am heildit with my sheild ilk deill,

OF ALEXANDER.

With his great strakes I felt him weill,
Ze may trow me but vther aith,
With that baith sword and blaifoun baith,
He keft flatlingis away him fra,
And tuke him in his armes tua.
And Porrus met him full sturdelly,
Than thay of Grece lap down in hy,
And fefit Porrus on ilk fyde,
He was hard fted into that tyde,
And rashed of his helme I wis,
And reft his sword maugre his,
Thufgate was Porrus tane with threte,
That tholit pane and trauell grete.
On him was nouthir fennoun nor vane,
That thay na mouit war ilkane.
The Gretians witnes him I wis.
Of fouerane worfhip our all that is.
And Caffamus loud cryit fyne,
Quhare is Betys my deir coufine,
I fe him nocht about vs heir,
I am red he be prefonere,
Perfay faid Porrus I can tell,
Certane tydingis how him befell.
With me lang ere iuftit he,
And thare fik hanfell gaue he me,
That I am takin all maugre myne,
Amang the furriouris yan raid he fyne,
I faw him nocht fenfyne agane,
Gif he be tane fa God me fane,
And I alfua heir tane I wis,
This bargane weill les growand is,
For tharethrow wonder weill may be.

¶ THE AVOWES

Throw freinds help accordit be,
LO gude confort said Cassamus,
 For did we vther wayes than thus.
 We war wrang and he nocht dede.
 Bot forthy fa God me rede,
 My hart reioyfis mony wyis,
 For in gud knichtis great confort lyis.
 Now ga we hame with gamming and play
 Gar bring vs heir ane hors that may
 Beir this knicht, with that in hy,
 Thay lap on hors delyuerly,
 And raid with Porrus to the toun.
 But or he pas of that presoun,
 Quhair fyne lufe festinis the Baedrane,
 He fall bring Betys hame agane.
 Now thay of Calde gais thair way,
 Ioyfull and glaid Ioly and gay.
 Ledand thare presoner Porrus,
 Into the toun throw port Iuorus.
 Syne war thay sone vnarmit all,
 And Porrus that was stith in stall,
 Vnarmit was delyuerly.
 In kirtill and mantill fyne cled cleinly,
 Mekill he was and formed weill,
 His lymmis weill shapin war ilk deill,
 His visage was ane party broun,
 And fleshly was with reffoun.
 I hecht he was behaldin weill,
 Of knichtis and ladeis fair to feill,
 Of his hie worship ran the cry,
 Our all the toun richt hastelly,
 The tythandis come to chalmer Venus,

OF ALEXANDER.

Quhare fezonas was and ydorus,
That had great glaidship in thair thocht,
And said for thame thair Goddis wrocht,
Certis said fezonas the small.
Attanis may all myscheif fall,
Now fall I lemman haue parde,
That for douchty fall haldin be,
Bot thank now will I gif to nane,
Bot to dam ydeas hir allane,
That grantit me him or he was cuming,
All hope I ellis scho had him numyng,
Gif hir hap thocht him fare to se.
Bot now ane party broun was he,
Thair of is me myffallin greatly,
Bot of wirship alluterly,
than is he chofin our all the laif.
Said ydeas dam sa God me saif,
Ze say zour will our largely,
I haue quit clomit him vterly,
Ze driue me fast to heithing ay.
And ay reproues me quhen ze may,
My fueit fallow said fezony,
It is bot play in company,
With that come Gaudefeir and Caulus,
Lyoun Arreste and Cassamus,
Porrus with thame thair prefonere,
Agane thame rais the ladeis cleir,
In venus chalmer cumin ar.
the Knychtis of Grece that wourthy war,
Wnarmyt war thay euer ilk deill,
And claid in robis that semyt weill,
Within thair prefonere thay brocht.

¶ THE AVOWES

The ladyes him louit in dede and thocht,
 For the great worship and bounte,
 That of him ran in the citte,
 And for it als that thay had fene,
 Vpon the walles quhare thay had bene,
 That zarned thay beheld him all,
 Fefonas that was gent and finall,
 Be the hand richt luffumly,
 Him tuke and said richt courtasly,
 Schir ze haue me greued fare.
 To day fa God me keip fra care,
 For greuous panes I saw zow dre,
 Carles are euill folk and vnse,
 Had ze nocht all the better bene,
 Thay had zow slane that men had fene.
 Bot wonder hie worship and bounte,
 Delyuered zow of thare pouste.
 Dam said Porrus that sum thing thocht,
 My help had me auailzeit nocht,
 Na war the auld mannis bounte,
 That throw his wirship souccourit me.
 Perfay said Cassamus fare nece,
 Na had nocht bene the knychtis of grece,
 That helpit he had warrit me,
 Than luich thay all with gamyng and gle,
 Porrus sum deill afchamit was,
 And finait doun smertly with the face,
 With that ane boy come and tald,
 Tythandis of Betyis that was bald.
 That the fourriouris was tane,
 Betyis all armyt of helm allane,
 He is hale of hurtis all.

OF ALEXANDER.

Bot on his neis ane tyting small,
 Hurt with ane knyf at his taking,
 Quhen fezonas the fare thing,
 Hard that sho maid great dule cry.
 Porrus hir comfort courtally,
 And said be God my deir lady,
 Lat prefonere agane prefonere ly,
 The madin sychand thankit him fast,
 Thus war thay comfort at the last,
THVS war thay in way of confort,
 Of Porrus had thay great disport,
 And of Betys great dule I wis.
 In venus chalmer with Ioy and blis,
 Thus ar thay set in filkin weid,
 Porrus beheld thame with gude speid,
 And ilkane of tha ledeis fre.
 To vthir said in priuate,
 Quha sa ane wourthy man wald haue,
 Hir bird nocht change sa God me faue,
 This knycht for nane that leuand Is.
 Than blenkit vp Cassamus with blis,
 And bad men feche the Bauderane sone,
 ane squyre went without hone,
 To recht him quhars he allane.
 Was prayand in to tempil and thane,
 The vassalle come delyuerly,
 Quhare God gart all gude multiply,
 The knycht of Grece agane him zeid.
 Of the prfoneris sa God me speid,
 Na of thare semblance na of thare fare,
 At this tyme I can tell na mare.

¶ THE AVOWES

Fezonas tuke Porrus be the hand,
 For that he suld be hir stand,
 And he hir als and syne thay set,
 On silk samyng and veluet.
 Schir said the schene sa God me fe,
 I war richt blyth that it might be
 that all my freindis quhare euer thay war,
 War als worthy as ze ar.
 And als weill mycht thole pane and thrang,
 In hard battale and towris strang,
 Clarus weir suld greif ws les,
 Dame said Porrus sa God me blis.
 Clarus is gif I dar say.
 Mychty of land and of money,
 And of hie kin of thame of troy,
 thocht he be auld sa haue I Ioy.
 War I woman I durst weill say,
 that ane aid of great nobillay,
 I suld midew in na kin thing,
 I say it nocht be heuinnys King,
 As his sone for ony eis,
 I hait the weir and luffis the peis,
 Quhen Fezonas hard him aperty,
 sho was aschamit bot nocht forthy,
 Gif ze of me had senzeory,
 I suld manteine me sa wyfly,
 that I my freindis will suld do,
 to quhome thay wald assent thair to,
 Thusgait said fezonas perfay,
 And the fourriouris raid thair way,
 And thay conquerit greatly,
 For thay the Bauderane suld haue quyckly.

OF ALEXANDER.

THE fourriouris ar went thare way,
 Thare presonere with thame had thay,
 Marciane can neir him ryde,
 The Bauderanis war on ilka syde.
 For throw him hopit thay weill to haue,
 thare lord that thay luifit our the laif,
 that Gaudefeir held in Effezone,
 In venus chalmer in presoun.
 Bot zit of Porrus wist thay noch,
 How he was tane or quhat he wrocht,
 Marciane sperit at Betys than,
 Beaufchir of Porrus gif ze can.
 We pray zow tell ws sum thing,
 Za said Betys without lesing,
 I can tell sum tithingis of the fere,
 He and I straik sik ane straik lang ere.
 That I na wist quhethir it was nicht or day,
 I wat na mare of him perfay,
 Bot that he is wicht and hardy,
 Baith stout staluart and mighty,
 And be Marcus men fuld sone faill.
 to find ane better in ane great battaill,
 Schir said ane fwane Porrus is tane,
 Befyde ane auld wall him allane,
 Bot he in armes sa him bare,
 And sik slauchter hes maid thare,
 that neir about him lay.
 And hes na hurt as I hard say,
 Bot ane hurt with ane stane of fer,
 For his defence durst nane cum ner.
 than Cassamus can loud cry,
 Withdraw zow carles haistelly,
 togidder thay straik as fyre of flint.

¶ THE AVOWES

And athir vthir in armis hynt,
 Porrus was sefit on ilkane fyde,
 His armour rest thay him that ilk tyde,
 I saw thame put him in presoun.
 Fallow said Marciane muacoun,
 Gif he be tane and is nocht dede,
 Zit ar we weill sa God me rede,
 For athir vthir than throw this.
 We fall to ransoun cum I wys,
 It fallis in weir quhillis to tyne,
 And for to wyn ane vthir fyne,
 Men fuld mak mirrie quhill thay mocht,
 For discumfort availzeis nocht,
QVHEN Marciane said all his intent,
 Towart the oist of Ind he went,
 And at his Innis lychtit he is.
 Courtasly he turnit Betys,
 And at lasere vnarmyt fyne,
 With watter that was freche and fyne.
 He gart refreche him in that sted.
 And with gude claithis him clenly cled,
 He was weill maid fra end to end,
 Outhir to affaill or to defend,
 To Clarus pauillone thay him led.
 Bot thair is nane sa God me rede,
 That may reiois the King Clarus,
 For the lufe of his sone Porrus,
 Before his pauillone he standis.
 To tak the air and heir tythandis.
 Of the furriouris that furth war went,
 Ane child tald him with richt intent,
 The taking of Porrus the fre,
 And the meruele that thare maid he.

OF ALEXANDER.

Of cairlles that him affailzeit fast,
 And how Caffamus at the laſt,
 Embraced him full ſturdely,
 And him hint full hardely.
 And how the knichtis of Grece thare hynt,
 Reft him his ſword or thay wald ſtynt,
 And his helme and his blaſoun,
 And led him tane to thair prefoun.
 Said Clarus men mon thole all this,
 Gif it be ſuith thow ſayis I wis,
 For na kin thing that I can ſe,
 He bird nocht greatly blamed be.
 I had leuer that he with honour
 Be tane, than ſhamefully leiſ the ſtour.

QVHEN Clarus hard tell tything,
 Of Porrus his dere couſing,
 That forouttin deid was tane,
 Defendand him all him allane.
 In armes greatly worſhip doand,
 For to conquere honour leſtand.
 In his hart wonder glaid was he,
 And ſaid fallow ſa God me ſe,
 I heir the tell ane great farly,
 How that ane man allanerly,
 Agane ſa fele fuld hald battale,
 Him ſelfe defend and thame affale,
 Handis to hew and hedes baith,
 And ſyne be tane but harme or ſkaith.
 Schir ſaid the chylde men may find weill,
 Sum men that can nocht greif a deill.
 ane man that armed is all at richt,
 Gif he defend with all his micht.
 Quhen gude men ſettis all to all,

¶ THE AVOWES

To win honour I trow he fall,
 With mekill pane be brocht to dede,
 And it war fin fa God me rede,
 Ane gudman at mischeif to fla,
 Quhare men may him to prefoun ta,
 Ane gude man fuld to ane vther ay,
 In ilk stede bere honour and fay,
 Thow sayis wele fallow said Clarus,
 Be he takin as thow sayis thus,
 As I had leuer he be perfay,
 Sua tane na fleand cum away.
 Than Marciane to his pauillioun,
 To confort him brocht his prefoun.

QVHEN auld King Clarus saw cum nere,
 Marciane and his presonere,
 He said ane presoner heir is,
 That in battell was tane I wis,
 In his face it apperis weill,
 Him semes stark and stith to feill,
 Baith zong and be sembland ioly,
 But hart faill him he bird be douchty,
 Bot thay of Bauderis hes wonnen small,
 Quhen thay Porrus the stith in stall,
 Hes left for this and the Bauderane,
 They ar the best fa God me fane,
 That ar amang the oist of Inde,
 Or zit that come of that kynde,
 Zit wald I weill pryse thame mare,
 Sib to me gif thay na ware.
 Efter this word thay ar all set,
 On carpettis made of weluet.
 Then Marciane and his presonere,
 Approched to the pauillion nere,

OF ALEXANDER.

Than cryit he quhair is Porrus
 Schir said Marciane be marcus,
 He is tane bot we haue ane,
 Of lytill les price we haue ane.
 Gaudiferis bruthir he hecht Betys,
 We fall for him at myne auyse,
 Our presoneris haue thocht thay war tane,
 Now be it sa said Clarus thane
 My freind fall be that may it speid,
 Schir said Marciane haue na dreid,
 We fall for fyue dayis treux ta,
 Of vs and thare oistis alsua.
 Throw freindis help sa get fall we,
 And thay I trow fall lousit be,
 Said Clarus certis quhill I leif,
 We sal be freindis na him forgeif.
 That me contrarys with all his mane,
 And alsua hes my bruthir slane,
 He hes despyfit to myne avyse,
 To mekill baith prynces & lordis of price,
 And euill may nocht haue last,
 His end he seis approchand fast,
 For in this ilk zeir fall he,
 Outher dede or discumfit be.
 For at the dry tre lang quhyle fyne,
 the Goddis him tald how he suld fyne,
 Bot he trowes nocht for thy,
 I will be keptit lelely.
 For v. dayis for four or thre,
 Quhill the presoneris delyueret be,
IT lykis me weill said auld Clarus,
 that the trux be takin thus,
 that on baith the halfis men may haue franchis.

¶ THE AVOWES

To gang and cum with Marchandyce.
 Quhill the prifoneris delyuered be,
 Schir vaffale I fay to the.
 Schir faid Betys at zour lyking,
 Now be it fua faid Clarus King.
 Gar fet the burd that we may cit,
 For we fall wele efter the meit,
 Send to purches this empryfe,
 Thay fet the burd at his deuyfe,
 Quhan thay had wafhin that barny,
 Was fet to meit all halely.
 By Marciane fet was Betys,
 And Caneus that can him pris,
 Of the worfhip and of bounte,
 Him gaif louing and renoune.

THIS was in middes the moneth of May,
 Quhen winter wedes ar away.
 And foulis fingis of foundis feir,
 And makes thame mirth on thare manere,
 And graues that gay war waxis grene,
 As nature throw his craftis kene
 Schroudis thame felf with thare floures,
 Wele fauorand of fere colouris,
 Blak Blew blude rede alfua,
 And Inde with vther hewis ma.
 That tyme fell in the middes of May,
 Quhen auld Clarus with great deray,
 Come with his oift as men of were,
 For to aflege zong Gaudefere
 And Betys, and into that citte,
 For lufe of Fefonas the fre,
 The tyifday eftir ald Caffamus,
 Brocht Alexander and Emynedus.

OF ALEXANDER.

With Alexander in thare helping,
 On Wednesday in the morning,
 The folk of Pers and Barbary,
 And thay of Inde and of Medy,
 Affailzeit at the Barreris fa fast,
 With all thare micht bot at the last,
 Thare was the lord of Bauderis tane,
 Cassamus kepis him allane,
 Bot outhar presoun or festnine,
 Bot throw lele lufe and laute syne,
 The furriouris on thurisdai syne,
 Came to the zet hecht Eboryne,
 And sesit of oxin and ky ane pray,
 Bot Caldeans ished out at deray,
 And thay of Grece richt sturdely,
 Ished with thare cheualry.
 Thare was mony ane slane and dede,
 Porrus was takin into that stede,
 Besyde ane wall thare he faucht,
 And to Grecians great routis raucht,
 Defendand him as ane lyoun,
 On the tother halfe tane was Betoun,
 Now will thare freindis counfall tak,
 How thay thare lousing best may mak.

LORDINGIS this tyme that I of mene,
 At that pray was knichtis kene,
 Takin and reskewit chaiffand,
 Porrus was tane I vnderstand,
 Affailzeand Grecians halely,
 And him defendand doughtely,
 Cassamus hint him by the hand,
 And maugre his rest him his brand,
 And his helme and his blasoun.

¶ THE AVOWES

And led him takin in his prefoun,
 Great honour all hale him bare,
 That was thair in baith les and mare
 The madinis honorit him greatly.
 In venus chalmer iolely,
 Thay maid thare with lauchter and fang,
 Great glaidship was thame amang,
 Of Porrus war thay blyth ilkane.
 And wraith for Betys that was tane,
 Bot thairfor left thay na kin thing,
 Of thare gamyng and thare playing,
 At thame of meit the wafhis blew,
 Ay tua and tua togidder drew,
 And hand in hand before the hall,
 In ane harbeir assemblit all,
 Porrus zeid malancoliand.
 Vp and doun in court gangand,
 With that ane chyld besyde him went,
 With ane stain bow in hand all bent,
 Quhair with he birdis and pyets slew.
 Porrus him saw and neir him drew,
 And said gude freind for lufe of me,
 Len me that bow, I grant said he,
 He tuke the bow and taistit fone.
 And thairin hes ane pellok done,
 And throw the court lukit vp and doune,
 On Venus chalmer he saw ane poune,
 That with his tale maid iolely,
 The quheill and turnit him fetally.
 Schute Beaufschir said Cassamus,
 Na schir it fallis nocht said Porrus,
 Zit fais the auld schute hardely,
 Thare is heirin ma than thretty.

OF ALEXANDER.

Spare thame nocht thare is anew,
 Porrus auysed him and than drew,
 The poun he hit richt on the hede,
 Quhill on the stane the harnis glede,
 And out of the hede the ene out braft,
 The poun fell down flichterand fast.
 Than lordis and ladeis come rinnand sone,
 And Fesonas forouttin hone,
 Come in makand richt fare sembland,
 And fefed Porrus be the hand.
 And lauchand to him said sho raith,
 Schir ze ar tane doand me skaith,
 Dame said Porrus I ask mercy,
 And zeildis me to zow vterly,
 Fra this tyme furth for euermare,
 Schir said that shene I aske na mare.
 Bot I will hald zow in my prefoun,
 Quhill we accord for zour ransoun.

THVS was the poun brocht to end,
 And fyne was to the kytchine send.
 And Grecians and Caldeanes with all,
 All hand in hand zeid to the hall,
 Great honour athir vthir bare,
 As folk weill taucht and nurist ware,
 And hand in hand to meit thay zeid.
 On rich carpettis and filkin weid,
 The mayddinis hes the presoners tane,
 and intermelle to mete ar tane,
 Of schorting solace and of gamyng.
 and lauchter and with blyth blenkis amying,
 and of gude wordis and gracious,
 and of thocht sweit and amorous,
 Amang thame Intermute thay maid.

¶ THE AVOWES

For at deuyfe thairof thay had.
 Schir said fezonas my poun is flane,
 And Porrus gif I haue misgane,
 The misdeid madame is myne.
 End zouris is the mercy fyne,
 And refoun will I duell of det
 For euir mare as zour subiect,
 And eftir this weir zour freind fall be.
 Gif that it lykis to deftane,
 That I efchape bot agane fkill,
 I aucht to be ay at zour will,
 Schir said the fare dam fezonas,
 I wald ze did na mare trefpas,
 And of my gudis I warne zow weill,
 I wald haue geuin ane weill great deill,
 With thy that ze war nocht vterly,
 Our fa than Caffamus can cry,
 Is the poun roffit za fchir said ane,
 Brochit and fairffit ane weill quhyle gane,
 Lordingis said auld Caffamus.
 Be all our Goddis and be Marcus.
 I rede we to the pacok do,
 The vfage that coustumit is thair to.
 In this countre the vfage is.
 That ilk man avow fall his auyfe,
 And heirin is the wourthieft,
 That leuand is and the beft,
 For at this burd thare is fittand.
 Outrage and fchame deifpite neir hand,
 And wirfhip hardement and rigour,
 Zouthhede fairheid and amour,
 Lemman eild and lufe I wys,
 The worft part vterly myne is.

OF ALEXANDER.

This is all that in armis lye,
Fra helm be fet sic is the fye,
With that thay luich and maid thare gamyng,
And anfuered with ane word all famyng,
Schir Cassamus we grant thair to,
As ze haue ordainit we fall do.

Heir beginnys the Avous.

LORDINGIS said auld Cassamus the hare
Sen we all assemblit are,
I rede we mak ane myrre day,
Of gamyng solace and of play,
And zow schir Porrus I requere,
To comfort zow and mak gude cheir.
Ze fall be lousit I tak on hand,
Of zour lowfing I hard tithand.
And be zour Goddis euir ilkane,
I wald nocht all zour oist war tane,
In my presone in the manere.
As ar in our presone heir,
zour great wirship and zour auyse,
Had sauid and sesit our pryse.
Schir said Porrus it is na skill,
To ganefay I na will,
Bot I wald weill ay quhill I leif,
Ilk zeir of my gudis geif,
To the percunand that I.
War ay into sik company,
And at the weir had tane ending,
Of ws and ouris and zour King,
Said Cassamus ze ar wourthy.
And said zour auyse richt courtasly,
With that he callit on Eliot.
That was ane madin full mynzeot.

¶ THE AVOWES

That feruit Gaudefere and Betys,
 And thare fyfter the fare and wys.
 Gar bring the poun delyuerly.
 On the maner of Massony,
 The maydin raid, and with hir zeid,
 Ane menstrale playand wale gude spede,
 Vpone ane tympane playit weill,
 And before Cassamus can kneill.
 The auld reioyfed was and can cry,
 With ioyfull hart richt myrrely,
 This mete for douchty ordaned is,
 That worthy ar ladeis for to kis,
 Heirto fuld men avow heyly,
 And syne fulfill douchtelly,
 Of armes and of amouris samin,
 And I fall first begin the gammin.
 Schir Cassamus said Elyot,
 Ze ar the eldest of the floit,
 And vmeft sittis in cumpany,
 Avow the riche avowery.
 My sweit I grant said Cassamus,
 And avowes to the God Marcus,
 Gif that the feild discumfit be,
 Throw Alexander and his menze,
 And I Clarus the King of Inde,
 May at myscheif or failzeing finde,
 Into defoull of stedes stamping,
 Sa that he mifter haue of helping,
 that he fall succour haue of me,
 And helping quhill he horsed be.
 Syne ourmare I fall me draw,
 And all this that ze heir me shaw,
 It fall be done for Porrus saik,

OF ALEXANDER.

That can ken cowartis for to quaik,
That taken is and haldin heir,
Throw his worship in our dangeir.
Schir said Porrus ane hundreth fyfe,
I thank zow for on quhatkin wyfe,
Sa euer it fall zit fall zour meid,
Be quit zow weill and this for deid.
For gude dede gude saw na gude bounte,
Suld neuer mare vnzoldin be.

SYNE efter nixt sat Arrestes,
Richt at the first end of the des.
He was baith fare courtes and wyfe,
And douchty man of mekill pryfe,
Eleos said him courtesly,
Beaufhir ze that cheualry,
Enchewis the weiris and the turnans,
And is sa pryfit with Grecians.
Avowes to our poun the richt.
Arreste said fare madin bricht,
Zour peax be faued I am nane of tha,
That may fik michty maisteris ma,
Nocht for thy I auow heir,
And hechtis that ze all may heir,
That throw out all this mekill weir,
I fall serue with sheild and speir,
The folk that ar in the citie,
And fezonas that is sa fre,
That of fyne farehede hes na peir.
I fall nocht be olk na zeir,
Behynd quhill ze appetit be,
Of Clarus and of his menze,
Bot Alexander his will I fay.

¶ THE AVOWES

Haue me hyne with strenth away,
 Beaufhir said Fefonas the fre,
 Zour body ay mot bliffit be,
 And we fall hale that heirin is,
 Serue zow in worship at all deuis.

EFTER him nixt fat Perdicas,
 Befyde the fare dame Fezonas.
 Mekill he was stark and wele made,
 Of courtaffy yneuch he had,
 Wyfe and wele taucht in all hauing,
 And hardy als attour all thing.
 He was bot xxx zeir of eild,
 And Elyos blythly him beheld,
 And said thir ze that of valour,
 Of worship and of honour.
 Hes of all men rumor and cry,
 Vowes the richt auowery.
 Said Perdicas my sweit thing,
 I refuse nocht zour commanding,
 Bot avowes and thareto hechtis,
 Gif the King and Clarus fechtis,
 At set battell and certane day,
 That quhen the best cumis in array,
 Sa that the battell be purueyit,
 To assemble hale arrayit,
 That I fall licht in middes the feild,
 With helme haubrek spere and sheild,
 To help the fariandis with my micht,
 Thare fall I duell with thame and fecht.
 Outher leif or dee quhether God will fend,
 Quhill that the battell cum to end,
 And be difconfit that all may fe,

OF ALEXANDER.

Quod Cassamus sa mot I the,
 He na failzeis that the vow hes hecht,
 Na in the avow na in the knicht,
 Is nocht ane poynt of Cowardy,
 Bot weill the mare he is hardy.

EFTER nixt said Fefonas,
 That ferly fare of figure and face.
 Elyos said hir lady bricht,
 Avow madame and hald zour hecht.
 I grant thareto said Fefonas,
 And I avow and hechting mais,
 To Alexander the nobill King,
 That cumis heir in our helping.
 That for my saik the great riuage,
 Past of Pharon the veage.
 That I sall neuer maryed be,
 Na haue lemmen in priuate,
 Bot I it haue throw his helping.
 And quha sa haldis this for lesing,
 He knawes lytill my hart I wis,
 Or zit the will that tharein is.
 Cassamus said na be my fay,

Thow hes great resfoun sa to say
QVHEN Fefonas the fare and wyse,
 Had said hir will and hir auyse.
 That sho na lufe loud nor still,
 Suld haue, but Alexanderis will,
 To gude thay set it euerilk ane,
 Of hir avow hir blamed nane.
 And Elyos before Porrus,
 Arrested hir, and said him thus,
 Schir leif the thocht that zow anoyis.

¶ THE AVOWES

And pay the poun that zow behouis.
 Fare said Porrus with avowing,
 I may nocht dele, na with hechting,
 Quhill that I am in prefoun tane,
 For of me power haue I nane.
 Bot at my lousing wald I wele,
 Accord with zow euerilk dele.
 Avow baldly said Floridas,
 For be all goddis that euer was,
 Ze may avow als hardelly,
 As all that ar in cheualry,
 May into armes to be afcheuit.
 That I dar fay for I haue preuit,
 Zour strakes and zour mekill nicht,
 To day hes fellit me in the ficht.
 And tuyse in fuouning gart me ly.
 Wald ze haue flane me fickerly,
 In all this warld thare was na man,
 That nicht haue bene my warrand than.
 Schir said Porrus full courtasly,
 To faue zour speke I wald blythly,
 Be sik as ze deuyse me heir.
 Zis said Floridas the feir,
 In zow is na thing to amend,
 Sa great vertew hes God zow fend,
 That quha fa nicht in ten partis,
 Deale the worship that in zow is,
 Men nicht mak ten worthy and wicht,
 Large and forffy for to ficht.
 Of the outrageous worfheip,
 That God hes geuin zow to keip.
 Porrus him hard and changed hew,

OF ALEXANDER.

For ane zarning of lufe all new,
Him tuiched throw the hart I hecht,
And that was throw ane suddane ficht,
Of Fefonas freſh colour,
And of zouthhede and amour,
In him was aſſembled na foly,
Thocht he on hie cheualry,
Set his intent and his etling,
For louers deſyres to haue louing,
For thy he wald enfors his vow,
And doubill it quha ſhall allow.
And Elyos can to him ſay,
Schir ze aucht not na ze na may,
Forſaik this avow on na kin ſkill.
Fare ſaid Porrus ſen ze it will,
I will aſſent me but dangere,
And avow and als will ſuere,
And diſcomfit I ſhall the great battale,
Quha euer defend quha euer aſſale.
Gif God fra dede will ſaue me firſt,
Fra menzeing and fra lymmes brift,
And with Emynedus firſt ſhall I,
Juſt and aſſay his cheualry,
His hors but dout ſhall ga with me,
Maugre quha ſa anoyit be.
Schir ſaid Lyoun ſa God me rede,
It is full hard to win that ſtede,
And gif that ze that hors may win,
And bring him to marcat or chapin,
Wonnin vpone ſik ane wyfe,
I ſhall gar wey him fyfty fyfe,
With the beſt gold that man may finde,

¶ THE AVOWES

In Arraby in Egypt or in Inde.

QVHEN Porrus his awin avow had made
 And him beheld and ferly hade,
 And said amang thame preuallly,
 this vow is outrageous and hardy,
 Sa hie avow made neuer nane,
 Quhare fall men find of fleshe or bane,
 Ony that may it fulfill,
 Great pane and trauell lyis thare till,
 Great hap and great hardement,
 Great strenth and great auyfment,
 Him byrd to haue forouttin fail,
 that fuld vincus the great battail,
 And for to reif the dukes stede,
 It war ane vndemus hardy dede.
 For quhen the fecht assembled is,
 He salbe the worthiest I wis,
 that beis in that assemble,
 Or euer was or euer fall be.
 Fefonas him beheld and thocht,
 that but great hart he is nocht,
 that sik ane thing had vndertane,
 And to hir selfe sho said allane,
 Happy micht that lady be,
 that sik ane husband had as he,
 thocht to ruse haue na beute,
 Of great worship and bounte,
 Attour all vther he fall appere.
 And gif the avow be fare to here,
 It will alwayes farar be,
 the worthiest of the world is he.
 thus Fefonas in hir thinking,

OF ALEXANDER.

Delyted hir and had lyking,
AND Eleos before ydeas
 Said my lady fare of face,
 Auowes heir to quhat euer ze will.
 Fare said that fueit I grant thairtill,
 And Auowes that the poune fall be,
 Restorit that ze all may se,
 Of purest gold richt fare and fyne.
 And he that it wirkis he fall set it fyne,
 With sement vpone ane piller,
 Of marbill polist fare and cleir,
 That fall be the restoring.
 That he and sho fall haue menyng,
 That euer it feis of oure affere,
 Of our vowis and our weir,
 Dam said Porrus God gif zow meid.
 Thi great guerdoun and fore deid,
ON athir half Dam ydeas,
 That was sa fare of fax and face,
 The Bauderane sat with ferly fere.
 And Eleas that the poune couth beir,
 To him said Beaufschir avowis heir till,
 He said my fare thing and I will,
 Avow and tharto hechting mais,
 Gif the mekill battale furth gais.
 That I fall haue the burnist brand,
 Out of the ryall Kingis hand,
 That hechtis and geuis sa largely.
 I fall gang reif him sickerly,
 In myddis the slur of his menze,
 Quha euer it help sa fall it be,
 Amang thame great murmour rais.

¶ THE AVOWES

And said amang thame quhat he was,
Full of wodnes and foly.
that had avowit sa hatandly.

AND Cassamus answered that was wraith.

And I avow and fueris baith,
that I fall haue thyne helm of steill,
thocht it be festnit neuer sa weill,
Or ellis thy hede I fall of ryf,
Or armis fall brek and all to dryf.
Thow hes avowit outrageously,
And vndemous hardely,
Quhen thow the worthiaft that leiffis,
Wmdir the heuin and maist gude geuis.
Suld reif his fuerd amang vs all,
Be all our Goddis gif it mycht fall,
that thow it wyn on sik manere,
And thow may bring it to vs heir,
I fall gar pay the in ane stound,
Of siluer ane houndreth thousand pund,
that nocht ane penny fall be ill,
Now may thow win gif weirdis will.
The Bauderane said Beaufschir perfay,
Heir fallis na wraith nor zit deray,
The auowis ar to all men common,
Bot zit or all the play be done.
the hardest lyis at the escheuing,
thare fallis in armis mony thing,
And mare ferly ane houndreth fyfe,
than man can wit how it may ryfe.
And wyfe men in ane prouerb sayis,
that to laute hes Elauais.
that quhen ane steid wele and sadly.

OF ALEXANDER.

Beginning in and hardely,
It is to gude vnderstanding,
Weill neir brocht to gude ending,
Lordingis I rede said Cassamus.
We schute this speke for be marcus,
I hope that ilk wounder weill,
 ore ilka deill,
 thede and strenth I wis.
 assemblit Is,
 d hardement weill dar prufe,

Illuminit with the low of lufe,
And he haue wning eweill to do
And weill geuis his assent thairto,
It is ferly than na hait briftis,
Or ellis that luffar leuand lestis,
QVHEN the Bauderane on his wyfe.
Had maid his vow and his empryse,
Dam ydorus that sat him neir,
Maid hir avow on this manere,
Scho I haue to my lemman,
Hecht my lufe of lang tyme gane.
That myne hes zarnit and gaif me his,
And thocht I gif him myne I wis,
I bird nocht blamit for to be,
For he fulfillis of all bounte.
Baith hardy and worthy I wis,
And voydit of all cowardys,
Zoung fare and auenand,
Of fueit and gracious sembland.
And I avow for his gentrice,
I fall him lufe forout fantice,
With steidfast hart and trew and fyne.

¶ THE AVOWES

Quod Caffamus fare coufine,
Thow hes great reffoun fen amour,
The leares to leif in that labour.

NIXT Idorus was fet Lyoun,
That throw his wit and his reffoun,
And his wifdome was Marfhale,
Of Alexanderis hoſte all hale,
Elyas to him ſaid in hy,
Schir ze that throw zour cheualry,
Of mony fare worſhip hes louing.
And quhen Alexander the King,
Send furth ſeuin hundreth to forray,
Befyde Gaderis in ane valay,
Thare come on zow the Duke Betys,
With xxx thouſand men of prys,
And for default of meſſingere,
He had bene flane all but were,
And wald nocht ga for luſe nor treat,
Althocht he ſaw the perell great,
Full courtally ſaid Lyonell,
My awin fare fueit damyſell.
It was perſurneiſt doughtely,
With ane better all out than I,
His bowellis on his forther arſoun,
In the ſkirt of his haberſoun,
Wounded throw the corps I wis,
Fyue fyſe or ſex and zit he is,
Leuand I loif God lo quhare
He ſittis with the furrit mantill thare,
Arreſte than eſhamed was,
And ſinait doun ſmartly with the ſas.

OF ALEXANDER.

Then leuch thay all that him can se,
And Elyot said thir ze suld be,
Cherest and honored attour all thing,
And of all haue lufe and louing.
Avowes zour avow thir Lyonell,
I grant thareto fare damysell.
And I avow and hechtis baith,
That fall perfurnist be full raith.
I fall me arme forouttin lete,
Now allsone efter the mete,
And all allane of this toun,
Ryne to Clarus pauillioun,
And of his eldest sone ask iustyne,
This fall I do quhat euer cum syne,
Althocht I suld tharefore be tane,
Or with our fais defoulit or slane,
Quod Cassamus be God of mycht,
this vow is gentill to my sicht,
Hes he nocht thocht to purches pryce
And to win honour at deuyce,
I hope this gate wald nocht be gane,
Na zit this vaege vndertane,
But worship treuth and laute,
That God hes geuin zow of plente,
And the great vertew of amour,
Hes set zour will on that labour,
Tharefore ze sould haue cherisyng,
With all men and great louing.
As it is gude reffoun and skill,
And to our Goddis pray I will,
And to zouris alsua that ze,
Ay loued and honored be,

¶ THE AVOWES

LYONELL was glaid and blyth,
 Quhen he had vowit for alsuyth,
 He thocht it suld escheuit be.
 Syne nixt him fat floridas the fre,
 That into thank tuke na thing,
 Of the speke na of the auowing,
 That the fondain of Bauderis maid,
 thairof full great dispite he had.
 that he auansit him to reif,
 the fuerd of Alexanderis neif,
 His hart in ire was hate in hy,
 and to himself all priualy.
 He said it fall be bocht full deir,
 Or it war winnin on that maneir,
 He pryfit lytill the greions,
 And weill les the massidons.
 For to the Kingis rialte,
 It war great dispyte and velany,
 and to the knichtis of Grece it war,
 Reprufe and schame for euer mair.
 Eleos him beheld and luch,
 And said vassale ze think yneuch,
 ze ar amouit sa hardely,
 Quhareon is that ze think quhy.
 Perfay madame said floridas,
 Sic ane ferly neuer it was,
 zone vassale with the furret weid,
 Quhen ilk man armit be on his steid.
 Suld reif the King of grece his fuerd,
 that throw wirship and throw werd,
 throw largenes and throw bounte,
 Hes winnin sa mony fare citie.

OF ALEXANDER.

He pryfes vs lytill and les vs dredes,
That the gude King ay quhen vs nedes,
Hechtis and geuis forouttin let,
And als his larges is euill fet,
Gif he him did fik ane outrage,
Seand it halely his barnage,
Gif it sa fall haue he neuer blis,
That baith our lord and our King is,
Gif he vs leif of land ane grote,
And syne gar hang vs be the throte,
On gallous withouttin hone,
Sa gates fould he weill haue done.
And the Bauderane delyuerly,
Ansuered and said full courtally,
I pray that it be Beaufshire,
But melancoly fellone or ire,
Euenture hes vs impresoned here,
And this gude man with nobill cheer,
Hes maid vs here assemble,
In ioy folace and in iolyte,
For thy that ilk man suld say,
All hale that in his hart lay.
And gif outrage hes me ourtane,
And I vnwittandly hes gane,
The charge and the great traualing,
Lys hale in the esheuing,
My body of pane and of trauailzie,
Mon charged be vailze quod vailze,
And gif the Goddis throw euentour,
Wald send me fik hap and honour,
That I micht encheif my avow,
It suld be turned to pryce I trow.

¶ THE AVOWES

Said Floridas fa haue I feill,
 thow hes spoken richt wonder weill,
 And I as full myne intent,
 Hes shawin forout auysement,
 Now talk we lesing or fuith saw,
 All in to ioy euerilk thraw,
 Na for the King of Greces faik,
 Sall na man melancoly maik,
 Gif it happin that fa may be,
 that God has dampned in distane,
 that thow may hap and power haue,
 to refe his sword attour the laue
 Is warneft of great hardynes,
 And worship byrnand and stoutnes.
 And I avow to the crouned King
 that honored is attour all thing,
 That or thow haue that burnest brand,
 Borne halfe ane aker breid of land,
 I fall the assailze sua,
 that maugre thyne I fall the ta,
 And lede to him as presoun,
 Or ellis in tua I fall trunshoun,
 thy body all euerilk deill,
 thocht it war tempered all with steill,
 and gif I na do as I deuyse,
 Na fe I neuer my brother Dauryse,
 Na Dedefere my fare citte,
 Quhill that the King haue hanged me.
 Counsell the here with thy kin,
 For thow art set to tyne or win.
 The Bauderane said fa haue I feill,
 Thow hes encountered me richt wele,

OF ALEXANDER.

And say na thing bot laute,
Blessed mot thy father be,
that the gat, and the King alsua,
Dois na foly of the to ma.
For he hes treasure nane the till,
And gif that I haue said my will,
Forgif me, bot my avowing,
I fall fulfill attour all thing.
Quhen this avow had Floridas
Maid before thame all that thare was,
Byrnand in dispyte and pryde,
And the Bauderane that sat besyde,
Had said his will and his gle,
Thare was nane in that fемble,
That na was moued in his mude,
And changed hewis quhare he stude.
LORDINGIS than said Cassamus,
That lykes me be our God Marcus
this discorde is fare to se,
He that it hates shent mot he be.
Zit fall thare throw I vnderstand,
Be strykken mony strake with hand.
Now may men se quha hes zarning,
to win great honour and louing.
Begun throw worship and rigour,
And endit with pryce and honour,
Dere bocht with speres on scheldis bricht,
the worthy man feruis ane ransoun richt,
that worship in the weill doand,
Suld na man hyde na be heland,
Bot oft with gude hart makes recording,
to gar the doar haue louing,

¶ THE AVOWES

Sa may men to euill deid,
 Be quyte the gude honour and the meid,
 Lo the tyme cumming is parde,
 That the nobill renounit Iorne.
 Of wirship woddit beis at richt,
 In blude and harnes throw birneis bricht,
 Sall baichit be thare burnift brandis,
 Throw sturdy strakis of stalwart handis.
 And vnder feit defoullit be,
 Throw brount of hors and chad mell,
 Quhare sum falbe vnfound and feik,
 Zone knychtis schewis it vs in speke.
 Bot to my dome he beis nocht ill,
 That in that thrang may haue his will,
 And nocht forthy weill pruuit ys,
 That ane cowart throw cowardys.
 Sall hewin all to pecis be,
 Or blude be drawin on ane hardy,
 And quha fa him defendis weill,
 Men will gif him gude roum to reill.
 And leif him oft syfe voyd the way,
 Lordingis to zow is that I say,
 That sik thing hes spokin heir,
 That fall be bocht and fauld full deir,
 Fare Eme said fezonas the fre,
 Now fall thy wirship newit be,
 Of auld men that forzet hes bene,
 Said Cassamus fare consing schene.
 I wald nocht vthir wais it war,
 For syne gold to charge ane chare,
CASSAMVS was in company,
 Blyth and glaid wyse and witty.

OF ALEXANDER.

And in battale cruell and kene,
And greatly of the world hes sene,
He lukit to Gaudifeir his coufyn,
And lauchand to him said he fyne.
Fare confing now fallis to the,
Avow at poynt that thow nocht be,
Repruuit on na manere,
The child anfueret without affere.
And said Eme be the Goddis all,
That I honour and honour fall,
The knychtis of ynd that heir I fe.
Hes left nocht that I may avow to me.
Hes maid thair avous fa outrageous,
Sa woundet hes tane and fa greuous,
That agane thairis ina na avow,
Be far to pryse na to allow.
Sa that I wait nocht quhat to fay,
I am abayfit for be my fay,
Ane mychtiar than I mycht fail,
To discumfit the great battale.
Porrus fall vincus it I wis,
That for that wark weill ordourit is,
Mychty in armes and richt hardy,
And weill taucht in cheualry.
And fyne he fall reif his steid,
Fra the douchtiaft in deid,
That leiffis vnder the firmament,
Bot he him vaege I had him schent,
And lo zonder the Bauderane,
That vndertane hes in certane,
For to reif the nobill King,
His fuerd amang all his gadering.

¶ THE AVOWES

Quha fa euer be wraith or blyth,
 And Caulus answered him alfuylth,
 that he suld haue his helme but let,
 Thocht it war on with fymont set.
 thir ar men all made of stele,
 Or of Dyamontis auerilk dele,
 Nocht forthy for to avow,
 I am alreddy purueyed now.
 I vow and hechtis and zit I will,
 that ze wit baith gude and ill,
 That richt at Clarus enfinze,
 My hors brydill fall renze.
 The mekill hand ax in my hand
 that sharpe is and wele sherand.
 The standart and the gumfioun,
 Sall baith throw me be dungin doun.
 Ay quhill the vmeft lauchest be.
 Schir said Porrus full courtesle,
 It war great harme that fa suld fall,
 For than war we discumfit all.
S AID Elyot me think throw skill,
 this avow is hard to fulfill,
 And greuous vpon great manere.
 My fare fueit said Gaudefere,
 I haue avowit as fule suld do.
 Bot neidlingis thare behuffis thairto,
 to set wening agane wening,
 Bot all lyes in the escheuing,
 And quha fa nicht escheue it weill,
 I trow he suld euer ilka deill,
 Be turnit to worship and manhede,
 Schir said that shene fa God me rede

OF ALEXANDER.

Gif it na war hope and winning,
Come neuer zit zone man to lowing,
Thow fayis fuith he fayis perfay,
Now lat it happin howeuer it may.
Said Eleos fchir it may weill fall,
This auow and weill mare with all,
And hecht richt weill for to fullfill,
Bot gif ze wrocht aganis skill,
Zour father was the nobillist knycht,
That euer bare brand or birny bricht,
His wirship may me neuer noun,
And of gude father fuld cum gude foun.
And heirin als is nyne or ten,
Of the nobillest and worthiaft men,
That men may in the warld recouer,
or ellis the firmament may couer.
And ze fchir fuld reiois thame all,
And part the poune to great and small,
And kneill before the worthiest,
and profer in him as for the best.
Sa ar thay traualit to win prys,
That the warft to myne auyse,
Hes fa great wirship and valour,
That he aucht haue all honour.
and tharof thocht to faill parde,
I aucht nocht blamit for to be,
With na refoun and with that word,
He lanfit lichtly our the burd.
and tuke with him dam ydeas,
and ydorus the fare of face,
Quha had bene thair that nicht to se,
He micht haue sene throw Iolite,
The folk reiois thame Iolely,

¶ THE AVOWES

That zede and come wele merrely,
Carralland with femely sang,
And myrth of menstrally thame amang.

IN Iupiters great palyce,
Quhare thay of Grece war at auyce.
Before the burd begouth the ioy,
Idorus that was myld and moy,
Sang richt myrrely and cleir,
And Idorus on hir maneir,
Affectit for hir amouris syne,
Hir lykit to lufe vnder that lyne.
And Elyos full mynzeotly,
Danfit and carralit fetasly,
And bare the poun that all might fe.
Gaudefere syne lord of Calde,
Before thame syne in carrell zeid,
Cled into ane filkin weid,
Sa wonder fare and fa fetys,
And he was maid at all deuys.
And sa worthy and worthyer,
That was to feik outhir neir or far.
To him than the poun he tais,
And sa furthe to the burd he gais,
And he turned fetasly,
Carraland richt iolely.
And findre syne to ilk barroun,
He profferd and presented the poun,
Sa that nane couth wittering get,
Before quhome the poun wald set,
Quhen he had maid all his turning,
Baith here and thare and his louing,
Before the douchty Arreste,

OF ALEXANDER.

And knelit doun vpoun his kne,
 And said him lauchand luffumly,
 This poun shir and the prety hailly,
 I gif zow als frely as I may,
 Arreste said beaufhir perfay,
 To me na fallis it nocht na lysis,
 Na I will tak on na wyis,
 For gif I did sa God me red,
 Agane ransoun halely I ded,
 At this burde fittis all hale,
 That dar I fay and hald my tale,
 Of worthyer than euer I was,
 Lo thare the douchty Floridas,
 That florisheth into zouth hede,
 And wonder douchty is of dede.
 Porrus alsua and the Bauderane,
 The quhilk I wald richt ferly fane,
 Resemble in dede gif that I micht,
 I haue thame sene in flour of ficht.
 Gif I thame se ane vther tyde,
 Throw the parting of routis ryde,
 Wonder weill can I thame knaw,
 For thy gude shir this is my saw,
 And suth is and I may be trowit,
 And my resoun weill allowit.
 For quhen that zouth hede I wis,
 and fyne amour followand is,
 and byrnand zarning of amour,
 Thame ledes for to win honour,
 Worship mon nedes and hardement,
 tak thare arrest with hale assent.
 For thy beaufhir pas on thy way,

¶ THE AVOWES

I will na mair thairof perfay,
 Fare fueit schir said Gaudefeir
 I wait nocht bot on all maneir,
 I gif zow that in me is.
 God gif the laif for that is his,
 The poun than set he down in hy,
 And brak it syne richt courtally,
 And set it amang the knychtis,
 Quod Cassamus be God of mychtis.
 Sueit coufing gif I dar say,
 Thow set it quhare my thocht was ay.

THE folk in Ioy and lyking was,
 The poune is etin with great solace.
 And the avowes ar avowit thair,
 Of feir intentis that sumdeill war,
 Hard greuous and outrageous,
 And to perfurnys perellous.
 The claith thay drew at thair wesccheing,
 Was menstrally mirth and singing,
 And lyonell on fute can ryse,
 That manly maid was on all wyse.
 And lauchand said his fallowis till,
 We sall ga sone for to fulfill,
 Our vow before the pauillons,
 Gar bring me sone my blafonis.
 And haubrek and vthir geir,
 Thare eftir smertly zeid Gaudefeir,
 And brocht his gere I warne zow weill,
 that gude and fare was ilka deill.
 that lyonell him armyt fuyith,
 And lap vpone his steid all fuyth,
 To God betaucht his fallowis raith,

OF ALEXANDER.

The madinnis and the prefoners baith,
 And went him furth richt waill gude fpeid,
 In fterapis ftraucht fterand his fteid,
 Quhy fuld I mak to lang my tale,
 Thus armit into harnes hale,
 He went furth at port Iuory,
 the zet that nixt was to the fey,
 With helme imbraiffed braiffand his fheild,
 His fteid he vallopped in the feild.
 and quhen thay of the hoſte him ſaw,
 Cum anerly without fallow,
 And Clarus tit was tald.
 Lordingis ſaid Clarus the ald,
 We ſall haue tythandis ſone at hand,
 Lo him at our hand cumand.

NOW Lyonell as gude vaſſale,
 Raid armit in his harnes hale.
 the nerreſt way that he nicht finde,
 He raid toward the hoſte of Inde,
 the oiſtis than baith hes him ſene,
 And on him gouit baith bedene.
 And Alexander into ane flaid,
 Sat to behauld the watter braid,
 On the crages quhare he ſat doun,
 He blenked vp and ſaw Lyoun.
 And knew him fterand his fteid,
 And by his armour and his weid,
 And by his ſheild and armour fyne,
 With lymmes of golde thairin.
 Said Alexander now dar I fwere,
 this were is war than it was ere.
 Said Alexander now lordingis fre,

¶ THE AVOWES

Be all the Goddis of the fe,
 Zonder I se ryde Lyonell,
 That aucht I for to lufe richt weill,
 For me than hes he mony trauale.
 Endurit in flour and in battale,
 To the I say schir tholomere,
 And to daucleme als thy fere,
 I haue fik ferly be my fay,
 That I na wait quhat to do na fay,
 Quhat garris him ryde fa anerly.
 Schir said ane child delyuerly,
 I fall the tell the enchefoun,
 Richt now I come attour pharoun,
 Now fay on smertly said the King.
 Schir said the child foroutin lesing,
 Of sic ferlys hard neuer nane,
 In to na tyme that euer was gane,
 The baronis was enterit pair and pair,
 Into the palace of Iupiter.
 In Ioy folace and in gamyng,
 To eis thame and to schort thame samyng,
 Gentill King at thare dynere,
 Thay had ane poun with danteis fere,
 For the Ioy euir ilk barroun.
 Behuffit to avow as it was refoun,
 And I haue hard thare avowis all,
 Ane and ane baith great and small,
 Sa stout fa perrelous and greuous,
 Sa hardy and fa outrageous.
 That be gude refoun it war foly,
 For to tuyn thame anerly,
 Gude King thar was presoneris tua.

OF ALEXANDER.

The Bauderane and Porrus alfua,
For thare wirship and thare valour,
I saw men do thame great honour,
I hard Porrus hecht and fueir,
Gif that God wald him weir,
Fra deid and fra menzeing,
Fra myscheif and lymis bristing,
That he suld vincus the great battale.
And als he said I fall assaill,
Emynedus and win ferrand,
Maugre quha wald him warrand,
Emynedus ansuerit tharto.
And said it war richt eith to do,
To sic ane bachiller as he,
than luich the King, and said parde,
Schir duke now haue ze for to zeme.
Gif ze na keip him men will deme,
That euill fould ze ane vthir win,
In feild quhare ze tyne zouris in,
Lat me speik mair said the suane.
Of zow and of the Bauderane,
That auancit him zour fuerd to reif,
Maugre zouris out of zour neif,
And Caulus ansuerit wraithfully.
And said in ire all haitfully,
And I avow and sweris weill,
that I fall haue thy helm of steill,
And the quaif that is thare vndir,
Or ellis thy nek fall brek in schounder
And floridas for pure dispyte,
zeid neir hand wode and said als tyte,
That he to zow suld zeld him tane.

¶ THE AVOWES

Forouttin help all him allane,
 Or trunshoun him in tua ilk deill,
 Thocht he tempered war with steill.
 Freind said Alexander the King,
 That is to thank in mekill thing,
 Zit haue I freindis thare parde,
 God saue thame gif his willis be,
 And gif me grace mak guerdoun,
 Bot me mislykes of Lyoun,
 That I se rydand him allane,
 Schir said the chyld Lyoun is gane,
 For to iust with Caneus,
 the eldest sone of auld Clarus.
 God lat him for his mekill valour,
 Repare agane with his honour.

ALEXANDER had great reioysing,
 Of the wordis and thare hechting,
 And callit Emynedus and said
 How think ze shir that thay haue plaid.
 Schir said the duke at myne etling,
 ladyes war at thare avowing,
 The beginning of lusing,
 Hes shapin to vs the barganing,
 The granes of lufe fall vs be fald,
 And amorous thochtis mony fald,
 We mon by thare sueit blenking,
 thare greuous speche and thare playing.
 Zon ar the men that ar worthy,
 And zounge ioyfull and ioly,
 Stout staluart and hardy,
 In armes nurist nichtely,
 Zarnand for to haue louing,

OF ALEXANDER.

and worship richt of wening,
 that sik ane thing hes vnderthane,
 thay fall be outhir shent or flane.
 Or we defoulit les may nocht be,
 Gif men zow reiffis zour fuord perde,
 and me my steid great dishonour,
 Vs fallis, and thame menfk and honour,
 Sen thay haue thame auansit fa,
 Schape we vs to thame alsua,
 and gif we foly agane foly,
 and sa gait mak we ane iepardy.
 Bot ane vantage thay haue I wis,
 and ane treasure that ryall is,
 Of amouris and of ladyes dere,
 That ar of beuty fare and clere,
 and zit ar thay with all this weill,
 Luffaris new and lemmens leill.
 Said Alexander that is great ryches,
 Great treasure and great nobilnes.
 and gif thay sa gait varnist be,
 Vnvarnist ar we nocht parde.
 For gif that I haue tynt my brand,
 My freinds ar deid I tak on hand.
 Thus thay leuch and made solas,
 and said quhat that thare lyking was,
 and zit for all thare iolyte,
 The quemest fall abased be.

THVS Alexander the nobill King,
 Maid his scorning and his hething,
 With the duke Emynedus,
 and of the Bauderane manance and Porrus,
 And Lyoun richt sturdely,

¶ THE AVOWES

Raid throw throw the hoſte of Inde halely,
 Richt to Clarus awin tent,
 Ane knaiſ ſaw he weill cled and gent.
 Ane tunicall of ane camell rede,
 All ſhorne in ſheuers fra ſtede to ſtede.
 Chylde ſaid Lyoun cum here,
 For the faith thow owis to Iupitere,
 Gang and ſay the King of nicht,
 That here is cum ane ſtrange knicht,
 To aſk of his eldeſt ſone iuſting.
 And thow ſall haue at our parting,
 My coit quhan I am lychtit doun.
 Quhan the chylde hard this reſſoun,
 Ane great race to the pauillioun,
 He ran, quhare ſet was ane baroun.
 And cryed quhare art thow Caneus,
 Great honour is fallin the be Marcus,
 And great ioy for outtin wene,
 Ane knicht thare bydes the on the grene,
 That Alexanderis fallow is,
 Lyoun is his name I wis,
 He is ſtark and ſtyth in ſtall,
 And of great worſhip chofin our all.
 To iuſt with the is his intent,
 Arme the ſuith or thow art ſhent.
 Brother ſaid Caneus I will,
 Ga ſay that I will cum him till,
 alſſone as I haue armed me,
 For welcum mot that gude man be,
NOW gangis the page for outtin mare,
 Furth, inſtede of meſſingare,
 And ſaid to Lyoun in that tyde,

OF ALEXANDER.

Tak nocht in euill thocht ze abyde,
 Ze fall be sone fa haue I meid,
 Serued with Caneus on his steid,
 Than Marciane come by that sted,
 Betys his presoner with him led.
 Quhen Lyoun him saw in hy,
 On Betys heyly can he cry,
 How fares thow freind hes thow mistere,
 Of ocht that we may do the here.
 Betys ansuered God gif zow meid,
 And help zow ay quhen ze haue neid,
 Bot quhat Garris zow cum rydand fa,
 Thus anerly for outtin ma.
 Brother said Lyoun gude cumpany
 First, and fyne gude mufardy.
 Than he tald him the avowes all,
 Ane and ane baith great and small,
 How ilk man can avow and manas,
 Than ferleid all that euer thare was,
 How ony man on ony wyse,
 Durst vndertak fa hie ane pryse,
 And thay said amang thame preuallly,
 To vs think we zone is great folly.
 Ane chyld to Clarus than is gane,
 And tald that thare was cummin ane,
 Of thame of Grece to iust and play,
 With zour sone and him selfe assay,
 For ane spere or tua, or thre,
 Without ony velane.
 and prayis that he nocht crabed be,
 For he come nocht for melancole,
 Na to do na dispyte nor shame,

¶ THE AVOWES

Bot he avowit lang ere at hame,
 and his fallowis ilk ane feir,
 Maid thare avow on thare maneir,
 And vndertuke to hald thair hecht,
 Or leif thare bodeis in the plicht.
 And he is cum worship to win,
 Before his fallowis to begin.
 Perfay faid Clarus the hare,
 I lufe him wele alway the mare.
 Now will I gang him for to se,
 And conuoy him to the citte,
 Gar bring me my palfray hastelly,
 And thay him brocht delyuerly,
 He lap on and four thousand,
 Him followit at the fute neir hand,
 Into the mekill realme of Inde,
 Quhare men sa great effere micht finde,
 Of tentis and of pauilliounis,
 All ludged thame the barrounis.
 Thare was ane fare ourcouered feild,
 quhare Lyoun hufit and thame beheld,
 With lytle affray and fare effere,
 Lenand him vpone his spere,
 About him was sik ane menze,
 That nane mare micht numered be,
 Of the hofte of Inde I wene,
 Thare mekill semble micht be sene,
 And on the walles of the citte,
 Quhare mony ane lady of bounte,
 That of amour inamoured was,
 Was sittand for to se that cas,
 That in the landis of Calde,

OF ALEXANDER.

Prayit for lyonell the fre,
And Caneus Ischit out of his tent,
Armit weill Baith fare and gent,
Into his hand his aune banere.
Wpone his steid of seuin zeir,
In grein famyt couerit ilk deill,
Quhare sat ane Egill of gold richt weill,
Les than ane pace on brydill he raid.
Come to the renk and thare he baid,
And the heraldis richt hard can cry,
that ettylit to haue haistaly,
the coit armour of Lyonell.
That with gold was bordorit weill,
Woydis the King said lordis woydis,
Lo wirship armour and bounteis,
Birrand in streuch and vigour.
Enuironit with hardement and honour,
Makis halely renk Intermellie
I fall haue sone to my soldie
zone Carpet that is fare yneuch.
He hynt it and to him dreuch,
With baith his handis bot the steid,
Sertand can the noyes dreid,
And with his fute that vassale,
He hit quhill he lay top our tale.
Thareat leuch four thousand,
And in hething said him lauchand,
Thow zarned to haue sa great ane gage,
Now tak that vassale for thy vage,
And Caneus raid sturdely,
Baith hard euen and iolely.
Quhen Lyonell him saw thare

¶ THE AVOWES

He changed weill forouttin mare.
 His hart rais within and grew,
 And his stede that he richt wele knew,
 With spurris he straik cryand his ensenze,
 the stede him straucht that wald nocht fenze.
 thay sprang togidder as tempest,
 It semit that all suld be brest,
 Caneus cumis and helmes hie,
 abone the sicht ane lytle wie,
 Sik strakes thay gaue that men nicht here,
 Full far away the noyes and bere.
 the speiris all to frushit thare,
 and far by passing withouttin mare,
 Be our God nichty Marcus,
 Lo here fare iusting said Clarus,
 I haue ridden mony far iorne,
 In Asia Affrik and mony far countre,
 Zit saw I neuer iusting sa met,
 and sa graithly thare strakes set.
 Now sayis the lordis great ferly,
 How that worship in the worthy,
 Spreids alwayes and florishes,
 and puttis thame to purches pris.
 Said Marciane sik is destane,
 Hardy may nocht wele houin be.
 Said marciane erne men aucht to pryfe,
 and honour vpone mony wyfe,
 Hardy will in man of nicht,
 avowes zow nathing at zon knicht.
 For he is cum to purches pryfe,
 and zour sone vpon this wyfe,
 Will help him to win manhede,

OF ALEXANDER.

and thay ar michty baith in dede,
and riche of winning wit ze weill,
and ilkane armit in gude steill,
and hes baith helme sheild and spere,
and countis bot small ane lytle dangere.
Lat we thame zit ane cours affay,
And ze fall se I hope perfay
Pryde prekan aganis stoutnes
And wirship aganis hardenes.
Now be it sa said auld Clarus,
Quhare I betech thame to Marcus,
And Marciane with that can cry.
Quhen Lyonell him hard in hy,
Brandisand his speir he zeid,
Throw out the feild prekan his steid,
and Caneus on the vther party,
Come hard euin and surely,
In myddes the teith sik routis thay raucht,
Manlyke as men of mekill maucht,
That baith thair speiris throw strenth of steid,
Richt to thare neiffis in peces zeid,
With bodeis breiftis and sheildis raith,
Thay hurkled and with heidis baith,
Sa hard that gyrthis in shunders glaid,
and to the earth baith bakwardis raid,
and lay ane lang quhyle in fuowning.
Said Marciane be heauins King,
I dar weill witnes that this knight,
Is douchty man worthy and wicht,
and hardy man attour all thing,
Of stedfastnes but affraying.
Now ga we furth and gar him ryse,

¶ THE AVOWES

And honour him and lufe and pryfe,
 And refrefch him with watter in hy.
 To folace him is courtafy
 Said Clarus I grant thair to.
 How euer thow ordanis fa fall I do,
 Eme faid Marciane I rede,
 That we gang him of that fteid,
 And auent him and welch his wyce.
 And fet him on his fteid of price,
 And conuoy him quhethir he will ga,
 Gif he mare duelling here will ma,
 Fare Eme it is great courtafy,
 To honour gude men and worthy.
 I will ga with him gif ze rede,
 In cumpany richt to thare ftede,
 For to oftage the pefonens.
 Or delyuer thame for ranfonis,
 And thay gude men afk I will.
 trew is gif thay will grant thair till,
 Said Clarus I accord me weill,
 With that he come to Lyoneill,
 Aud faid him with courtes refoun.
 Will ze gang to my pauilloun,
 And fleip ane quhyle and reft zow thair,
 Na faid lyonell bot hamwart fare,
 Gar bring me gif zour willis be.
 My hors and Clarus faid parde,
 Blythly and gif the alfua,
 Ane palfray ambuland in affay,
 thy hors is fare in mekill thing.
 to ryde hame for his hard ganging,
 I refufe nocht faid lyonell.

OF ALEXANDER.

Zour gyft bot zit than wald I weill,
 Serue zow in thank quhan euer I may,
 Than lap he on the palfray,
 And at Bety's his leif hes tane.
 And fyne to Caneus is he gane.
 And tuke his leif and furth is went,
 And Marciane the fare and gent,
 With him held to the citte,
 For he his warrand weill may be.

NOW repares Lyonell,
 His avow hes fulfillit weill.
 And fra Clarus the auld I wis,
 Richt courtelſy departed is.
 And Marciane one his condit,
 Raid throw the hoſte of Inde all quite.
 The ladeis ſaw him of the tour,
 Dame Feſonas with freſh colour,
 Zeid formeſt down, hir fallowis fyne,
 And met him at port Eboryne.
 Quhen he the ladyes ſaw cumand,
 He lyched ſone I tak on hand.
 And ſuaked fra him ſpere and ſheld,
 And helme richt flatlingis in the feild,
 And als armit as he was,
 He made great ioy of Feſonas,
 And ſaid madin to this knight here,
 Mak ioy honour and great chere,
 For he hes ſeruit it richt weill.
 He led me throw thare hoſtes ilk deill,
 And hidder is cum with me I wis,
 Clarus ſiſter ſone he is.
 And Marciane to name he hecht,

¶ THE AVOWES

Said Fefonas be God of micht,
 Quhat he is I know apartly,
 With that sho went to him in hy,
 And lauchand by the hand him tane,
 To Venus chalmer ar thay gane.
 Thare was Porrus and the Bauderane,
 That of Bauderis was foudane.
 Playand at the ches thay ware,
 For to forzet noy and care.
 Quhen thay saw Marciane nere hand,
 Abafed thay war I vnderstand.
QVHEN that Porrus and the Bauderane,
 Saw Marciane thare him allane.
 Thay left the play and vp thay rais,
 And of his cuming he fais,
 Lordingis said Marciane be blyth,
 Ze falbe delyuered alsfuyth.
 Za said Porrus our fare quha wait,
 Ze may know sumpart of our stait.
 And Marciane him said smyland,
 As in halfe hething bourdand,
 Confing gif euer I knew reffoun,
 Ze ar baith in luffis prefoun.
 Fare confing said the Bauderane za,
 The prefoun leftis and noys fa,
 That in fyne lufe the lele zarning,
 Growis restis and takis roting.
 Mare to lele lufe fallis nocht,
 Bot as zarning assent and thocht.
 With that come in ane rout gangand,
 The knichtis of Grece hand in hand.
 Caulus Arreste and Perdicas.

OF ALEXANDER.

Gaudefere and Floridas,
 And Caffamus before thame zeid,
 Honour and ioy in word and dede,
 Ilkane bare vther great and small.
 To Lyonell fyne went thay all.
 And asked him of his effere.
 Schir loued be God better than ere,
 I haue fulfilled myne avow I hecht,
 And iustit with the nobillest knicht,
 The starkest and the best rydand,
 That euer zit in my lyfe I fand.
 And I fand Clarus alfua,
 Wyfe and courtes and gart me ta,
 Ane palfray wele ambland I wis,
 And Marciane here cumin is,
 In my conduct here allane,
 Thairfoir I pray zow euerilk ane,
 To thank him of his courtassy,
 Said Caffamus shir sikkerly,
 We fall be to him seruand,
 He may vs to his will command.
GVDE shir said Marciane of pers,
 I haue hard of that ze rehers,
 Of the great laute and franchis,
 That in zour body nurist is.
 On Lyonellis conduct am I,
 And cumin in his company,
 And prayis that it anoy zow nocht,
 For of me gif ze will ocht.
 Counsell or help I will blythly,
 Do it forouttin lossingery.
 We thank zow samekill said Caffamus,

¶ THE AVOWES

Said Marciane be our God Marcus,
 For I find in zow fenzeory,
 Na deray bot all courtasie,
 I am bald my will to say.
 Ze haue presoners in zour monay,
 Porrus and the Bauderane alsua,
 And we Betys foroutin ma,
 That of price and of wirship I wis.
 Sall pas and thay that leuand is,
 Now pray I gif it be zour will,
 Gif zour court will assent thair till,
 At thay delyuerit be in party.
 Or gif it may fall vterly,
 Throw change of land or ransoun,
 Said Cassamus zow fais refoun,
 And I fall with our company,
 Avyse me that of haistaly.

THE knychtis of Grece foroutin let,
 Ar doune in myddis the palace fet,
 On filkin carpettis that all weir,
 Bordourit with ymage and coulour cleir.
 Cassamus spak the laif war still,
 And said thame gif it be zour will,
 I haue assemblit zow heir but fail,
 To gif me gude and lele counsale.
 How that Betys my coufing fre,
 May of presoun delyuerit be,
 Throw ostage or throw changeing,
 Of him and of Porrus the zing.
 Said Marcian schir weill said ze,
 Bot how fall it of the Bauderane be,
 Schir Marciane than said that auld.

OF ALEXANDER.

I fall do mare than I haue tald,
 To lat me spere displeis zow nocht,
 Said Marciane in hart and thocht.
 Zour speche reioyses me on all wyfe,
 And I thank zow ane hundreth fyfe.
 Fra thine furth quhill zour willis be,
 Ze fall here na mare of me.

MARCIANE said that hare auld hare,
 Perfay zit fall ze do me mare.

I traist samekill in the King,
 That hes all grece in gouerning.
 And in the duke Emynedus,
 Arreste Perdicas and Caulus.
 That I fall tak the trewis on ane,
 Quhill monunday the day begane,
 Betuis the Kingis and thare commouns,
 And demane the parliament of barrounis.
 And I fall gif the Bauderane,
 And Porrus als that man of mane,
 On this cunnand gif we fecht,
 that quha followis or quha the flicht,
 That the tane cum as prefoun,
 In Venus chalmer to Fefoun,
 For ane chylde that nocht growin is,
 I fall gif tua vassalles I wis.
 Chofin of worship and of valour,
 Knichtis of great strenth and rigour,
 Sould nane me helpe thocht I tak skaith,
 For quhen that thay ar armed baith,
 With helme and sheild and byrne bricht,
 In the great Battell and the fecht,
 For the lufe of Fefonas,

¶ THE AVOWES

And hir consing dame Ideas,
 With spere and suord thay fall gar de,
 Thare fais quhat bute is to fle,
 Heirot am I begyled hale,
 I gadder the winde quhairot I fale.
 Be Marcus shir said Marcien,
 Sik is the craft quha will it ken,
 In armes in the dispying,
 And in amouris the fare playing.
 Schent he is that vtherwayes dois then thus,
 Now be it sua said Cassamus.

SAID Marciane sen it is sa,
 That ze on zour halfe trewis will ta.
 On Clarus halfe I grant thair till,
 Hald parliament quhen euer ze will,
 Outher to morne or vpone setterday,
 Zonder in the midow meit we may,
 Quhare Alexander zour lord sa fre,
 May cum and Clarus als perde.
 And I fall gif zow thare Betyes.
 Baith hale and feir fare and fetys.
 For the best that leuand is,
 And for the hardyest I wis.
 And ze fall gif me the Bauderane,
 And Porrus za shir incertane,
 Said Cassamus sen that I,
 Hes maid zow hecht sa vterly,
 For ane boll of moltin gold,
 Break zow cunnand I na wold.
 Schir mekill thank said Marcien,
 To all zour goddis I zow beken,
 And loutit and tuke his leif thare,

OF ALEXANDER.

And thanked Cassamus the hare,
Of all his erand and welefair,
And went hame forouttin mair.

NOW Marciane is went his way,
Glaid and blyth ioly and gay.

For he sa graithly sped had thare,
Of all his erand and weil fare.

Lyonell him conuoyed and Caulus,
Lordingis said he be Marcus,

I wald be quhare the ladyis are,
To se thare solace and thare fare.

Schir said Lyonell full blythly,
And by the hand him tuke in hy.

To Venus chalmer he him brocht,
And Marciane forzet him nocht,

But halfit thame full courtasly,
With Venus and with Diany.

Fefoun ansuered on gude maner,
Waris mot zow Iupiter.

Cum furth beaufshire and fyt us by,
And tell vs of zour oist party,

And of Clarus and his ryches,
Madame he said for zour nobilnes,

And zour renoun and zour beute,
Hes maid all here this assemble,

Ane hundreth men zit fall be dede,
And disherist for zour fairhede.

Schir said Fefonas the fre,

With my will it fall nocht be.

Bot Clarus is sa riche of Inde,

And is sa mighty in his mynde.

And Alexander sa stout of fere,

¶ THE AVOWES

And doutit on gaeat manere,
 And nurift is in fik wirfhip,
 And for to keip hes fik lordfhip,
 That he will gar thame bow I wis.
 That thir maift vnmesurit is,
 I fet tua proud fa lappin in pryde,
 That doun mon neidlingis the ta fyde,
 Neuer the quhether I trow he will.
 That the trew be lestand ftill,
 Quhill that Betys delyuerit be,
 Said Marciane my lady free,
 This counfall methink endit is.
 I will ga feche Betys I wys,
 Sen it may do zow fik folace.
 Certis fchir faid fezonas,
 It war weill done and our gude will,
 Sall ay abandounit be zow till.
MARCIANE thair of was blyth & glaid
 that he had fped his neid alfuyth,
 He lap on and went furth in hy.
 And raid hame wart richt loyfully,
 to Clarus went and hale him tald,
 the changeing of thay beirneis bald,
 How for Betys the Caldeane.
 He fuld haue Porrus and the Bauderane,
 And that he fand na doggitnes,
 In Caffamus bot all fueitnes,
 Wit and fare fpeik and gude will.
 to do all out weill mare than fkill,
 He tald fyne of dam fezonas,
 that fetas and fare ferrand was,
 And of hir Gracius vifage.

OF ALEXANDER.

That ferly fare was into rage,
 Syne of dam ydeas the fre,
 that was fulfillit of all bounte,
 And had sic wertew and valour.
 to draw gentill hart to amour,
 He fuore be his Goddis euir ilkane,
 that alffar as he hes gane,
 He saw neuer in na countre.
 Sa fare ane pair of fyne bounte,
 Quhen Clarus that hard he glifnit all,
 And said fare consing it may fall,
 that men fall se throw that exemplare.
 Weill xx. thowsand dee and mare,

SAID Marciane schir the truix ar tane,
 Quhill monnonday the day be gane,
 And demane parliament of barronis.
 Quhare men fall delyuer the presonis,
 Gif peax may fall refuse it nocht.
 Fare consing Clarus said at thocht,
 It is all in waist for na thing
 Will I haue peax with zone King,
 Outher he or I mon de but fail,
 this weir mon tak end throw battaill,
 Sa mon it be foroutin let,
 Sen that my hart is thairon set,
 Now ilk man think puruait to be,
 Armit and dycht for the iorne,
 On tyfday arly I fall fecht,
 With him and all his mekill micht,
 And with all thame of Calde,
 In to thare vnhap mot it be,
 Fezonas that is sa schene.

¶ THE AVOWES

Had wele better vnborne bene,
 For zit fall I mak hir fory,
 But the trewis I will lelely,
 Be keptit quhill the presonis,
 Be changed as forespokin is.
 Sen zow and zon ar herauldis hare,
 Hes fundin reffoun and wele mare.
 It fall be keptit quhill that day,
 And our presoneris be brocht away,
 Sa fall thare ioy be mare I trow,
 And doubled be my sorrow,
 Syne efter happin as destany is,
 For vther way fall neuer I wis,
 His wening ourcummin be,
 Of zon inchantouris sone parde,
 That throw wodnes and great foly,
 Hes past fortoun alluterly.
 Bot on tyisday fall newit be,
 The dede of Daurus and Porre.
 With ma than ane hundreth thowsand,
 Armit weill baith fute and hand,
 He fall repent him or than I,
 Anone on nede he fall bargane by.
 Wald God that I his hart had here,
 And baith his ene in my dangere.
 And syne my fleshe war rewin all,
 And als hewin in peces small.
 Said Marciane ze fay richt ill,
 Of wicked hart cumis wicked will,
 Ze falbe venged hastelly,
 And zour corps tak na villany.
 Zit ar our men wele seuin fyfe mare,

OF ALEXANDER.

And all that thay assemblit are,
Gif that thow had lykid for to be,
Ay of ane acquentance priue,
And lord in to melle hale.
fallow into chalmer baith great and small,
Gude freind and lele in laute,
And richnes of great renoune,
In all this warld nouthir heir nor thair,
ik ane striker with fuerd nocht war,
Bot wiked maners be my fay,
Hes put out all the gude away.
for scarfnes in zow I wys,
and couatys fa rutit is,
That thair is na thing that ze leif,
On ony syde that ze may reif,
Defoulis ths barronis and dois thame schame,
all hait thay zow quha may thame blame,
and auld hatrent as men fais.
Beris ane new deid aluais,
Sa mekill haue ze desyrit of ill.
And fa hes geuin zour hart thair till,
That hale the name and the cry,
Of wrang deray and velany,
Is turnet halely in zow allace.
With sorofull hart and gretand face,
I say it for zow with zow I wys,
Baith lyfe and dede ordainit is,
With zow I mon tak destany.
Quhen thay fall fle throw quhome fall ze,
Lippin in the lele men and the gude,
That seruit zow with maine and mude,
And now disparit fa I thame se.

¶ THE AVOWES

That wanhope brekis laute.
 And be all the Goddis of fey and land,
 I hope thow hes na man leuand,
 that thay na hate the halely.
 And wald thole shame and velany,
 Percunnand that the folk of Grece,
 Had hewin zour body all in pece,
 Haue ze na hope throw thare helping,
 To haue victory na great winning.
 Bot gif baith lufe and laute,
 In thare body affembled be.

EME think ze nocht said Marcien,
 Throw assembling of mony men,
 To haue victory na fall fare,
 Bot lufe and laute haue repare.
 Lufe and laute and fare calling.
 Hechting with glaid hart and geuing,
 Garris the fare straik strikkin be,
 And win worship and renoune.
 Reuing and wicked defyring,
 To be wicked of fare speking,
 Garris the lord hated be,
 Alswele with strange as with preue.
 And quhen his awin him hates as deid,
 Ask how lang he of may leid.
 For wyfemen hes vs said oft fys,
 Quhen prince with his men hated ys.
 He fall de outhter of trefoun,
 Of slauchter or of poyfoun,
 Or ellis in battell suddenly,
 Outhter of his awin or of party.
 For outhter fall his men him slay,

OF ALEXANDER.

Or lat his fais ane vengeance tay,
And quhen lord with his men lelely,
Mantemit is and luffis honorabilly,
All will thay his auancement.
And his honour with gude entent,
And gif ze haue of thame mifter,
Tuentie is worth ane houndreth neir,
Before zow may ze se apertly.
Se it as the E aluterly,
Of Alexander that is fa quhone,
Wynnys all the land vndir the mone,
And quhen it all is at his will.
and als obeisand him till,
For his perfoun haldis he na thing,
Bot geuis it hale as nobill King,
To thame that in his mercy ar.
The honour he hes and askis na mair,
To hald the land in his worthly,
That winnys it fa worthely,
With strenth and rigour and with bounte.
and geuis it agane throw pitie,
ze wirk on zone wyfe na kin thing,
Bot reiffis forout agane geuing,
and ze fall tyne aluterly.
that wit ze weill witterly,
He that all couetis all mon tyne,
Or ellis of laute les the lyne,
Fortune disfaus zow wit ze weill.
and turnis fa foudanly hir quheill,
Bot lat we this fpeking be,
and to our mater turn will we,
To Betys weill I vend in hy,
and haue him furth delyuerly.

¶ THE AVOWES

And gif him to his freindis agane,
 And feche Porrus and the Bauderane.
NOW Marciane leiffis his fermoun,
 And went hame to his pauillioun,
 To Betys said he courtesly,
 Beaufhir ze ar alluterly,
 Quyte delyuered of presoun,
 Now gang we forward to the toun.
 It lykes me wele said Betys,
 and I thank zow ane hundreth fys.
 With that word lap thay on in hy,
 Clarus four fonnes all halely.
 Syne gart thay cry throw the hofte I hecht,
 the trewis to Monunday at nicht.
 Syne raid thay fast toward the toun,
 and lychted vnder ane pennoun.
 Into the toun thay tald in hy,
 That Betys come in cumpany,
 Of four fellowis, than the Grecians,
 Ishit out of thair pauillions,
 the maydinnis als and the presounis,
 Maid mekill ioy of tha barrounis.
 Ilkane tuke vther be the hand I wis,
 and syne in middes the palace is.

IN middes of Iupiteris hie palais,
 That Venus gart mak in hir dais,
 that was mafoned and quarraled weill,
 With iaspe and beryall ilka deill.
 and of Imagery the quhilk thare was,
 Zet of gold fra place to place.
 Was Cassamus fet and Gaudefere,

OF ALEXANDER.

With thame Lyoune pere and pere,
 Arreſte ſyne and Floridas,
 Caules and worthy Perdicās,
 On vther halfe was ſet Betys,
 And Ideas the fare and wys.
 And Feſonas and Caneus,
 The Bauderane and ſyne Porrus,
 Idorus and Elyote,
 Thare was mony into that flote.
 In ane randoun thay ſat I wene,
 On carpettis carued with ſheildis ſhene.
IN myddes the palace quhare thay ſat,
 On purpoure ſtemming and veluat.
 Quhare roſes war and vther floures,
 And ſeirkin herbis of ſeir colouris,
 The maydinnis honored the brether greatly,
 In dede thay ſpak full courtaſly,
 Than Marciane ſaid to Caſſamus,
 Schir ze haue all wonnen vs,
 For zour great wit and courtaſly,
 The peax now wald I wit ſikkerly.
 Or that were hapned, bot zour King,
 Manance makes in mekill thing.
 Thocht Clarus be of body auld,
 Febill for trauell lene and cauld.
 And far fra his in vther countre,
 With honour will he gouerned be.
 And leiſ or de quhether ſa may fall.
 And Alexander is ſtout with all,
 And happy als of weir I wis,
 Mare than ony that leuand is.
 And Clarus mighty is alſua.

¶ THE AVOWES

Of land and men and freindis ma.
 And is of body stout and wicht,
 Sa worthis neidlingis that thay fecht,
 Quhill ane of thame discumfit be.
 Bot thairof na mare speik will we,
 Schortly to say lo here Betys,
 His armes and his hors of prys,
 Now wald we gif zour willis war,
 Haue zour freindis hame wart fair.
 Cassamus anfuered thame in hy,
 I quyte clame the thame vterly,
 Quhen euir zow lykis to gang zour way,
 The zet fall opnit be perfay.
 Quhare weilcum heir mot euer ze be,
 And wele cum and wele gane parde,
 Bot that cunnand be haldin I wis,
 Gif that the King fechtis and his,
 That the tane quhilk that it be,
 Sall cum agane in this citte,
 In presoun in chalmer Venus,
 To Fefonas and Idorus.
 Said Marciane sen it is thy deuis.
 I hope thay will with myne auys,
 Cum blythly for the presoun is,
 Licht and ioly and full of blis,
 And alfua is the company,
 Delytable glaid and ioly.
 And certis gif the were na war,
 I wald ane moneth be and mare,
 Glaidar heir at myne auys,
 Na haue to wis all paradys.
 Said Cassamus thir grant mercyis,

OF ALEXANDER.

This weir millykis me mony wys,
And gif Clarus thinkes laith to haue peis,
Alexander is laithar it to ceis,
With that haly on fute thay rais.
And tuke thair leif vpon thair tais,
And quha had knawin the gude will and lusing,
He mycht hane haue knawin at leif taking,
Be thare sembland and be thare fare,
Quha that war lufit and luffaris war.

AT leif taking and thare parting,
Was maid mony greuous ficing,
Ay tua and tua and thre and thre.
Held parliament that sueit menze,
Ane spak of armes and cheualry,
ane vthir of armes and of droury,
The thrid of truith and of luffing.
and sueitly prayit with sad ficing,
My fare sueit hart forzet nocht me,
and ze forzet ill fall nocht be,
Fezonas was weill taucht and heynd.
Towart Porrus couth sho weynd,
And by the hand richt courtasly,
Scho tuke him and said him sueitly.
That na man nere schir zour presoun.
Is nocht zit osted with refoun,
Ze ar with haldin in my dangere,
Ze slew my poun he said my deir,
I put me in zour courtasly.
All that I haue vtarly,
For outin ony departing,
Body and hart forout lesing,
To leif in ostage with zow still.

¶ THE AVOWES

And thairto euermare I will,
 Be zour knicht my fueit lady,
 And ferue zow wele and lelely.
 I hald me payit said that shene,
 Quhare sic ane weid is left I wene.
 Men aucht to mak na mismaying,
 Nor dreid of courtes paying,
 And thairfore with hart all wraith,
 I mon abyde and ioyfull baith.
 Ioyfull of fueit hope I wis,
 That in my hart ay sayand is.
 Zit fall we vther weill se,
 And cum to speke in priuate.
 And quhare we leif now thair begin,
 Bot for that we fa sone mon tuin,
 Forouttin dout I am fory,
 Ze speid zow hyne our hastelly.
 With my will ze fould be here,
 Or ze past hyne this seuin zeir.
 Quhen Porrus hard he leuch in hy,
 And betaucht hir full courtasly,
 To all the goddis thay trowit in.
 And luffsumly hir imbraiffed syne.
 Porrus out of the chalmer is gane,
 And courtasly his leif hes tane.
 His hart thare left he in ostage,
 And tuke with him as in homage,
 Thocht and imaginatioun,
 And Fefonas fare fassoun,
 With his hart ene oft fall he se,
 Hir fare effere and hir bounte.
 And of hir mak all the Image,

OF ALEXANDER.

Myffaris reiffis nocht all that advantage.
 And the Bauderane to Ideas
 Beheld, that was fa fare of face,
 Farar far than vther thing,
 Of gentill corps and gude hauing,
 Than faid the Bauderane in Cartage,
 Thair is my richteous heritage.
 Thare fall I haue zow quhare ze fall be,
 Lady of great dignite.
 Nor will I with my fallowis fare,
 And keip my fewte with thame thare.
 And heir I leif zow vterly,
 My hart but parting halely,
 To duell in zour fueit feruage,
 And here to zow I mak homage,
 Than faid that fueit fempilly,
 Thareof fall fall zow na foly.
 I thank zow baith in word and dede,
 And prays our goddis that ze fpede,
 And faue zow fra fhame euer mare.
 With that thay turned and furth thay fare,
 And of the toun thay went in hy,
 And to the hofte come haftelly.

BEFOIR Clarus pauillioun,
 that was all maid of gold fa broun,
 All lichted down euer ilk deill,
 Before Clarus fyne can thay kneill.
 Lordingis faid ald Clarus the hare,
 Sa in this were ze traualed are,
 that ze haue neid to reft and ly,
 Zour prefoun greuis zow greatumly,
 Ze haue lyen our lang in prefoun,

¶ THE AVOWES

Quhat fais of me dam fezoun,
 Will sho zit me hald for husband,
 To peis this weir and faue hir land,
 Na said Porrus foroutin wein.
 Hir had leuer be grauin grein,
 Than euer sho in zour dangere be,
 Thay pryse zow nocht with ane penny,
 For on tyfday ze fall thame fe,
 Isch to the playe with thare menze,
 and alsua Alexander delere,
 That cumis to help thay ladeis deir.
 Certis said auld Clarus the King,
 Now haue I myne hale asking,
 For vthir wais I may nocht fe
 How I on thame may vengit be,
 Schir said Porrus without lesing,
 Vpone tyfday in the mornying,
 Thay fall Isch furth and ta the feild,
 Armit on hors with speir and scheild,
 All arryit as for battailze.
 Baner displayit vailze que vailze,
 Thay fall be weill tuentie thoufand,
 Bot Alexander I tak on hand,
 That cummis to fe ws certanly,
 with x. thoufand vassalis hardy.
 Quhen auld Clarus hard Porrus tell,
 That spak the day of the battell,
 And Alexander fuld pharone pas,
 On fryday and thay that with him was,
 that x thowsand Knychtis war,
 All that he pryfit nocht ane hare,
 and thay ar ane ly till dynare,

OF ALEXANDER.

To our great hoste that we haue here.
And syne behelde he Porrus,
And to the Bauderane said thus,
Marciane fare confing deir,
Say me ar thir the bachleir,
That can avow sa haltanly,
Before ladyis that ar ioly.
Za shir said Marciane parde,
Perfay said Clarus thay suld be,
Menfkit and losit wele the mare,
Forout great hart gif thay na ware.
Thay had nocht thocht on na wyfe,
And that nocht saw the ladeis.
Na brek the poun na myrthis mak,
How may I straik gif or tak.
For thay haue left me na kin thing,
To confort me in na louing,
Bot quha hes gift of lemmen deir,
And to lufe forout dangeir,
And zarning worship for to prufe,
And wening syne to win hir lufe.
He aucht wele to begin sic thing,
To put the body to amending.
Ze can wele speik said Marciane,
And reik great routis with mekill mane.
Could ze sa weill ane fare gift geif,
And power worthy men reif,
And call zour courtes nichtbouris fare,
Nane worthyar war hyne to Cesare.
Bot worship is away I wis,
In ryche men that sparand is.

¶ THE AVOWES

SAID Clarus nece of that feiknes,
 I fall be wareift weill at eis,
 Gif thay will me prys ocht,
 Efir this battale it is my thocht.
 To amend wrang and velany,
 And my great treasour halely,
 Sall delt be with thy counsale all,
 And be partit with great and finall.
 Fare Eme faid Marciane God wait,
 Thow hes that dremit all to lait,
 It may auale the now richt nocht,
 Bot lang quhyle fyne had thow it thocht.
 Now doubill fald it fuld be quyte,
 Bot thy scarfines hes rest the it,
 For ay throw geuing largely,
 Hes of the gude company.
 Geuin our all his lordship,
 For geuin dois men wirship,
 And strykis mony ane straik I wis,
 farne nece faid Clarus fuith it is.
 Bot I wend nocht that fa had bene,
 Bot now I wait foroutin wein,
 that bettir is gude men tretit weill,
 than ony treasour or ioweill.
 Bot thair fore consing fall nocht fail,
 On tyfday the great battail,
 And thairfore plane I pray the,
 that my staluart vpdressit be.
 the banare waiffand to the wynd,
 Sic wairisoun men fall thare find,
 that or it half deill he wyn be,
 I hope that Gaudifeir parde,

OF ALEXANDER.

Wald haue maid ane vthir vow.
Said Marciane sa fall I trow,
Speke we vthir wais said Marciane,
We are cumin heir as mony men.
Far fra ouris in vthir countre,
I hope that richt sone fecht fall we,
With the nobillest folk and the best,
That fra the est is fra the west.
And with the best King of renoun hie,
And maist may of noyis dre,
That euir was vnder the firmament,
Or that euir beis to my intent.
For he is fare and auenand,
Hardy wyfe and conquerand,
Happy in weir and weill luffit,
With all that his lorthip hes pruffit.
Sa it is mifterfull that we,
Richt wittely auysit be,
How and on quhat wyfe alswa,
That we may best to battaill ga.
Wyfly said Clarus then,
We haue ane houndreth thousand men,
At our leding and my counsale Is,
That we of thame mak vi. battallis.
And the first gif I in leding,
To Porrus for gude keping,
Said Clarus fare fueit sone deir,
Ane fare gift I fall gif the heir.
Fra me I had na geuin it nocht,
Na war that I me vmbethocht,
That thow hes baith auowit and hecht,
Before the ladeis that ar bricht.

¶ THE AVOWES

For to vincus the great battail,
 Schir said Porrus forouttin fail,
 Ze say fuith and gif God will,
 That I haue hecht I fall fulfill.
 For the steid and the ioly thocht,
 And thair proud amouris me besocht.
 And stollin blenkis of fare ene clere,
 And great pryde of thame that thare were
 Of knichtis of Grece and of Calde,
 Said Clarus sueit sonnes parde,
 That it war vtherwayes I na wold,
 Forfuith nocht for ane wall of gold.
 Cum furth syne said he thir Bauderane,
 The tother battell sa God me fane,
 Methink it richt weill set on the,
 Thow can ga sumdele forrow me,
 For that I know the leill I will,
 And settis thyne intent to fulfill,
 Hardy and doutit in melle,
 this ryall gift fall I gif the,
 And also thow hes of thyne awin
 Fyftene thousand that is wele knawin,
 Armit weill baith fute and hand,
 Staluart in ilka stour to stand,
 than may we ryde ay to we se,
 Vpoun the walles of the citie,
 the ferly fare dame Fefonas,
 that thusgait me forsaken hes,
 that I haue distroyit thair land,
 And thow fall se I tak on hand,
 the ferly fare maieste,
 Of Ideas that is sa fre.

OF ALEXANDER.

Quhen he him hard he ficht sone,
 And courtasly forouttin hone,
 He said for ane sicht of that shene,
 Hes mony men amendit bene,
 And gif that I na better be,
 Maugre haue I gif sho me se,
 Hir geuin is my hart foueranely.
 Said Clarus thow hes wonnin greatly.
 Gif Fefonas the fare and cleir,
 Wald lufe me on sik manere,
 And sa to confort me had tane,
 Armit nor vther suld I dreid nane.
 tak here my gude sone Caneus,
 My first sone art thow said Clarus.
 And in the I maist affy,
 that thow me lufes steidfastly,
 Of the thrid thow salt be
 Lord and ledar, and with the,
 Sallbe weill neir fyftene thowsand,
 Vpone thy steid on my richt hand,
 thow sall ryde efter the Bauderane,
 Neir hand besyde into the plane,
 And Porrus fall before zow ga,
 With xv thousand men or ma,
 In his battell ane bow draucht neir,
 Bot luke that thow on na maneir,
 Pas with thy men the first ishell,
 For men may cum I warne the weill,
 All be tyme to be derayit,
 Quhen men in turnay ar purueyit,
 thay fall wele mare redoutit be,
 And in thare deidis mair auyfle,

¶ THE AVOWES

For to stryke sad straiques I wis.
 Schir be it as zour bidding is.
 Efter the tyme King Clarus,
 Had said his will to Caneus.
 Caleos prince of Amory,
 His midmest sone come neir him by.
 For he was worthy fare and fre,
 The mair all out him honored he,
 And said sueit sone I gif the here,
 The ferd battell to keip and stere,
 To keip my honour or it faill,
 And xv thousand men all haill.
 Haue thow thame that ar stout and hardy
 Horffit and armit iolely.
 Vpone my richt hand thow fall ryde,
 Ane lytill before me at ane fyde,
 Followand the Bauderane at the bak.
 Schir said the chylde I vnder tak,
 To do all that ze bid me heir,
 May I meit Alexander de lere,
 I think to assaill him sa,
 That lyfe and faull fall part him fra.
 Clarus was wonder wyse of weir,
 And wele couth ordane his effeir,
 To greif his fais with word and nicht,
 His maistry mekill was I hecht,
 Bot zit wele mare was his manheid,
 Bot couetous scarcenes and quyed,
 He was sa that in his countre,
 Was nouter strange na zit preue,
 That he na rest rent and nobillis baith,
 Will nane him mene thocht he tak skaith,

OF ALEXANDER.

He rais amang his menze all,
 Vpone Salphadyne he can call,
 Fair fueit sone ga heir and ta,
 With xv thousand men and ma,
 The leding of the fyft battale,
 For dout of deid will nane the fale,
 And I fall heir behind zow be,
 And the sext battell with me,
 And se the melle all I wis,
 And assemble als quhen mister is,
 With ane hundreth thousand men,
 Quhair euer we cum men fall vs ken.
 Lordingis said Clarus on tyfsday,
 Als airly as euer we may,
 Luke we be armit and wele dicht,
 As gude warriouris and wicht,
 And ilk man to his baner,
 For my lufe haue ane gude berer.
 Towart thame syne ryde we may,
 Thay will cum prekand at deray,
 That ar great warriouris wit ze weill,
 Resfaue thame with zour swordis of steill,
 All falbe lordis at speiris streking,
 That zarnis for to win louing,
 Ane pure man is als mekill thairto,
 As ane empriour thair at may do,
 Marciane my fair coufing deir,
 Thow art my sifter sone but weir,
 At my brydill thow falbe,
 On tyfsday at the melle.
 And the King of Pincarny alua,
 I gif me hale to zow tua.

¶ THE AVOWES

Gif ze me keip ze fall haue,
Great honour and great proffeit baith,
Be all our Goddis gif I may fe,
My tyme I fall wele wengit be
Of him, zon iouglouris sone I hecht.
Said Marciane be God of nicht,
Na strenth agane vs may he haif,
He fall be deid and all the laif.

SAID Clarus fa God me rede,
Gif that he de or I be dede,
And I may wit it wit thow weill,
My sorrow ceisfit beis ilk deill.
Quhen he had said thir wordis heir,
He lenit him on ane fouldair,
Befoir the dure of his pauillioun,
About him had he mony barroun,
Spekand of the great iorne.
Lordingis now pray I zow faid he,
That ilk man be worthy and wicht,
To hey my honour and zour nicht,
The myfter is sik as ze fe.
Marciane fair confing fre,
To morne but baid or langer let,
Thow gar my standart vp be fet,
Thare woundit and menzeit may rely,
Enforfit with sic cumpany.
That gif Gaudefere cum thairto,
To hew it as he hecht to do,
I pray that he be countered fa,
That he thairefter na hething ma,
And certis I dar fay and fuere,
That neuer zit was writtin ere.

OF ALEXANDER.

Quhare man avowit fa hattandly,
 Na mannaft with fic fuccoudry.
 Said Marciane now may ze fe,
 that betuix lufe and ladeis fre,
 and courtes aquentance alfua,
 Garris fum men fic thing vndir ta,
 that puttis thame to fic louing,
 and fyne to Ioy and folafing.
 thow hes fuith faid Clarus perfay,
 For by thare wordis and zefterday,
 Is weill fene thay war fa haltane,
 that ane mychty man of mane,
 Durft nocht derene I dar la wed,
 with that thay partit all and zeid to bed.

APONE the morne quhen it was day,
 the air was cleir and it was day.

Marciane quhen his lyking was,
 Rais and with the ftandart gais,
 and fet it vp in myddis the grene,
 the folk of Grece than hes it fene.
 Said Alexander lordis we ly,
 Here all to gang thairfore will I,
 pas our the zonde half of pharone,
 and ask the treuage at ald Clarone,
 That we fra his brother wan,
 and thairfore think euirilk man,
 to leif keip and the fenzeory,
 that we haue winnyn throw maiftry.
 Pour men ar the folk of inde,
 and armit euill men fall thame find,
 Lytill ar thay worth and can do bot fmall,
 Of weir and thus I warne zow all,

¶ THE AVOWES

Be thay affailzeit hardely,
 And encountered egerly,
 that formeft cumis ze fall fe,
 The hindmeft fall abafed be.
 Suth is that Clarus fonnes ar gude,
 And michty men of mane and mude.
 And Marciane of Pers alfua
 That micht men outhet talk or fla,
 Throw ftrenth or lyft of ony wyfe,
 The laif ar lytill for to pryfe.
 Lordingis faid the nobill King,
 My hart is he dois my bidding,
 Quha haldis bidding throw refloun is,
 Hardy wele I warne zow this,
 that of fare ftrakes the maift party,
 Ar throw auyfe maid halely.
 Forthy I pray ilk man that he,
 Nocht couetous na zarnand be,
 to tak na ryches that thay wald,
 Bot wyn of deidly fais the fald,
 Fra thay be winnin all wit ze weill,
 the gudis ar ouris euer ilk deill,
 And I quyteclame zow vterly,
 Baith gold and fyluer halely,
 And all the riches that thairis is,
 The honour will I haue I wis.
 I hald me payit that part to haif,
 I keip na mare of all the laif,
 And weill wit ilkane witterly,
 We ar in fic ane party,
 That quik or deid ouris is the land,
 thoct thay be mony I tak on hand,

OF ALEXANDER.

With lytill mischeif for all thair lare,
thay fall fle all that euer thay ar.
Suith sayis our Lord ilkane thay fay,
Clarus fall by his great deray.
Quhen Alexander that na boist may fley,
Saw the standart dressed hey,
Dicht and masoned stalwartly,
And the hoste of Inde halely,
Sterand and reuifand heir and thare,
Lordingis said he I will fare,
Out our pharon and with me fall
Fare my men in armis all.
the halfe on this halfe of pharouns,
Sall dwell to keip the pauilliouns,
Our horses with rapes and ginnis be,
Angill with battis down to the se,
And all our menze fall down ga,
Endlang the steppis tua and tua,
Sua that in tua dayis or in thre,
We fall all our passed be.
On tyisday fall this weir tak end,
Now cum quhat euer God will send.
Quhen the King had said his will,
thay went smartly thair armes till,
And cariaris out throw the hoist can cry,
that all suld follow the King in hy.
NOW gais his way the nobill King,
that was honored attour all thing.
Ane better King was neuer borne,
Efter his tyme na zit beforne,
Armit weill and gayly dicht,
and als Emynedus the wicht,

¶ THE AVOWES

Dauclyne als and tholomeris,
 And weill x thousand Knychtis,
 that the gude King throw his bounte,
 And throw his great largite.
 He was courtas fueit and quent,
 And wyfly spekand at all poynt,
 all fa lowit him for all him luffit,
 and he great lufrent to thame prufit,
 Hand in hand with menze fare,
 zeid doun the steipis of the plare,
 Quhen thay war cuming doun thay fand,
 Baith stapis and battis at thare hand,
 that had thame out to effezoun,
 Quhen he was cumming to the toun,
 Sic Ioy fall thow neuer fe,
 as thay maid thame in the citie,
 the King to land is went I wys,
 and tholomere him fallowit is,
 Daucene and gude emynedus,
 Lycanor and Antigorus,
 Philot and Feltione alfua,
 Thair of the douzeperis war na ma,
 The laif war in the chalmer of Venus,
 Arreste predicas and Caulus,
 And lyonell and floridas,
 That with fezoun and ydeas,
 Maid thare delyte with gamin and play,
 And of the presoneris spak thay.
 That wist na thing of the King,
 Na of his cuming na kin thing,
 Quhill that ane squyare hes him tald
 Gassamus delarys the auld.

OF ALEXANDER.

Quhen the gude man him hard I wis,
 His hart for loy reioysit is,
 And to him confingis syne said he,
 Wp fuyth myne aune confingis fre.
 The mychty King of massidonze,
 Is cumming heir without sonze,
 Now is our mycht growin sua,
 Thare may na power ws our ga.
 Now prys I nocht the oist of ynd,
 The leist stra that men mycht find,
 Na zit Clarus na Marciane,
 The King of pincarny na his men.
 thay rusit thame that ane houndreth thousand,
 Of scheildis fould about thame stand,
 Bot me had leuer of gude ane haue,
 than ane vaill full of ill to craue.

CHILDER said auld Cassamus,
 Heirin is cumming for to wesfy vs,
 the King of Grece that God maid air,
 Of Grece quhair vertew maid repare.
 Courtas fare and wyse he is,
 Hardy and worthy als I wys,
 And sicker to do his deuore weill,
 In hard stour of battell mortell.
 Sueit and humyll he is I hecht,
 And meik in all his mekill mycht,
 Of honour he is keper.
 Of gudis large and dispender.
 Of him mare quhat sall I say,
 Mercy in his hart is ay,
 to ressaue all that him prayis,
 Now is he cummyng in our paleis.

¶ THE AVOWES

To wit quhy Clarus is cummin heir,
 to affeage vs on this maneir,
 Bot we fall gar him gang his gait,
 Or repent him may fall to lait.
 On tyifday fall the battell be,
 Quhair men the worthy weill may fe,
 thair may worthy gif thay will,
 Fall great worship weill thame till.
 Chylder said Cassamus the hare,
 Sa God himselfe me keip fra care,
 I am ane man of mekill eild,
 And thinkis to abyde in the feild,
 And mony ane strake stryke I wis,
 than byrd zow weill that ioly is,
 Zong stalwart and mighty,
 In founne nurist nobilly,
 Wele ioyus in armes and drowry,
 Lordingis deir to zow say I,
 Worship zow summondis on tyifday,
 To put zour bodeis to assay,
 In bath of fueit and swordis hewin,
 And sturde stokking and stampin.
 Thare fall worship hald court I hecht,
 And deme honour euin to the richt,
 With hardement counsell and vigour,
 thare fall men se quha zarnis honour.
 And we aucht wele baith men and page,
 Gang to defend our heritage.
 that Clarus wald haue with maistry,
 For we haue fundin anerly,
 Forouttin lord but vther skill,
 But succudry and his will,

OF ALEXANDER.

To our goddis I plenze all,
And to zow lordis great and finall,
And Alexander the nobill King,
that bringis heirin our helping,
Mony ane gentill knicht I wis,
Ga we and meit thame with loy and blis,
Quhare weilcum be he in this toun.
Than zeid thay all agane him doun,
Doun of the palace Iupiter,
The barronis ischit in fare affere.
That glaid and ioly was and gay,
Togidder hand in hand zeid thay,
Singand and carraland iolely,
Of Alexanderis cheualry,
How he wan daurus and Nicholas,
And mony vthir seimly place,
Before the auld tempill Venus,
Thay met the King carraland thus,
Amang his men that worthy war,
Great honour ilkane can him bare,
and profferit him courtally,
Boith body and gudis halely,
Said Alexander grant mercyis,
Ze fall wel wit on quhat kin wys,
or I pas hyne how it me noyis,
That Clarus this our land destroyis.
Schir said the fare dam fezonas,
His mycht great marring to vs mais.
Fare said the King myslay zow nocht,
I know that all in deid and thocht,
Weill far better than ze do,
he is baith fell and cruell to,
That is weill by the countre fene.

¶ THE AVOWES

He hes destroyit all bedene,
the skaith is great said Cassamus,
Bot I trow to our God Marcus,
that it fall sone redressit be.
Gif God thame sauis that I heir se,
Za schir gif God will saue the King,
And with that word baith auld and zing,
ressault him full richely.
the madinnis inclynnit to him courtasly,
And syne of erlis barrouns and knychtis,
he was honorit with all thare mychtis,
the King in to the palace come.
that of storys of troy and rome,
Was porturit clenly and Intermellit,
With gold that was weill anamalit,
How that destroyit was the toune.
And stollin the paleadione,
And how the Grecians destroyit ware,
all this halely was pantyt thare,
the King beheld the panting fast.
On filkin carpettis at the last
he sat and gart vname him syne,
amang the ladeis fare and syne

ALEXANDER the King sa kene,
Was set on filkin carpettis schene,
amang madinnys that war Ioly,
and playit with thame Iolely,
On athir half sat Emynedoune,
Festioun tholomere and Lyoun.
the vthir barronis sat on the grene,
the King tuke Fezonas the schene,
By the hand and luffumly,
Said madame I wald blythly,

OF ALEXANDER.

Wit quhat thow thinkis gif it nocht be,
 Schir said the fair maydin fre,
 I thoct gif that it be zour will,
 Of auld Clarus that loud and still,
 Vs weiris and destroyis our land,
 Said Alexander I tak on hand,
 War tyisday cummin thow fall se,
 Vs wele vengit of his cruelte.
 The mekill God said Cassamus,
 Mot zeild zow shir that ze say thus,
 Cassamus said the King parde,
 I haue great zarning for to se,
 Him that sua rufis my sword to reif,
 Maugre myne out of my neif.
 He manaffis richt hie gif I dar say
 Schir said Floridas perfay.
 Gif I dremet sa hie ane thing,
 Quhill I leif fuld I haue resting.
 Said Alexander freind gif I,
 Micht with auyse be sa worthy,
 As he is I wald ask na mare.
 Schir said Cassamus the hare,
 Gif that zour lyking be,
 To morne heir ze fall him se,
 For thay haue vndertane the way.
 That is wele said the King perfay.
 Or the morne at euin said Cassamus,
 Ze fall se the Bauderane and Porrus
 Se heirin for the trewis ar tane,
 Quhill monunday that day begane.
 Said Alexander it lykes me,
 That it be sa, for I fall se,

¶ THE AVOWES

Him that fall me reis my brand,
 Maugre myne out of my hand.
 Quhat fall thay thair of fay or deme,
 That hes my brydill for to zeme.
 Of my selfe I will nocht say,
 I wait nocht of the deid perfay.
 Bot the wordis at haltane,
 Schir said Caulus fa God me fane,
 He fall leif his helme of steill,
 thocht it be fefnit neuer fa weill,
 Or rug his heid of or I rest,
 Or ellis myne armes fall all to brest,
 than leuch thay all and maid sporting,
 Caulus weill worth the said the King.
 Of that quhilk Caulus said I wis,
 the Kingis hart reioysit is,
 In ioy gamming and folais,
 And in lyking the day our gais,
 the Grecians past fast our pharoun,
 In botes and galayis to the toun.
 And the King playit with Ideas,
 And with the menffinger of tears,
 Was to him send be Candas the Quene,
 Syne zeid thay and sat on seages grene.
 Efter the ches play that the King,
 Had playit with Perdicas the zing,
 thair was the Bauderane thocht on wele,
 How that Fefonas the fare to fele,
 Said he fould meat be in the store,
 the King maid mekill myrth thairfore,
 And leuch and playit with gammin and blis,
 And ane party shamit is.

OF ALEXANDER.

V PONE the morne the gude King rais,
 Baith erlis and barrounnis with him gais.
 to tempill Diane for to pray,
 thair oryfounis thairin maid thay,
 Bot or thay war cuminin agane.
 Was cummin Porrus and the Bauderane,
 And Marciane of Pers I wis,
 The King cummin fra the tempill is,
 And hes fene tha fallowis thre,
 To Cassamus allsone said he,
 I haue na knowledge of zon men,
 Said Cassamus ze fall thame ken.
 Quod Cassamus now may ze se,
 He that throw his great bounte,
 Sall reif zour sword of zour hand.
 Lo zonder formeft rydand,
 And the tother is Porrus that fall,
 Beat and discumfit the great battall,
 And stryke great strakis amang the men,
 The thrid fallow is Marcien.
 That of reffoun and wit I wis,
 And of worship wele wanist is,
 Said Alexander sa God me se,
 Thay ar fare bachleiris all thre,
 And for the worship wele the mare,
 Baith to lufe and leif thay ar,
 For thay ar mekill and manly and wicht,
 the hardyest byrd dreid thair nicht.
 God gif it had coste me of myne,
 Ten thousand mark of syluer fyne,
 And alsmeill gold with thy that thay,
 My freindis war haldand thair fay.

¶ THE AVOWES

I had mare winnen than nicht be tald,
 With thy the goddis fa help me wald,
 That I with my honour nicht,
 Eschape on tyisday the ficht,
 Of Clarus gude I bad na mare,
 Bot accord with tha knichtis thare.
 As the King with his douzepeiris,
 Spak to honour the bachleiris,
 Blythly lichted thay ilkane,
 And fra thame hes thair swordis tane.
 The Bauderane befor his fallowis zeid,
 And saluted the King on Grecians leid,
 That wele couth speke and wittely,
 Loutit and inclynit courtasly.
 The King anfuered with luffum cheir,
 Lordingis and I nicht meit zow heir,
 In sic manere that of armour,
 And of armes zow doubillis honour,
 And God grant that I may ryse,
 On tyisday on sik ane wyse,
 That I my body and my brand,
 May keip vnrest out of my hand.
 Sum dele afhamed was the Bauderane,
 And changit hewis and said agane,
 Full sempilly but affraying,
 Gud shir that may helpe na thing.
 Men worthis avow for ladyes deir,
 And put thair bodeis in perrellis feir,
 To fynis and fulfill his deid,
 And nouthier leif it for deid na dreid.
 Harrow said Alexander now I fe,
 That betuene lufe and ladyes fre,

OF ALEXANDER.

I am in euenture for to by,
 Thair gammis and thair droury.
 Now ga we eit for tyme is neir,
 Quhair welcum be ze alwayis heir.
ALLEXANDER gentill was and fre,
 To Porrus than oft lukit he.
 That mekill was and manly made,
 Broun crisp hare on his heid he hade,
 With coist as Lyoune bald to fecht,
 And stout visage to se be licht.
 He thocht he was of all fassoun,
 Lyke to his eme the King Pirroun,
 Be reffoun byrd him be hardy,
 Stark staluart and sturdy,
 And lukit syne to Emynedus.
 And lauchand syne he said him thus,
 All preuelly that nane micht heir,
 Beaufhir to meit zoun bachleir,
 Is nocht thy prowre vnderstand,
 He avowis to win Ferrand.
 The duke answered with hardy cheir,
 Zit am I lose God haill and feir,
 And thocht he mannas me on fer,
 That fall may I fall do him war,
 Thusgait spekand to and fra,
 To palyce Iupiter thay ga,
 Into the palyce Iupitere,
 that cleinly caruin was but weir,
 And adorned with riche stoues,
 Iasp Beriall and Sardonis,
 The King come with his knichtis all,
 In his estate emperyall.

¶ THE AVOWES

They maydinnis cled war in veluet,
 thay couered burds and opnit the zet.
 the King askit water and men him brocht,
 In Bafynes that war craftely wrocht,
 Of Emeraudes and rid rubeis.
 Quhen he had weslin vpone this wys,
 The Bauderane syne callit he.
 And said thir ze fall fit by me.
 As worthy luffis in laute syne,
 And zonder Porrus zour coufyne,
 Sall fit besyde dame Fefonas,
 Syne Marciane and Ideas.
 Thay said ilkane, thir at zour will,
 Zour commandement we fall fulfill.
 With his word thay war set all fuyth,
 In Iupiters palace glaid and blyth,
 Thay war in that cumpany.
 Bot thay sensyne allanerly,
 At vther burdis thay war set,
 Of Grece and Calde at the mete.
 Gaudefere and Betys his brother,
 Seruit with thair men ane and vther,
 Of ioy fulfillit war thay iolely,
 Amang thame was great senzeory,
 That crowned King that I of mene,
 Is set down on carpettis clene,
 And callit to him the presoneris tua,
 And Marciane of Pers alsua,
 And Fefonas the fare of face,
 And Idorus and Ideas.
 Gart thame sit intermelle,
 On carpettis that was fare to fe.

OF ALEXANDER.

Thare was na speke of velany,
 Bot of armes and droury,
 And of bounte and rich guerdoun,
 That lufe geuis quhen him thinkis resoun.
 Amang thame spak thay commonly,
 For thay durst nocht priually,
 For the King that thare was of renoun,
 As wald his reuerence throw resoun.

QVHEN thay had drukin eftir they speke
 The King rais and knychtis eik.
 And callit Cassamus and Betyis,
 Gaudefeir als and vthir of prys
 Into the paleis vndir the the tour,
 He callit his men of great valour,
 To vmbecaft quhat fould cum eft.
 the laif war in the chalmer left,
 to speke and play quha thare had bene,
 Amang that mirth thay mycht haue sene,
 Ilkane drew to vthir neir,
 With fueit blenkis and ficing feir,
 Marciane than said thame to.
 Lordingis here haue I nocht ado,
 I am bot feir I can nocht play,
 Beaufhir said Idorus the gay,
 And I am myne allane I wis,
 And maydin that to mary is.
 Bird wele to wis sik ane to haue,
 Said Marciane fa God me faue,
 ze haue better and mare to pryse,
 Baith hyne and heir on alkin wyse,
 He was with me ane lytill thraw,
 Sa mekill in him thare I saw.

¶ THE AVOWES

that he na fould as me think parde,
 For na man leuand changit be,
 Be God me leuer war I mocht,
 Refembill him in deid and thocht.
 And be richt sic ane as he is,
 than haue half deill this warld I wis,
 Certis said porrus I dar say,
 that men bird out him weill away,
 In great battale I tak on hand,
 Mare than of vtheris na ane thousand.
 thay held speke yufgatis of Bety's,
 And of amouris mony wys,
 Bot I na wait bot as lufe kennys,
 And zarnyng beris and lyking lennys.
 For quhen luffaris in lufe ar tane,
 And thay haue lafer thame allane,
 thay find to speker now speche ay,
 and bot ane quhyle mais ane day
 Sa fure is of thir merry men,
 Bot thay had spokin bot lytill then,
 Quhen the King had tane counsale,
 to fecht on tyfday foroutin fail.

QVHEN the king this counsale had tane
 to Venus chalmer is he gane.
 Arreste followit and Caulus,
 Gaudefeir Bety's and Cassamus,
 Agane thame rais all that thare war,
 Emynedus spak and wald nocht spare.
 Lordingis and vassellis to zow I say,
 Vthir think nane or on tyfday.
 to fecht or fle aluterly,
 Or ellis to cum heir to mercy.

OF ALEXANDER.

Sa mon it be quha cuir be wraith,
And Marciane said to him raith,
Schir to ansuer to that resoun,
Myne Eme is puruait the King Claroun,
that with ane houndreth thousand scheildis
on tysday fall we tak the feildis,
I wait nocht quha be dede or tane,
Bot this empryse beis vnder flane.
Said Alexander now be it sa,
than can he of the chalmer ga.

THE King is to the palace gane,
Quhare in thare was neuer ane stane.

Na the worst was precious,
thare followit him fast out of the hous,
the folk that hardy was and gude,
that better luffit fecht than fish the flude.
thare armour zeid thay for to se,
to help that nedit for that melle,
tothir still in the chalmer is,
ay tua and tua held spek I wys.

Porrus beheld to fezony,
and saw hir fetas and Ioly,
Zing and fare of simpill manere,
Priually he said my deir.

Baith body and hart I gif zow till,
With gude intent and nocht with ill,
Schir said that schene full courtasly,
I ressaue it aluterly.

Baith the knycht and the fare prayere,
I fall haue nane vthir nowthir hyne na heir,
Now Porrus hes his zarnyng all,
Lady and lemman gent and small.

¶ THE AVOWES

Wist his father how he had wrocht,
 That ilk day deir it fould be bocht,
 Bot he fall wit tharof na deill,
 Fra him it fall be helit weill.
 The Bauderane can to Porrus say,
 Lauchand schir fall we wend our way.
 haue we spokin nocht zit our fill,
 Za said Porrus quhen ze will,
 Thay went furth quhen thay leuit war,
 With mad murning and sikingis fare,
 Amang thame four thay fuore I hecht,
 I na wait quhat be God of mycht,
 out the chalmer thay went in hy,
 And met the King delyuerly.
 Amang his men that maist war prysit.
 Said Alexander quhidder ar ze auyfit,
 With zour leif schir will we fare,
 and he thame gaif thare leif richt thare,
 Thay loutit to him and zeid thare gait.
 Cassamus led thame to the zet,
 alsua Arreste and Gaudefeir,
 and Betys that was fare and fere,
 thay went furth to thare pauillon,
 and thay agane went to the toun.
 the King afkit Cassamus als fast.
 ar thay of inde thare wais past,
 Za schir said Cassamus parde,
 thay may now neir thare menze be,
 Said Alexander fa God me mend.
 Gif that thay weill may bring to end,
 thair vowes thay fall weill honorit be.
 Antigorus than cryit he,

OF ALEXANDER.

And lukit to Emynedus,
And lauchand to him said he thus,
Hes thow Ferrandis maister sene,
And gif he had wonnin bene,
Za said the duke and wonder weill,
Behaldin him sa haue I feill,
Gif euer I knew man or wyfe,
He is staluart in ilka stryfe,
And of outragious hardement,
Bot I haue dout sa God me ment,
That zour suord beis nocht in fauete,
All hale bot gif zour armes be
Stark and zour neiffis cosed weill,
Zour Gissarne fall zow helpe na deill,
That at zour arfoun hingand is,
Said Caulus sa haue I blis,
Spokin thairof sa mekill haue we,
I dreid we zit reprouit be.
Said Alexander weill may fall,
Bot this ane thing conforsts vs all,
that it alwayis fall cum to me,
that God hes damned in destane,
that bourd or it be affrayit,
The Indeanis fall be full affrayit.
Quhair the King thus can bourd and play,
The barrounis raid thair hey way,
to Clarus tent and lichted hare,
Amang thame rais the harrot hare,
Feistand thame with nobill cheir,
Lordingis said Clarus I wald heir,
Zon Kingis cumming that leisfis on pray,
For pouerty makes he sik deray,

¶ THE AVOWES

Schir be the faith I to zow aw,
 Said Porrus efter that I can knaw.
 Sik ane to my ficht thair is cummine,
 That I can nocht tell na deuine.
 For he is hardy gud and gay,
 And ferly fare forout affray.
 Bot thay ar nocht forouttin wene,
 Sa mony as I wenit thay had bene.
 For quha wald tell of all thair menze,
 Men I trow thare fould nocht be,
 Thretty thoufand of all kin men,
 Perfay me think said Clarus then,
 That zon fals King dois great foly,
 To put him felfe in Ieopardy,
 With fa quhene that may nocht be,
 Ane denner to my great menze.
 Zon wrangus couating of gude,
 It byrd fhent all that fa gais wod.
 thay falbe venged gif I dar fay,
 that he difherift mony ane day,
 All this warld him hates I hecht,
 Als fer as he vmbefettis richt.
 Clarus all thusgate said his will,
 Bot nane consentand was him till.
 Than Marciane said that all micht heir,
 Fare fueit eme I wald ze were,
 Richt sik as he is fa God me blis,
 Amend zour lyfe and leif in his,
 For ze ar war than I dar fay.
 than was thare nane that thay na pray,
 For Marciane all preuelly,
 And said amang thame commonly.

OF ALEXANDER.

Marciane gais the fuithfast gait,
 He is nocht lyke sum that I wait.
 That sayis my lord sayis richt weill,
 And assentis to his will ilk deill.
 Clarus vox rid for shame in hy,
 For he wist weill and witterly,
 That his consing the fuith can say,
 He said na word nouthir ze nor nay,
 To his eme wele spak marcien,
 And Clarus rais amang his men,
 And lauchand said my consing here,
 Hes said me fuith forouttin were.
 Now be nocht wraith for all fall weill,
 Amendit be euer ilk deill.
 The richt auansit wrang away,
 In thanke we tak it thir said thay.
 And we fall serue zow with gude will,
 In vs ze fall neuer find ill,
 With that word thay haue wonnen I wis,
 Ma freinds than Alexander and his,
 Of men quhen thay fall armit be,
 Lordingis mekill thank said he.
 Now pray I that zour geir be dicht,
 And zour hors shod all at richt,
 To morne all hale and monunday,
 That ze be reddy but delay,
 Sa that on tyisday I will airly,
 We be on hors all halely,
 Armit with speiris and with blasounis,
 Ane lytill outwith the pauilliouns,
 The standart dressed vp of inde,
 that Gaudefere it varnist finde,

¶ THE AVOWES

Than cryis indeanis or it be fellit,
 Mony ane calde yair fall be quhellit,
 thus said the folk in to that place,
 And thay that bezond pharoun was.
 to the roch and to the riuier braid,
 thay had passit maid thay na baid,
 Sa that or founday war all gane,
 Attour thay passit was euir ilkane,
 Quhen thay of Grece had passit the phare.
 And cummin within the citie war,
 Ane great semble thare was sene,
 thare was ten thousand knychtis kene,
 the nobill King to se thame gais,
 And in his hart great lyking hes.
 Of thare fare fere forout affray,
 He thocht and to himself couth say,
 that in the warld als far as men wait,
 Mycht nane begottin that mycht thame mait.
 that day thay restit and that nycht,
 Quhill on the morne that day was lycht.

V PONE the morne on mononday,
 the wadder was fare as I hard say,
 And in gude tyme the nobill King.
 Rais and him claid in rich clething,
 About him his priue men,
 in the hall ar thay cummyng then,
 that with grene iasp all pantit was,
 Dyaparty weill fra place to place,
 In to ane wyndo he beheld,
 the oist that all our spred the feild.
 With that come Cassamus the feir,
 Gaudefeir and his brother deir,

OF ALEXANDER.

Thare was of Grece and of Calde,
Mony barroun of great bounte,
Before the King into the hall,
the peiris of Grece war gadderit all,
In it was fa stout and fa hardy,
And he thame said full luffumly,
Lordingis ane hundreth thousand fyce,
I thank zow of zour lele seruyce,
Bot now is doubled the mystere,
Lo the oist of Inde before vs here.
Quhare mare ryches and treasure is,
than Daurus leuit and all his,
thairfore Lordingis I say zow to,
that quha fa with mighty hes ado,
Sould first couit to win honour,
And syne the siluer and the treasure.
Quha winnis the honour the laif is his.
And quha first zarnis the gude I wis.
Honour and body I warne zow weill,
He leiffis all euer ilka deil.
For couatyse vpon this wyse,
Reiffis haly that to honour lyis
Bot we haue bene fortherwart thairof,
thairfore our goddis haue the loif,
the morne fall the great battell be,
For thy fuld we puruey and se,
How that we wyisly micht tailze,
And keip vs fra this great battailze.
Ane man me tald bot short quhyle ere,
How thay deuyfit of thare affere,
Sax battellis haue thay made I hecht,
And to ilkane gude chiftane and wicht,

¶ THE AVOWES

Porrus fall haue the first osteill,
 And the Bauderane that wait I weill,
 Sall haue the tothir in leding.
 Him bird be hardy attour all thing.
 Sen he halely in lufe hes laucht,
 Caneus as the man me thaucht,
 Sall haue the thrid to keip and lede,
 And Caleos that is gude at neid,
 Sall haue the ferd Salphadyne.
 Sall lede the last battale fyne,
 Clarus fall cum behynd thame fa,
 On athir hand he garris thame ga,
 I wait nocht bot disagyfitly,
 Than hes he ordanit thame halely.
 Baith his battelis and his stering,
 Said Cassamus be heuinnis King,
 He dois wyfly for sic ane child,
 He garris his men our tak the feild.
 He rais on his feit and stude,
 And said Cassamus the gude,
 Beaufchir hald the by vs neir,
 And ken vs quhen thow seis mister,
 Thow hes in mony bargane bene,
 And mekill can and mare hes sene.
 To morne gif God will we fall fecht,
 Now help God for his mekill mycht,
 To nycht at euin the trew fall faill
 Tharefore I rede and geuis counsale,
 That we thair out ly all this nycht.
 Ilk man armyt all at richt,
 Sa that we be on our best wyfe,
 Buskit or that the sone begin to ryfe.

OF ALEXANDER.

To ly heir it war nyfte,
 For gif Clarus thairof nicht se,
 Said Cassamus ze say richt wele,
 And sa fall done be ilka dele.
 Now is it tyme that we deuyse,
 Our battellis and on quhat kin wyse,
 That ze will ordour zour menze,
 And gif vs gif zour willis be,
 the first battell for to steir,
 Is ouris that all wait baith far and neir.
 Emynedus said sa may nocht fall,
 Ze saw Porrus before zow all,
 Hecht he suld reif me my steid,
 Betuix the battellis fould this deid
 Be done, thairfore me think skill,
 It fould be myne, I grant thair till,
 Said Cassamus, for in zour bounte,
 Soueranely affy I me.
 The King about lukit and saw,
 His princes and barrouns standand on raw,
 That oft in battell and in stour,
 Had entred thame to win honour,
 He callit the gude Emynedoun,
 And said him with courtes reffoun,
 Schir duke this battell gif I the,
 And Philote als thy fere salbe,
 that wele can stryke with sheild and spere,
 Defend his freind his fais dere,
 Ze fall haue in zour cumpany,
 tua thousand knichtis that ar hardy.
 Quharefore I pray to god marcus,
 to keip Ferrand fra Porrus.

¶ THE AVOWES

Emynedus said shir leif Ferrand,
And Hape zow wele to kepe zour brand,
Fra the Bauderane Cassiale,
Ferrand salbe kepit but fale.

Quhen Alexander hard Emynedus,
Dispytusly spake and wryth him thus
Sayand that he sould keip his steid,
Quha euir was wraith or quha war weid,
In hart he maid great cheir,
And callit daulene and Tholomere.

Lordingis said that nobill King,
the tothir battelle in leding,
I gif zow to keip myne honour,
With tua thousand men of valour.
that ar all hale zing bacheloris,
Wicht hardy and stout of feiris,
thay will nocht fail for dout of dede,
Schir said daulene sa God me rede.

to morne assemble gif we may,
Or it be mydwart of the day,
Sa great wonder thare ze sall se,
that the best of thare menze,
Sall nocht abyde into the stouris,
Na anys behald the best of ouris,
Weill worth the daulene said the King.
Me bird lufe in mekill thing.

QVHEN daulene had said his corage.
the King dresseit vp his visage,
And lo heir fare auantage,
that Clarus in our heritage,
Hes brocht sa great riches heir,
To morne we sall the battale steir.

OF ALEXANDER.

Gif we na do we fall haue blame,
 And eftir the fkaith reprufe and fchame,
 Cum furth Lycanor and Lyoun,
 And the thrid Battale abandoun.
 To zow that worthy ar and wyfe,
 With tua thoufand men of prys,
 Worthy and of great vaffalage,
 To bring to end ane great outrage.
 Schir faid Lyoun and Licanor,
 We fall do weill and God before,
 I can nocht ken zow faid the King,
 Bot to morne in the mornynge,
 Honour fall be fet to faill.
 At fperis ftreking ze fall all hale,
 Be Kingis fonnes euir ilka deill,
 Ane gude man bird me cherys weill,
 That in ane Iournay anerly,
 Garris all him prys commonly,
 Fetioun my freind cum heir,
 Thow fall haue to keip and fteir,
 The ferd battale with tua thoufand,
 Staluart in ilka ftour to ftand,
 Antigorus fall with the be,
 That in battell and great melle
 Can ftryke great ftraikis amang his fais,
 And help to his that mifter hes,
 This gift faid Fetioun bird nocht greif,
 To him that wald his body preif
 And for his Lord him abandoun.
 He faid fare fall the fetioun.

THE King fat on the marbill gray,
 And to auld Caffamus can he fay,

¶ THE AVOWES

Thow art borne of this countre,
 And maist is louit with zour menze.
 Baith ane and vther thow knawis thame all,
 the first battell gouerne thow fall.
 And Arreste fall with the be,
 that is fulfillit of all bounte,
 With knychtis anew and gude squyers,
 With penfallis and displayit baneris,
 And the commouns of Effefoun,
 Sall duell here and keip the toun.
 thare think I fall be our repare,
 Efter the fecht gif vs fallis fare,
 For nicht Clarus victored be.
 that voyd war left the citte,
 He sould preis in fra we war forth,
 For wyues defence is lytle worth.
 Cassamus said I grant thairto,
 I ganefay nocht that ze will do.
 Ga here Perdicas said the King,
 thy avow hes haly tane ending,
 thow most on new avow on neid,
 And he answered as he wald weid,
 Schir as ze bid it fall be done,
 And be the Heuin Sone and Mone,
 I fall mak sik avow that fall,
 Be wele auyfit and thare with all,
 I fall mentene it with all my mane,
 thocht I sould die into the pane,
 I avow hechtis and sweiris raith,
 that betuix the battellis baith,
 I fall to morne with all my gere,
 Forouttin hors with sheild and spere,

OF ALEXANDER.

Be into the middes of the feild,
 that neuer for lyfe that man may weild,
 Sall I haue hors bot gif it be,
 Wonnin of nane bot of me,
 throw strenth of armes and of hand,
 this word I pray zow vnderstand.
 Said Alexander fa God me se,
 With mekill wrang thow wirthis the.
 Certis I did it for nane ill,
 Na zit was na thing in my will.
 Quhen Betys hard the King he rais,
 And said I avow and vndertais,
 to ga fute for fute with perdicas,
 I fall to morne ga pais for pais,
 And haue na hors bot I him winnin,
 to fulfill that he hes begunnin.

VELCVM said perdicas perfay,
 Sik fallow that in will is ay,
 Vnmeasured strakes to gif and tak,
 Is gude acquentance with to mak,
 With ane hundreth and fyfty nere,
 Of knichtis that of the countre were,
 Avowit all for Betys sake,
 that thay fuld thame cumpany make,
 And do alsmekill of armes thare,
 As thay that full wele horfit ware.
 thir folk ar wod said thay of Grece,
 For we lufe ane full gude pece,
 I hope we fall nocht se na day,
 For ane sa mony mak deray.

THE King had ferly quhan he saw,
 The knichtis stert vp all on raw.

¶ THE AVOWES

That for Perdicas and Betys,
 Hes vndertane fa hie ane prys,
 As for to fecht in middes the feild,
 On fute all armit with spere and sheild,
 Betuix the battellis arrayit to fecht,
 Quhare xl thoufand beis I hecht,
 That deidly thame hates ilka man.
 Greatly in hart he lofit thame than,
 And faid I will on na kin wyfe,
 Let perdicas of his empryse.
 Na nane that cummin is him till,
 For it amouis of hardy will
 Bot lytill I wraithit him lang ere,
 Bot fa the goddis fra wa me were,
 I thocht nane euill bot that the toun,
 I wald war kepit fra treafoun,
 For wift Clarus that the citte,
 War voyd of men aflone fould he,
 To enter with all his micht affay,
 And perdicas was still perfay,
 And quoke for shame I vnderta,
 Quhen he the King faw meit him fa.
 Than leuch thay all that was him neir,
 And Alexander alfua maid gude cheir,
 Quhen Alexander with perdicas,
 And Betys that his fallow was,
 With gammin bourdit had and playit,
 Of the first avow that doun was layit,
 And of the tother that stoutest was,
 Great glaidfchip in hart he hes.
 And faid lordingis now worthis me,
 Deuyfe at lafer quha fall be,

OF ALEXANDER.

With me into my awin battale,
 I fall haue thame that will nocht fale,
 Of Massidone myne awin countre,
 And thay of Grece fall ga with me,
 Tua thoufand knychtis wicht and hardy,
 Caulus cum furth here bellamy,
 At my brydill with hald the,
 And keip me in great melle.
 Said Caulus fchir fa God me fane,
 The noy the trauell and the pane
 that I haue dreit, is quyte me weill.
 Quhen that relick that great iowell,
 Is thusgate in my keping fet,
 Now haue I that I grenit to get,
 Honour alsmekill as I wald haue,
 I wald nocht tak fa god me faue,
 In thanke to change all parradys,
 For this hie gift that geuin me is.
 I had it leuer weill alway
 than all zour conquest to this day,
 Grant mercy than said the King,
 that is to thank in mekill thing,
CAVLVVS was glaid and full of blis,
 And the gude King amang all his,
 than said lordingis with fely werd,
 to morne airly with spere and fwerd,
 I will ilkane strange and priue,
 Vpon zour hors all armit be,
 Ane lytill before the Sone ryfing,
 Quhen ze heir tauburnes and trumping,
 On lyfe and guds this command I.
 Syne fall we ryde richt hardely.

¶ THE AVOWES

And pas we all with spere and scheild,
 Sa that we first may tak the feild,
 Syne fall we se the ordaning,
 Of thame of Inde and thare cumming,
 Schir Floridas said the King ga here.
 Thow art to me baith leif and dere,
 For thow hes seruit me lelely,
 that falbe quit the hastelly.
 Efter this weir gif I may leif,
 My brydill reinzeis heir I the geif,
 To keip me in the great battaill,
 Keip thow me weill forouttin fail,
 Thow fall haue proffeit and honour,
 I lippin in the great valour,
 Thocht thow be fer and of strange countre,
 Of simpill men and into the,
 Be alkin worship at deuyce,
 In thocht and dede and lele seruyce.
 The mare all out men fould the lufe,
 Cheris and honour and gude dede prufe,
 Sa fall I do sa God me rede,
 Gif I ocht lang lyfe may lede,
 thairof fuld nane anoyit be,
 Na thing inuy na mauite.
 thocht ane gude man to myne intent,
 Micht borne be throw enchantment,
 Zit think me that men bird him do,
 All that gude man afferit to.
 For this gift said floridas,
 I na wald tak all damas,
 Floridas said the King of prys,
 I leif me in thy fare seruice.

OF ALEXANDER.

Till all that ar in my pouer.
 I fall the quyte weill and fare,
 My renze to zeme I the betak,
 To lede me quhare cowartis fall quaik.
 For weill I wait that laute,
 And he honour is fet in the,
 My countre men fall with me ga,
 Of Grece and Maffidone alſua,
 Said floridas deir God quhen I,
 Deferuit to haue zone ſenzeory,
 That the gude King hes hecht to me,
 In thy ſeruice vaffale ſaid he,
 That gif I leiſ it fall be the quyte,
 Weill mare than I deuyſe the zit.

NOW hes the King his battellis all,
 Deuyſit and ordainit all that fall,
 Be at the brydill of the melle,
 With him the folk of his countre,
 Thame will he haue that weill can fecht,
 Thay war na wyning with na mycht
 Bot of anteceffory was his,
 Fra air to air lang ſorrow this
 Quhare gude men is lele and kynd.
 Quhare thow him leiſſis thow fall him find.
 Na neuer fall ſaid quhill he may laſt,
 Quhen the King his affere hes paſt,
 Gaudeſeir tuke him by the fleiſ,
 that how he mycht this weir eſcheiſ.
 Set all his thocht and his etling,
 And lauchand to him ſaid the King,
 Thy battale lukit lang quhyle gane.

¶ THE AVOWES

For sic as thow hes vndertane.
 Bot gif we escheif it weill,
 Suld turne to honour ilka deill.
 Schir said the chylde destanit is.
 With goddis help I trow ay this,
 Sall wonder weill perfurnift be,
 To morne long or men euin se,
 Said Grecians bliffing mot thow bere,
 Thy father was douchty Gaudefere.
 His worship hope I wele in the,
 Sall foueranely restored be.
 The folke of Grece to Gaudefere,
 Kythit mekill thanke for his effere.
 For hardement wele in him thay saw.
 Schir said Cassamus parde I knaw,
 to ishe is tyme for it is lait,
 Now ga we said the King our gait,
 Than armit they thame les and mare,
 thretty thousand on hors thay ware,
 the commouns left in Effesoun,
 Ay tua and tua ishrit of the toun.
 Thare was mony ane broudin banere,
 And mony ane pennoun of feir manere,
 Mony ane helme and mony ane sheild,
 And mony ane steid quha thame beheld.
 The baner of Massidone I wis,
 On ane great spere attachit is,
 Quhan thay of Grece than hes it sene,
 Haly beheld thay it bedene,
 Pallas Elyachim it sent,
 to Alexander into present.
 the Quene of Maydinnis that was fre,

OF ALEXANDER.

Into the baner men nicht fe,
Alexanders figure made all hale,
Of ftanes of gold and esmale,
that femit was of femet grene,
It nicht attour all the hofte be fene,
thare was na hilles but all was plane,
thare lukit they the men of mane.
And thay of Inde to armes ran,
thare had the fechting bene richt than,
Bot Marciane gart it be forborne,
And faid the trewis left quhill the morne.
thus armit all the nicht thay lay,
Quhill on the morne that it was day,
On ather fyde than war thay dicht,
And buskit thame all for the fecht.
Thare was mony ane douchty man,
In will to do great worship than.

¶ FINIS.

HEIR

begynnis the great battell of Ef-
FESOVN, STRYKKIN BE ALEX-

ander the great, aganis auld Clarus King of Inde,

for the great outtraige committed be him

aganis FESONAS, douchter to

GAVDEEIR de larys.

Quhairin is

contened the names, and vail-

zeant deids of the moſte

nobill knichtis

that was in all the warlde at

that tyme. &c,

(* *)
(* *)

BETVIX the battellis quhan the foundis,
Of trumpettis tauburnis and of clariounis,

Was mekill and great, come Perdicas,

On fute all armit as he was,

And Betys that was ſtout and bald,

And weil ane houndreth knychtis tald,

that had avowit on fute to fecht,

Armit in harnes gude and licht,

Ilkane in hand had dart or ſpere.

Or hand ax that was ſchairp to ſchere

All that thame ſaw thay ferlyit than,

for thay war armyt ilka man.

353

Aa.j.

Men

¶ THE AVOWES

Men micht thame knaw all halely,
 Before thame rydes farraly,
 Thay zeid thinkand to haue horffline,
 Gif that thare fais ony tyne.
 The battellis raid on ilka fyde,
 The Massidons ar full of pryde,
 Straik with spurris the sterand steidis,
 Emynedus that lytill dreidis,
 Come prekand forrow his fallowis thare,
 Wele ane bow draucht and mare.
 Into dispyte and pryde birnand,
 The King said tynt was Ferrand.
 And Porrus on the tother party,
 Come full of pryde and succudry.
 Before his battell in ane ling,
 In mekill thocht and great zarning,
 For to fulfill the vow he made,
 the ane agane the vther rade,
 As fyreflaucht that is fell to feill.
 For ather of thame knew vther weill,
 Betuix the battellis on the grene,
 Tua bow draucht and mare I wene,
 Emynedus come prekand that tyde,
 Birnand into dispyte and pryde,
 And said that Ferrand fould be dere
 Bocht, or ony that mother bere,
 Him had away but he him stall.
 And Porrus forrow his fallowis all,
 Come wonder wilfull to fulfill,
 His avow with gude hart and will,
 Sik strakes thay set in middes thair sheldes,
 Quhill flenderis flew furth in the feildis.

OF ALEXANDER.

The staluart speiris to frushit ware,
With breiftis bodeis and sheildis bare,
Thay hirkled with helmes sua,
Quhill baith to erd can bakwartis ga,
And lang quhyle lay into fuouning,
And thare hors remouit na thing,
Porrus rais first that was manly,
Smert delyuer stout and hardy,
And of his avow vmbethocht him thare,
And of thame that in kyrnallis ware.
His hors he leued and to Ferrand he zeid
And lap vpon him full gude speid,
But steroppis richt delyuerly,
And syne in steroppis sturdely,
Graithed thare as for to fecht,
He had nocht ben sa glaid I hecht,
For ane thousand pund winning.
Perfay said Fefonas the zing,
This avow encheifit is stoutly,
Ferrand is win richt apertly.
Now is Porrus sa glaid and blyth,
that he was neuer in all his lyfe,
Halfe sa glaid for na winning,
Deir God said he be heuinnis King,
Quhat thow honored hes me greatly.
Quhen that I throw my great foly,
profferit to iust with sik ane knicht,
Sa stout sa hardy and sa wicht,
and with honour my great foly,
Is now encheifit apertly,
My succudry sould me haue shent,

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

How euer me fall now is it went.
 That myne avow fulfillit is,
 For Ferrand haue I winnin I wis.
 With that he girdit throw the meid,
 Emynedus start that hard the steid,
 Delyuerly on fute he gat,
 His sheild embraiffit he fast with that,
 And to Porrus richt hard can cry,
 Cum furth vassale I the defy,
 For thy avow fulfillit is .
 Schir said Porrus grand mercyis.
 I will nocht shir wit ze weill,
 On fute fecht neuer a deill,
 For na ryches, bot tak Basand,
 that I haue changed for Ferrand.
 the bargane syne begin fall we,
 Leip on shir gif zour willis be.
 Emynedus said I grant thairtill,
 thow art worthy of hardy will,
 Wele worth him that the nurist sa.
 to Baufand he belyue couth ga,
 Lap on and strenzeit him sturdely,
 And said to Porrus dispittusly.
 Vassale now fall I Ferrand haue,
 Said Porrus shir sa God me faue,
 It may weill be bot maugre his,
 It falbe that in sasing is,
 And with that word the famin spreit,
 Fulfilled of ire and matelent,
 Betuene thame falbe great melle.
 Bot gif thay sone departit be,
 Now hes thir tua changed thare steidis.

OF EFFESOVN

Emynedus the graue at neid,
 Stout and hardy bauld and wicht,
 And Porrus forsy was in fecht,
 On helmes sheildis and shoulderis braid,
 Sik routis thay raucht sik pay thay maid,
 That fra thair astrikis flew the fyre,
 Emynedus was full of ire,
 And shamefull for the ladyes fre,
 That micht him fra the kirkallis se,
 Emynedus embraissit sturdely,
 And Ferrand thocht to get in hy.
 Or his wening be fulfilled all,
 For Porrus that him pryfed small,
 Full hardely him hint agane,
 Thay had gane doun baith with pane,
 Na war Philot that to the fecht,
 Come prekand in ane randoun richt,
 And thay of Inde on ather party,
 That battellis mellit commonly,
 Thair first battell thusgait can semble,
 Quhair hardy can gar the couartis trimble,
 That of the tua best of the oist,
 On that day was in haubrik doist.
 Was led and gouerned all at richt,
 Porrus hes weill fulfilled his hecht,
 For how foeuer it was begunnin,
 Betuix the oistis was Ferrand wonnin.
 Sa that throw the feild was sene,
 And on the walles with ladyes shene.
 Than throw the oist the murmure rais,
 And hir intent said Fefonas,
 And Ideas that was fre.

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

And hir sifter dame Idore,
 that war in Kirnallis of the tour,
 For to behald the staluart flour,
 And als to thame that thay luiffit.
 How that thay thame pruffit.
 that the best and maist of renoun,
 I haue great ferly said fezoun,
 Of all this warld his hors hes tynt,
 Withoutin ony fuerdis dynt,
 Porrus hes wynnin him with mycht.
 Zit fittis he in his sadill richt,
 Sik is hap dam quod ydeas,
 to gude man fallis sum quhyle per cais,
 Sik thing that wiked durst nocht do.
 And madame mare it is to,
 For great wirship or deray,
 Or ellis for happynes of this day,
 thow sayis suith said fezonas,
 With that come prekan and Philotas.
 He straik ane indeaine with ane spere,
 And throw the bodye he can him bere,
 In thretty placis begouth the fecht,
 thare was defoulit mony ane knycht,
 And mony ane bouell with hors drawin,
 that life leuand had nocht thare awin.

BESYDE the battale predicas,
 On fute embraiffit the talwas.
 Come before the Kingis battale,
 Armit in fetas apparele,
 Betys and weill seuin score neir.
 With cote armouris of quayntis feir,
 Aganis thame of pers thay zeid,

OF EFFESOVN

that Marciane had to keip and leid,
 Quhair euer thay ga the fecht was heat,
 Maid neuer fute men sik debeat.
 For thay war wonder stark and hardy,
 Armit at all pointes fetasly,
 Perdicas held ane dart I hecht.
 And smait ane persiane with all his micht,
 that him micht helpe nather helme na sheild,
 He felled him doun dede in the feild.
 And to Betys said he syne,
 Lepe on fellow this hors is thyne.
 I will nocht fallow said Betys,
 Haue na hors on na kin wys,
 Bot I him win throw fors in fecht,
 Said perdicas thow sayis all richt,
 We sall haue anew alsuith,
 Maugre quha be wraith or blyth.
THVS perdicas in middes the feild,
 Was vpon fute with spere and scheild.
 And Betys that was gude and gay,
 And vther fallowis als perfay,
 that wele war armit and richely,
 Amang persians sa hardely.
 thay rusched with bodeis bare,
 Ran out in stremis here and thare,
 Quhen Marciane saw that he was wraith,
 And strenzeit his steid with spurris baith,
 And smait perdicas in the scheild,
 And felled him flatlingis in the feild.
 Before his fallowis bot he was smart,
 And lichtly vpon fute he start,
 And Marciane with his handis baith,

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

To him hint and ruggit raith,
 Quhill he fell of the steid of prys,
 Before his fete than said Betys,
 Perfay lo here gude cheualry.
 Thare had Marciane richt haiftelly
 Bene slane bot he that oundder weill,
 Defendit him with his fuerd of steill,
 And thay of pers with strenth and mycht,
 Reskewit and horssit him in the fecht.
 Of thame of Grece and ynd I wys,
 The battaill hard & greuand is,
 Quhen Marciane reskewit was,
 Fra Betys and fra Perdicas,
 The tothir battale come rydand.
 thay war of gude men tua thousand.
 that wald nocht fle for dout of deid,
 Daucene and tholomere can thame lede,
 Les than ane pace with speris straucht
 to Caleos thair wayis raucht,
 that was hie prince of Amory,
 Clarus sone that was mychty,
 that agane thame with ten thousand,
 And ma quhat Lord or quhat seruand,
 Come weill arrayit and farraly,
 Before his fallowis hardely,
 Come Caleos strekand his spere,
 Agane him girdis Tholomere,
 Cryand vassale lo heir thy way.
 Na bute thow fall on bak perfay,
 With that thay straik with speiris I hecht,
 thare hors ran in ane randoun richt,
 thay straik fik strakis quhill the blasons.

OF EFFESOVN

Thay thirllit and the habirgeonis,
 Caleos brak his staluart spere,
 Bot nathing derit it Tholomere,
 And Tholomere sik ane rout him raucht,
 With all his mene and all his maucht,
 that to the erd he rufhit rath,
 Woundit outhrow the fydis baith,
 And girdit for by myddes the grene.
 Alexander that straik hes sene,
 It fall richt weill for zoldin be,
 Gif I leif lang in liege poufte,
 Quhen Caleos feld that he was fa,
 Woundit I warne zow he was wa,
 He rais vp fuyth for he was wycht,
 His men him followit in the fecht.
 tua thousand war wycht and hardy,
 thay horfit him delyuerly,
 Quhen he feld him on hors I hecht,
 Inflamit of ire in randoun richt.
 He smait ane grecians in the sheild,
 that hede and helme sprent in the feild,
 Ane vthir he trunfchonit euin in tua,
 the thrid gart to the erd ga,
 the fourt he flew foroutin frist,
 And ma than ten or he wald rest.
 Quhen Daucene saw that he can cry.
 Waffale that bargane thow fall by,
 In euill tyme was thow borne,
 Quhen throw the fa fele liffis beis lorne,
 Bot now it fall be fald full deir,
 the gyffarne that was schairp and cleir,
 With baith his handis he threw on hicht.

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

And hit Caleos with all his micht,
throw the fyde ane rimmill ryde,
Na war his haubrek at that tyde
Held, he had to hewin bene,
that men his longis micht haue sene.
the battellis mellit on ilka fyde,
Geuand and takand routis ryde,
And bruschand thame out of that stede,
And Caleos eschaped the dede.

THE cumming of the thrid battale,
Was fers and fell forouttin fale,
Lycanor led it and Lyoun,
With tua thousand men of renoun,
Armit cleinly at all richt,
With helmes sheildis and byrneis bricht,
Caneus come on ather party,
Girdand with ane great cumpany,
that wele ten thousand was I hecht,
Bot thay war armit euill to fecht,
Vnder thair sheildis thay war naked,
Na wonder thocht thair hartis quaked.
thay fall nouthar hardement haue nor micht,
Aganis armit men to ficht,
At speiris streiking fa foull thay fell,
that tua thousand as I hard tell
and ma, into thair first cumming,
War laid at eard but recouering,
the remanent thair gait ar gane,
And Caneus left all him allane,
For he suat for shame all egerly,
Defendand him as knicht hardy,
Mony ane grecian hes he felled,

OF EFFESOYN

Bot neuer the les he had bene quelled,
 throw Grecians that affailzeit fast,
 Quhen Lyoun knew him at the last,
 He cryit heichly zeild the to me,
 Or ellis thy lyfe lorne wilbe,
 Zeild the Caneus or thow de,
 Thy men ar failzeit luke quhair thay fle.
 Caneus him hard richt weill,
 Bot he him ansuered neuer a deill,
 Bot fra that battell can him speid,
 And to the Bauderanes hoste he zeid.

THE fourt battell forout affray,
 Come farraly and in gude array,
 Antigorus thame led I hecht,
 And Fetioun that was sa wicht,
 With tua thousand wicht and hardy,
 Armit at all pointes cleinly.
 Thame failzeis nocht quhat euer nedes,
 Strekand with spurris the sterand steides.
 To Salphadyne thay zeid thair way,
 That zoung and ioly was and gay.
 Antigorus before his feiris,
 To him the nerrest steid he feiris,
 And he to him come hard I hecht,
 Sik straikis thay gaue in sheildis bricht,
 That speiris all to frushit are,
 Far by thay passit withouttin mare,
 With that all mellit the remnand,
 Visage to visage hard fechtand.
 The feildis was fare the day was cleir,
 And the battellis richt fell in feir,
 Cassamus was armit weil,

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

And was baith styth and stark as steill,
 Ten thousand knichtis at his banere,
 Of Effesoun and of Daurere,
 Thay war of na strange countre,
 On vther halfe the feild saw he,
 Clarus of Inde and Marcien,
 And with thame ten thousand men.
 Thay held thair gate in hale battale,
 To Alexander straucht the vale,
 Cassamus that persaut had als tyte,
 And had thairat full great dispyte,
 His steid he straucht and cryit his fenze,
 Tortoun I shrew him that will fenze,
 Schir harrold thow fall heir away,
 And haue thy fill of fecht perfay.
 Thow wald haue Fefonas the zing,
 Bot thow fall by thy barganing,
 How that euer the gamming ga,
 Clarus him hard and was full wa.

QVHAN that of Inde the auld Clarus,
 Saw neir him cumand Cassamus,
 Fer forrow his fallowis in the feild,
 He spreit furth couered vnder sheild.
 He said fare nece seis thow zon menze,
 Thay wene vs with thair oist to fle,
 Leif freind lat me and him allane,
 I grant it weill quod Marciane,
 I quyteclame zow my part ilk deill,
 Ze haue short space ze venge zow weill,
 May ze him slay thir folke perfay,
 thairthrow beis febled fast away.
 than Clarus prekit his steid in hy,

OF EFFESOVN

Perforrow all his cumpany.

QVHEN Cassamus him saw I wis,
 Loyfull he was and full of blis,
 Cryand tortoun his spere he straucht.
 In middis the teith sic rowtis thay raucht,
 Quhill the speris all to frushit,
 And thay to erd bakuartis dushit,
 Bot Cassamus that was worthy,
 Stert on fute delyuerly,
 And lap vpone his hors delyuerly,
 Bot Clarus zit in fwowning lay,
 With that come Marciane to the stour,
 To help his eme and to succour,
 With ten thowfsand wicht and hardy,
 And the King of Pincarny,
 Wald nocht fail him for na thing.
 Bot he had thair sa great gadering,
 that weirit palice and tyre,
 And silkin towellis that war schire,
 Bot thay schot weill and weill couth fle.
 Fechtand thame worthis leif or dee,
 On athir half come Arrestes,
 that couth him weill preif in the preis,
 With the knychtis of effezoun,
 that gude war and of gude renoun.
 About Clarus was the battale,
 Baith fers and fell foroutin fail,
 For all dang on and hewit I hecht.
 Ilkane faucht fast with all thare mycht,
 thare was to hewin mony blasoun,
 And thirllit mony habirgeoun,
 Mony breift and mony entrale.

¶ THE AVOWES

Wndir feit defoulit in the battale,
 Marciane him defendit fast,
 And auld Clarus at the last,
 Stert vp the fite that hard the dintis.
 Of wapnis that on helmis flyntis,
 Embressit his sheild his fuerd he drew,
 And about him sik strakis threw,
 That suddanly thay skalit all,
 Quham euir he hit he gart him fall.
 Thare nedit na leche on thame to luke,
 He all to hewit that he our tuke,
 He contenit him sa hardely,
 that maugre thair is halely,
 He had bene horffit in that place.
 Quhan Betys come and Predicas,
 thay dedainzeit to haue na hors I hecht,
 On fute thay horffit thame to fecht,
 the folk of ynd thay counterit sa,
 that thay thame fle quhair euer thay ga,
 the king of pincarny I wis,
 thay haue discumfit and all his,
 Syne come agane quhair Clarus faucht,
 And about him sic rimmillis raucht,
 thare was the mischeif sa cruell,
 And the battale sa fers and fell,
 that in that place weill tua thoufand,
 War lyand or than fuownand,
 All was enforffit quhen Predicas,
 Come and Betys that worthy was.
 thay zeid togiddir sa forrouly,
 With thare followis that war worthy,
 And sa arrayit that be thare fare.

OF ALEXANDER.

It semit togidder thay brether ware,
That in armes had done sa weill.
That xxx thousand armit in steill,
Had left the feild and gane thare gait.
And auld Clarus was handlit hait.
Bot with ane gissarne that he bare,
Sik routis raucht about him thare.
Perdicas lansit to him I hecht,
Thare had Clarus to deid bene dicht,
Quhill Cassamus can cry vassale,
Leif him and all his harnes hale,
For I avowit this hinder day,
To helpe him as thow hard me say,
Gif that I sawe perrell or greif,
And now I se the great mischeif,
Said Perdicas I grant thairtill,
And fall helpe him sa that ze will.
QVHAN Cassamus thair forbidding,
Had made, to helpe Clarus the King.
He commandit thame baith great and finall,
And said thir wordis to thame all.
Se ze do him na villany,
For I avowit before the company,
Gif that I fand him at mischeif,
In point of deid perrell or greif,
That throw me he sould helpit be,
To fulfill my auow parde,
I fall do here na musardy,
Bot the gudman nocht for thy,
I trow fall turne it all to gude.
To Clarus come he quhare he stude,
He brocht ane hors and said him syne,

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

Lepe on Beaushir this hors is thyne.
 In this mekill I haue helpit zow,
 Bot fra hyne furth thow fall fale I trow,
 The auld lap on of ire fulfilled,
 For he was doggit and euill willed.
 The fecht felly begouth with that,
 Arreste than on Forrall fat,
 Straucht his spere delyuerly,
 And smot the King of pincarny.
 The spere out throw his hart he bare,
 And he dushit to the erd richt thare,
 And Marciane richt hard can cry,
 Allace quhat our cumpany
 Is febled of this ane dynt here,
 Thy foly eme now fall appere,
 The folke of Inde and pers all fled,
 And the King of pincarne had shed,
 His hart blude and to death is dicht,
 He helpis vs na mare in fecht,
 Our harme tell all I na will,
 Na I na ma it is na skill,
 For of our men sa mony ar dede,
 that all the feild thay oursprede.

QVHEN the King of pincarny was slane,
 King Clarus was full vnfane,
 He said to Marciane fare cousine,
 Quha slew the King of pincarnine,
 Schir Arreste said Marcien,
 Ane of Alexanders men.
 Allace said auld Clarus the hare,
 Ane euill nichtbour had I thare,
 On this tyisday airly hes he,

OF EFFESOVN

Ouer tratourly wrethit me.
 Bot may I him meit wit ze weill,
 I fall him venge with sword of steill.
 With that his sword in hand he hint,
 And to Cassamus or he wald flint,
 He raid and raucht him sik ane rout,
 That thocht he was baith styth and flout,
 He gart him on his arfoun ly,
 Maugre his all dissaly,
 With that the Bauderane come preand.
 With banare displayit and spere in hand,
 That was rede and austryne,
 All our frettit with siluer fyne.
 His lege men about him ware,
 That weill x thousand war & mare,
 Rydand als fast as thay moucht,
 Alexander the King thay socht,
 Thay may auante gif thay will,
 That thay fall haue fechting thare fill.

Q VHAN Alexander saw the Bauderane,
 Cum with his banare all plane,
 And thay of bauderis that about him war.
 That weill x thousand war and mair,
 He knew him weill by his armyng,
 till Caulus lauchande said the King,
 And till floridas alsua,
 Lordingis sermonis till zow I sa,
 Of him zone man plenze I me,
 that mananfes that my fuerd falbe,
 Rest maugre myne myne out of myne hand,
 till tak it now he makis sembland,
 Said floridas I vnder ta,

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

that or it be rest far zow fra,
 Mony man fall recryand be,
 And zour selfe sa God saue me,
 I knaw zow for sa mychty with all,
 that ze na will him pryfe bot small.
 Gif that ze cum in his meting,
 Zea gif God leiffis me said the King.
 togidder the battellis zeid with that,
 Him fell full fare that in sadill sat,
 thare was mony ane gude man slane,
 And mony ane steid rinnand throw the plane,
 And thay that war on hors I hecht,
 Braded out thair brandis bricht,
 Slew and hewit, the strakes war great,
 About thame buffettis can thay beat,
 all faucht tha folk was nane tuke rest,
 Ilkane helpit that he nicht best,
 and the Bauderane with fors fechtand,
 Come to the mekill preis thirland,
 In great couin of armes I hecht,
 thare dang he on with all his nicht,
 Hewit slew, and thirlit the preis,
 Vpon his vow he thocht alwayes,
 Alexander hes sene him weill,
 and said lordingis sa haue I feill,
 He seikis me and I him alsua,
 Now lat vs tua togidder ga,
 ane lytill quhyle and ze sall se,
 Quhilk of vs tua best louit suld be,
 thay say we lufe baith parramouris,
 and the ladeis in the touris,
 Quha beiris him best wele may thay se,

OF EFFESOVN

With that word till him lanfit he,
 and sik ane straik on his helme him gaif,
 that the cirkill all to claif,
 With ane mekill mace the Bauderane,
 Sik ane rout him raucht agane,
 Euin apon the helm of steill,
 That he was difseyt ilka deill,
 Sa that by the hors he him hynt,
 And eftir the vndemous dynt.
 He lanfit furth with hart and will,
 And thocht his vow for to fulfill,
 And hynt the King richt by the hand,
 And by the heltis of the brand.
 And fa rude a ruche he him gaif,
 That he reuit it of his neif,
 Magre his teith euir ilkane,
 That the Bauderane had vnder tane.
 Perfurnist hes he vounder weill,
 And fulfillit his vow ilk deile,
 Thare with his gait weill hes he gane,
 Quhan Alexander hes his tane,
 By the pance and Caulus als,
 Kest baith his handis about his hals.
 That styth and staluart was and square,
 Thus the Bauderane and grecians ware,
 Togidder mellit with fechtng fare,
 Quhare mony wounded ware,
 Gif the ta part was hardy,
 Conquerand war the tothir party,
 that battale yufgait mellit is
 the Bauderane hes the war I wys,
 the folk of Grece as men of main.

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

Hes shreudly hanked the Bauderane,
 That the the Kingis burnist brand,
 Held maugre thairis into his hand.
 Thay leit him nocht haue lafer lang,
 Bot held him thare into that thrang,
 That he wald into Inde haue bene,
 For Caulus that neir brint for tene,
 Him held about the nek fa fast,
 That nere his hart in shunders braft.
 Caulus was wilfull to fulfill,
 His vow with gude hart and will,
 And by the mailzeis him hint in hy.
 And ruggit to him fa fellonly,
 That he brist all the sheild of steill,
 And the laces euerilk deill,
 The helme he ruggit of him I hecht,
 And efter syne with all his mycht,
 Richt with the helme fa rude ane rap,
 He gaue him on the face ane flap,
 That blude out of his browis brest,
 Syne for dispyte it fra him kest.
 Quhen the Bauderane felt he was fa,
 Chaippit Caulus handis fra,
 He was neuer in all his lyfe,
 Wit ze weill halfe fa blyth,
 He beheld the burnist brand,
 And brandisfit into his hand,
 He said deir God that I anour,
 Quether euer me fell fa great honour,
 Encheist is quha fa euer allow it.
 The outrageous hardiment that I avowit,
 With that in steroppis sturdely,

OF EFFESOVN

He strenzeit him and can Bauderanis cry.
 the Bauderanis about him ware,
 that war ten thousand men and mare,
 And on vthir half the massidons.
 Affailzeid fast and the grecians,
 Befyde the wallis begouth the stour,
 Weill neir vnder the mekill tour,
 Quhare thir thre madinnis war,
 that we haue oft fyes spokin are.
 Of the play of the suith fast King,
 And of the outrageous avowing,
 to the pacok that slew Porrus,
 With his bow apon chalmer Venus,
 Before the ladeis that on the tour,
 Lay to behald that staluart stour,
 hard and greuous was the bargane,
 Of grecianis agane the bauderane,
 the soun was hie and weill neir ters,
 Quhen the battale sa fell and fers,
 War fellit with mony a muddy word,
 the Bauderane held the Kingis fuord,
 that he had rest him magre his,
 Quham euir he hit thare with I wys,
 He lay nocht lang into langour,
 Fell neuir nane so hie honour,
 For fra the starkest leuand King,
 And mychtyest in ilka thing,
 He wan throw grace that God can len,
 His suerd amang his noblest men,
 Bot Caulus can his helm race,
 Of his hede Maugre his face,
 Now thay of grece richt fast affailzeis,

THE GREAT BATTELL

And hewis haubrekis helmys and mailzeis,
And thay of Bauderanis wounder weill
Defendit thame with fuerd of steill,
Thare was na knycht erle nor King,
Duke na admerall of mycht,
That thay na haue fa mekill ado,
Thay na wait quhat to do,
All hes thare handis full of fecht,
That fugeorne haue thay nane I hecht,
Sa mekill harmys thare thay wrocht,
And fa vndemous rout is rocht,
That the ladeis of the tour.
Wend thay had bene enchantour
Thay said that na men war thay that thare war,
Bot fouerane Goddis for fuith thay ar.
For nane vther may suffer lang,
Sik dufhes as thay togidder dang,
With that come worthy Floridas,
That stark stout and sturdy was,
Quhen that he hes the Bauderane fene,
he changed hewis for proper tene,
He vmbethocht him of his avow,
And thocht richt weill that it was now,
tyme to fulfill his great foly,
His fuerd he analyt haistaly.
Fra him and the Bauderane hynt,
Sa full of ire that neir he brynt,
In to his armis he him tuke,
And rushit him till all he to schuke,
And the bauderane him hynt agane.
Full sturdely as man of mane,
that luffit richt lely paramour.

OF EFFESOVN

Men fais he fall haue the mare valour,
 But turne or tuke thay worflit sua,
 Rushand and rugand to and fra,
 Samekill thay thole trauell and hete,
 Angerris and pane trauell and fuete,
 that sic ane flour attour thame stude,
 that euin vp to the lyft it zude,
 thus war thay lang that nane nicht se,
 Quha maist that nicht auansit be,
 this warfling was sa fers and fell,
 that nane the fuith with tounge nicht tell,
 and lestit lang that nane thame saw,
 For all faucht sa in that thraw,
 that ilk man had samekill ado,
 that nane tent nicht tak vther to,
 Fefonas that in Kirnalles lay,
 and Ideas that was sa gay,
 Held speich thare wist thay nocht,
 Quhat thay war and quhat thay wrocht,
 For thay war sa countred and dicht,
 Sa reuin sa rent into the fecht,
 that nane effönze appeared thare,
 Na nane nicht knaw weill quhat thay ware,
 thay put and shewit with all thare nicht,
 Floridas starkest was I hecht,
 Far away than the Bauderane,
 He rugged to him with sic ane mane,
 and thirled with strenth sa fast,
 that his hart nere in shunder braft,
 the Bauderane fuounit fast he was sa wa,
 and in that tyme that he fuounit sa,
 Floridas that was gude at neid

THE GREAT BATTELL

Hynt him before him vpon his steid,
With spurris he strak his hors smertly,
And to the King he come in hy,
With the presoner and the suord I hecht,
That he had zarned with all his micht.
Quhen the King saw the Bauderane tane,
He swore be his goddis euer ilkane,
That he na wald tak for that presoun,
Nakin treasour na zit ranfoun.
Tharewith to him can he ga,
And tuke his suord away him fra,
And ane mekill heauy mas,
that with ane cheinze hingand was,
And said certis this knycht wend weil,
To slay this warld euer ilk deill.
That bare sa great ane staf I hecht,
He traisted that he was wounder wicht,
The Bauderane quhen he was cummin,
thocht shame that he was sua gait nommin,
And tynt his tyme to help his men,
Smartly in hart he menit thame then,
Alexander sent him to his tent,
And maid thame strait commandement,
On lyfe and gudis to keip him weil
Quhill the battell war done ilk deill.
The King was blyth quhen the Bauderane,
Was tane, and swore sa God me sane,
that he wald change him on na wyse.
For his wecht of gold ane hundreth fyfe,
Of fynit gould fare and fyne.
And swore be the goddis that he trowit in,
that he had wonnin and tynt had thay,

OF EFFESOVN

Mare than he couth deme or fay.
 He releued his men with this,
 The baner of Massidone I wis,
 Before him gart he baldly beir,
 About him than releued thare weir.
 Ten thousand armit with spere and sheild,
 the King about his hoste beheld,
 And saw his men baith blyth and glaid,
 Staluart and stout hart ilkane had,
 Spere and sword and hors of prys,
 than preked he to his enemys,
 Before him fled the folk of neid,
 And thay of Bauderis thare wayes zeid.

AS the King raid with his banere,
 He gart folk fle on mony manere,
 His men him followit at the bak,
 the mare that thay of melle mak,
 the worthyer war thay wele alway,
 the batellis faucht thare futh to say,
 Sa fast thay faucht and put agane,
 that of seuin battellis thay left but ane,
 All put thay to the Lord I hecht,
 thare was na faltis in thair fecht,
 Alexander the King haltane,
 Raid manly and his men of mane,
 Cassamus him followit I wis,
 With xv thousand men of his,
 And Betys als and Perdicas,
 With thare rout that sary was,
 And the worthy Gaudefere,
 that to fulfill his vow was nere.
 the stout begouth richt perrellous,

THE GREAT BATTELL

Emynedus was richt cruellous.
 Quhen he hes fene Porrus and Ferrand,
 that nouthar was fueir nor recryand,
 He fuore thare in to certane,
 that he fuld Ferrand haue agane,
 Now all the battellis war thare,
 In ane fop affembled ware,
 All ar togidder Lord and Chiftane,
 Face to face as men of mane,
 thay faucht and funzeit manfully,
 All war thay doand halely,
 Alexander and Floridas,
 Daucene Caulus and Philotas,
 And Lyonell and Tholomere,
 Emynedus and Gaudefere,
 Betyes and Perdicas the zing,
 And all the peirs war with the King,
 War altogidder in lytill fpace,
 Mony ane hede to brokin was.
 Mony man did mekill blude blede,
 And with hard dynt harnes fhed,
 Bot thay on fute did wele mare fkaith,
 Of mifcheif noyes and bargane baith,
 the folke of Inde hes left the place,
 And the Grecians faft can chace.
 to the standartis the feild thay wan,
 thare was fic ane noyes than,
 And fa great fpylling of blude,
 that our the erd the ftremis zude.
A BOVT the standart quhare the pittall,
 Kepit the wyne and the vittall,
 Was fa cruell occifioun,

OF EFFESOVN

And of battel sa great fusioun,
 that the flane men in hepes lay,
 Gaudefeir him traualed ay.
 For to fulfill the avow he hecht,
 Armit in harnes gude and lycht,
 Haldand ane hand ax in his hand,
 Of steill richt sharpe and wele therand,
 With the spurris the steid straik he,
 And assembled with the communte,
 Disconfit fall thay be I hecht,
 And men thame failze with hart and mycht,
 thare he hewit dang and dushit.
 the pepill he scalit and all to frushit,
 For thay war pure, small mardale,
 thay fled and thare hartis can fail,
 Durst nane abyde to mak debait,
 thay left the standart and zeid thare gait,
 to the standart come Gaudefere,
 Arrayit gayly in his gere,
 He lichtit betuix the limmouris tua,
 He slew all that he micht ouerta,
 And thay that in the bretes ware,
 Kest stanes with slungis and hurt him fare,
 thay feld him mony ane tyme that day,
 Bot euer he rais and clam vp ay.
 Bot maugre thairis baith great and small,
 He hes recouered the steppes all,
 Quhen he come in the bretes hie,
 the first he met he gart him de,
 the secound the third the ferd alsua,
 He faucht allane forouttin ma,
 Aganis xx that armit ware.

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

Gaudefere was wele dungin thare,
 Had he nocht all the better bene,
 He had bene deid forouuttin wene.
 Bot his mycht and his hardement,
 His wit and his auyfement,
 And the great zarnyng for to fulfill,
 His avow hes hetit fa mekill his will,
 that he na prafit thame all ane ftra,
 thay xx. hes he fkalit fua,
 that feuin war flane richt in that place,
 the laif war fechtand face to face,
 Welaniffly was he woundit thare.
 the blude breift of his body bare.
 that he feld it nocht Ifchit,
 He was fa chaiffit in that fecht,
 Bot ay dang on with all his mane,
 At thre ftraikis four hes he flane,
 Certis faid of Inde fhir knight,
 Fouilly hes thow my fallowis dicht,
 For of tuenty ten ar flane,
 And Gaudefere to him is gane.
 the ax in hand than lyfted he,
 That faw he that was red to de,
 And of him ftude fa mekill aw,
 That of the ftandart down he flaw,
 Gaudefere cryit doggis ze fall de,
 With that till ane than leit he fle,
 That ftandart maugre quha wald it warne,
 That it to keip had ruftit zarne,
 The hede he claue the body fell,
 The laif fled quhat is mare to tell,
 Thare gait haly ar thay gane.

And

OF EFFESOVN

And Gaudefere is left allane,
 Gaudefere ioyfull was I wene,
 Quhen he had fik ane menze fene,
 That fled and left all voyd the plas,
 Of xx. xiii flane thare was,
 The perk he hewit euin in tua,
 Quhen he it saw to erd ga,
 For ioy cryit he heyly heir,
 Tortoun, on Tortoun Gaudefere,
 I haue fulfilled all my foly,
 And all my avow halely.
 Now fall to day may richt wele,
 Be quyt the outrage ilka dele,
 that Clarus hes vs done I wis
 Out of the standart he lap with this,
 In all this warld thare is na man,
 that redly had behaldin him than,
 Than him bird till haue great dreding,
 Gif he had greued him ony thing,
 With that the battellis begoud of new,
 Clarus thocht bot lytill glew,
 Quhen he his standart saw down fall,
 With that he called his childer all,
 He said my standart doun is fellit,
 Releif it sone or all be quellit.
 Quhen thay it hard thay war vnblyth,
 Marciane straucht his spere allsuyth,
 And slew ane Grecian haistelly,
 Sory was all thare cumpany,
 Fra the standart was hewin doun,
 Throw Gaudefeir Lord of Tortoun,
 Into the mekill oist of Inde,

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

Sa great disconfort nicht men finde,
 that in ane hundreth places and mare,
 thair battellis brokin and scalit ware,
 the couartis fled all halely,
 Baith in apart and preuelly,
 Bot the gude quhom in bounte,
 We harbreid and warnist in plente,
 And inuyroned with fueitnes,
 Eschewit thare, thair hardynes,
 that in the renkis sic noyes ware,
 Sic blasts of trumpetis heir and thare,
 And of woundit sic crying,
 sic dyn sic dintes sic barganing,
 that sic ane vther was neuer sene,
 For thay war lyand on the grene,
 Mony a persone ill hewit and pale,
 Stark deid in thair harnes hale,
 the grene gras vox of blude all rede,
 And couered with wondit men and dede,
 Clarus that saw his men fa,
 Great disconfort can he ta,
 Amang his faes with all his micht,
 He plungit quhair forsyest was the fecht,
 And with him of his trew men,
 Of quhilk was nane na he had then
 Sword or dart faucoun or spere,
 Or hand ax that was sharpe to shere,
 At thair meting inforfit the fecht,
 thair men nicht here of seinzeis I hecht,
 And mony ane knicht to erd borne,
 that thair lyues had forlorne,
 And folk fleand here and thare.

OF EFFESOVN

thay of Effefoun rufhit ware,
 Clarus and his than rufhit fua,
 that to thare dykes he gart thame ga,
 that battell had all vterly,
 Bene difcomfift velanufly,
 that thare had bene no recouering,
 Na war Caffamus with great ftrakes geuing,
 He confort thare his menze,
 And fhewit thare his bounte,
 Sa perfytely withouttin wene,
 that thare is nane that had him fene,
 And knew quhat he had wrocht that day,
 than he bird lufe him for euer and ay,
 Into the planes of the foun,
 quhair thay arrestit thame of the toun,
 Ferlyfull and fell was the fecht,
 With ftraikes of thair brandis bricht,
 Caffamus his men hes fene,
 Leuand the place than was he tene,
 And fa fulfilled of fhame eik,
 that he countit nocht his lyfe ane leuk,
 the gyffarne in his hand he tais,
 And plungit richt amang his faes,
 that thikkeft war and maift of mane,
 And cryit fyne tortoun agane,
 For thay falbe difcomfeift fone,
 Sic routtis he raucht forouttin hone,
 till ane of inde that brane and blude,
 Out biftand to the erd he zude,
 Ane vther he flew or he wald reft,
 than Gaudefeir forouttin freft,
 Come with fyue thoufand armit men,

¶ THE GREAT BATTELL

And thare begouth the bargan than,
 Sa fell ane fecht and fik stryking,
 Thare men nicht se fik hurkling,
 that baith helmes and basnettis breft,
 thay lashit on quhill thay nicht lest,
 Thare mony woundit war and flane,
 the folke of Inde tynt the feild agane,
 thay dang thame fra thare dykes than,
 thare was of Inde flane mony man,
 the battell hard and greuou was,
 Quhen Cassamus recovered place,
 And his men that was baith crous and kene,
 that to thare dykes had dungin bene.
 Alexander that all men pryfis,
 And dantis all that agane him ryfis.
 the Bauderanes men he coniured sua,
 that sum war fleand and fled him fra,
 And sum war deid and sum war tane,
 Discomfit war thay euerilk ane.
 He loked and saw besyde him than,
 Antygorus quhom on Salphadan,
 And thay that war in his leding,
 Had won the feild ane weill gude thing,
 the nobill King than stered thidder,
 And releued his men all togidder,
 And sweitly prayit he thame I wis,
 to help Antigorus and his.
 thare was mony helme of steill,
 that with gold was circuled weill,
 Mony acquaintances thare was sene,
 Quhyte rede zallow blak and grene,
 Mony sheild and mony fare steid,

And

OF EFFESOVN

And mony gude knicht douchty of deid,
 That war fulfilled of vassalage,
 Thare was na speich of mariage,
 Na marchandyce at speiris streking,
 Bot rushtit togidder all in ane ling,
 thare was sic noyes and affray,
 that sic beis nocht quhill domesday,
 Endlang the feild outwith the toun,
 the battell fers was and felloun,
 Gude Alexander and sum of his,
 assailzeit Salphadin with this,
 That thay fand baith hardy and wicht,
 And wonder wilfull for to fecht,
 Sa vndertakand and proud in thocht,
 that it femed he dred thame nocht,
 thare hapned oft quhare he was raith,
 Scheildis be hewin and helmes baith,
 And thyrled habersouns and visantis,
 Woundit hors in fydes and flankis,
 Baith erd and gers of blude vox red,
 that stremand fra thare wondis zed,
 thare men nicht heir sic noyes and cry,
 Quhen thay that wicht war and hardy.
 Rushtit thare fais with stout effere,
 Strykand with waponis on findre gere,
 And thay that doutand war to de,
 Gaif straikis sa horrible and sa he,
 that erd and lyft all dynted agane,
 Grecianis thairof war full fane,
 that the renk deuyded was,
 thare fais the flicht vpon thame tais.
 Quhen Salphadyne saw his men fleand,

THE GREAT BATTELL

And Grecians hardely fechtand,
Zarnand to destry him and his,
Sic angre was at his hart I wis,
that out of wit he went wele nere,
He streinzeit his steid that wele couth stere,
And plunged in amang his fais,
And in armes great melle mais.
Sic slauchter and sic ferly fare,
that the best abased ware,
In the renk quhare Salphadyne,
Raid and maid sic disciplyne,
For to rely his folk that fled,
that he baith blude and harnes sched,
as Alexander the douchty King,
that for na dreid had abasing.
armit weill and richely,
Beheld him that sa velanushly,
Defoulit and flew his nobill men.
His gude steid steirit he to him then,
And Salphadyne to him raid.
togidder thay come but langer baid,
Sic routtis thay raucht on helmes bricht,
Sa laid thay on with all thare nicht,
That the best and maist of renoun,
Was oft tymes feld in his arfoun,
the King lyfted his bludy brand,
Quhare with he had flane in findre land,
Ane hundreth and fiftie Kingis nere,
Sen first he was maid first bachlere,
And sa hard on helmes he duschit,
throw fyne force thame all to fruschit.
the visage that was fare and fyne,

OF EFFESOVN

He claif it euin down to the chyn,
Withdrew his dynt and he ftane dede,
Fell of his hors into that ftede.

ALSSONE as Salphadyne can fall,
His men the feild deuoyded all,
Fleand thay went, zoung and auld,
Grecians thame followit mony fauld,
And couered the feild with felled men,
And chaiffand thay perfewit then,
than Caleos the fare and wicht,
Ane of Clarus fonnes I hecht,
Met with Daucene and Tholomere,
Of thare men mony defoulit were,
For thay faw thame tyred and wery,
And for fechting all bludy,
Snm war dede and fum war woundit fare,
the chais than left thay richt thare,
and thidder went tha men of mane,
and quha forfuith fuld the richt fane,
the fecht was than fa fers and fell,
the noyes and cry nicht na man tell.

DEIR God how Alexander fa douchtely,
Mantemit him fa hardely.
and how Arrefte and Caulus,
Mantemit thame and Emynedus,
Quhare that he trowit to Porrus,
And Porrus can agane him ga,
thare nicht men fe I vndera,
Strakes ftrykken with mekill ill will,
togidder thay brocht mony ribell,
Quhill brokin war helmes and blafounis,
And craked war mony Crounis,

THE GREAT BATTELL

Emynedus auancit him thare,
With baith his armes great and square,
Hynt Porrus be the hals I hecht,
And wald haue felled him in the fecht,
and Porrus held him sturdely,
that styth and sture was and hardy,
that Emynedus on na kin wyfe,
Mycht fulfill thare his enterpryse.

QVHEN the gude Emynedus,
Perfauit the great strenth of Porrus,
Wit ze weill he was vnblyth,
The gude fuerd suappit he out fuyth,
And with full dynt he dushit doune.
Bot Porrus keft vp his blasoun,
And he it claif euin in tua.
That the tane half to the erd can ga,
Thare mycht na helm the straik withstand,
Sa that the scheiring of the brand,
Hit in to the nakit fyde.
The blude ran down on athir fyde,
The wound was lytill and bot ane ruffell,
Bot the flap was sa fers and fell,
And strykin with sa vndemous mycht,
That Porrus baith hering tynt and ficht.
And all to glos was ilka deill.
Emynedus saw his mischeif weill,
And schot him as out of wit.
and with sik force he to him tit,
In sik poynt as he was than,
To erd he rushit that nobill man,
and syne tuke ferrand that he had tynt.

OF EFFESOVN

And lap on fuyth but langer ftynt,
 Porrus rais madly as he mycht,
 The great strake fa had him dycht,
 That he na wift quhether it was nicht or day.
 Bot quhen his vertew come perfay,
 He lap on Sorall that was still,
 Thare had thay preuit of fecht thair fill,
 Na war the battellis thay lede,
 Rus hit togidder in that stede,
 the ladeis that war fare and shene,
 Hes fra the walles perfauit and sene.
 How fortune hes mentemit him thare,
 Agane the best that euer birny bare,
 that lang ere made him gude cheir,
 And hallit thame now on that maneir,
 that he passit all men of valour.
 Fefonas with the freshe colour,
 Sa was sho based dum and still,
 that sho said nouthur gude nor ill.
 Idorus said dame all thing gais,
 as God demis purueyis and mais,
 Quhair that the renkis togidder raid,
 the dyn of dyntes great rushing maid,
 For that Porrus vnhorfit was,
 thare nicht men se into that place,
 Mony ane worthy man and wicht,
 that to win loif and pryse I hecht,
 Rus hit amang the greatest thrang,
 Quhair the douchty great dintes dang,
 On thare left hand begouth the fecht,
 Quhare Alexander the King of nicht,
 And of his men ane great party,

THE GREAT BATTELL

Affeaged Caleos the douchty.
Ane fair marcat thare was sene,
Of coit armouris bricht and shene,
Reuin and rent and euill dicht,
Bafnettis brokin and brandis bricht,
Knyues and fuordis brak afflounder,
Sum abufe and fum be vnder,
That of rede blude wer bludy all,
Alexander the ftyth in ftall,
Was wraith and forroufull for his men,
That thay of Inde defoulit then.
To Caleos lanfit he lychtly,
And Caleos met him hardely,
At thare meting na fparing was,
Of tha tua into that plais,
Sa fell and cruell was the fecht.
That in short tyme thair brandis bricht,
War bludy and thair haberfounis als,
And thay woundit in shoulders and hals,
thare vifage bathit in blude and fueit,
Sua faucht thay baith into fic heit,
The King bradit out his brand fa bricht,
And hit Caleos with all his micht,
That helme and heid he claif in tua,
And to the erd he gart him ga,
His men fled all quhen he was flane,
the King forbad his men ilkane,
that nane fould chais quhill men fould fe,
the feild better difcumfit be.
the cry was great and fell the fecht,
Quhare Caleos was flane that was wicht.
Alexander ftert fra thame to affailze,

OF EFFESOYN

Caneus and his great battailze,
 To help Lycanor and Lyoun
 Quhais battell was new dungin doun,
 And sa distreinzeit with force in fecht,
 that the hardyest and maist wicht,
 Had na mynd of menstrally,
 Bot dred to de thair halely,
 And Caneus his fuord hes hynt,
 Quhome euer he hit the lyfe he tynt,
 For his gude deuour and bounte,
 His battell sa recomfort he,
 That thay dred na thing the deid,
 the tother hoste fra steid to steid,
 thay rowned togidder in preuate,
 And said thay wald discomfit be,
 thus wend thay bot thay trowit wrang,
 For or the Sone to resting gang,
 thay fall se that prophecy,
 turne vther wayes all halely.
 then Alexander Caneus socht,
 And sa rude ane rout him rocht,
 that na sheild helping nicht ma,
 Bot he his hede claif euin in tua.
 And than incontinent he fell dede.
 His men fled all fra stede to stede,
 Sairly and wraith to de thay dred,
 to Clarus hoste all hale thay fled,
 thare men nicht se the stour begin,
 the enfors the noyes and the din,
 Sa mony hede suappit fra the fuyre,
 and sa mony ane fair attyre,
 Wox red with blude of knichtis kene,

THE GREAT BATTELL

that neuer fen that day was fene,
Cassamus that had in mening,
the avow the greif the barganing,
that auld Clarus had gart thame feill,
he gripped the great gyffarne of steill,
And come als nere him as he mocht,
Ane raucht Clarus ane rout I hecht,
Sa heauy that his helme to frushit,
Blude and harnis baith out rufhit,
Sa fone he deit he fichit not anes,
Baith lyfe and land he lost attanes.
than Cassamus said as in reprufe,
Thow wald haue had to thy behufe,
My nece halely agane hir will,
Now mon thow thole all lyke the ill,
That another by hir ly,
And bruke hir blis and hir droury.

QVHEN that Clarus was brocht to end,
that for his micht and power wend.
To vincus Alexander and his,
that amang thame of Inde I wis,
Sic great disconfort and sic care,
that better and wors, fled heir and thare,
thare was sic that his fallowis drew,
And said fle we thare fleis anew,
Sen that our lord is flane and deid,
that held all gude men ay at feid,
And of trechouris and of lossingeris,
He maid his preue counsalers,
And now thay fle als wele as we,
That he vplifted throw maifeste.
And rest our gude agane our will,

OF EFFESOVN

Bot now he is brocht thairtill,
 that he na zarnes filuer na gold fyne,
 He hes na mifter of medecyne.
 We fould not greit bot lauch full loud,
 For men fould fcarce men hard and proud,
 And couetous alwayes despyfe,
 And helpe thare harme on alkin wyfe.
 To Marciane than hes men tald,
 The dede of King Clarus the ald,
 Than he begouth to cry and rare,
 Makand sic dule that ferly ware,
 His neiffis for dule togidder he dang,
 And all his body wraith and wrang,
 he faid murnand with heauy cheir,
 Thir wordes that I fall fay zow heir.

EME faid Marciane stout and bald,
 That in great flour and battell wald,
 alwayes with the forneft be.

Pure inuy and fkarfite.

Couatyce reif and fuccudry,

And that gude men and worthy.

And than defoulit and vntrew ay,
 hes brocht the now to thyne ending day,
 a thow that luftit theuis and murderers,

And hated all trew bachlers.

Now helpis the nocht thy great zarning,

Of landis rentis and vther thing,

that thow was wont to reif and ta,

Fra wedowes and fatherles barnes alfa,

Bot now the dede that fpared nane,

hes the in his handis tane.

Quhen thus was faid he lukit him by,

THE GREAT BATTELL

And faw thirlit sheildis and dede men ly,
Quhare mony ane mychty mirth fall mis,
he left his dule for nede was his.

VNDER Effesoun endlang the grene,
the battell cruell was and kene.

Richt hardely with speiris bricht,
thay laid on vther with all thare micht,
Perdicas Betys and thare rout,
Quhare euer thay ga the fecht was stout,
the duke Betys to win honour,
abandoned him fa in that stour,
that his power thocht ferly,
Tortoun full oft syce can he cry,
Vpon his lordis, I may nocht laft,
For thare defence approchis fast.
than straik he ane vpone sic wyse,
his helme micht mak na warrandyse,
Bot he fell stane deid of that dynt.
By the mane than hes he hynt
the steid and lap on sturdely,
Perdicas that was nere him by,
Smaith ane vther in middes the face
that stane deid to the eard he gais,
and he lap on the steid I hecht,
that wele arrayit was and dicht.
allstone as Betys horfit was,
and his fallow Perdicas,
thare rout thame followit hardely,
armit at all pointis fetally.
With armes fraucht to fryke allane,
thay past our deid and flane,
Into the thrang thay rushit then,

OF EFFESOVN

Into the middes of Marcianes men,
 the futemen tuke thair prfoneris.
 and mony ane steid that stythly steiris,
 Sa that of thare rout thair was nane,
 Bot thay war horfit euerilk ane.
 Of that ferly dame Fefonas,
 Leuch and said to Ideas,
 Sister be all our goddis deir,
 I haue sene sik ane thing here,
 That I fall neuer sic ane vther se,
 Quhill domisday, thocht I lestand nicht be,
 Of the derenze of thame I hecht,
 that had avowit on fute to fecht,
 And now are horfit richely,
 Amang thare faes begouth the cry.
 Amang the Perfians thay smait but let,
 Bot the hardy that ire had het,
 With speiris and fuordis reffaut thame weill,
 the cowartis fled every deill,
 thare begouth the noyes and cry,
 And the slauchter sa cruelly.
 that sic ane vther was neuer wrocht,
 Sen first that God Adame wrocht,
 This was na turnament parde,
 Bot battell of great cruelte.
 that the chaiffaris had radnes thare,
 the flears all despyfit ware.
 Bot quha sa euer left the fecht,
 Marciane left it nocht I hecht.
IN the thikkeft of the preis,
 Douchty Porrus abydand was,
 That leuer had die than be sa shamed,

THE GREAT BATTELL

that ony euill had his hart fa tamit,
 Quhen that he saw the staluart stale,
 the folk of inde nere fleand hale,
 He thocht than how he had hecht,
 To vincus the battell throw his micht,
 Gif God him sauit in that bargane,
 Fra dede mischeif and fra lame.
 He menit his father for men him tald,
 how Cassamus de laris the ald,
 Slew him in mides his menze,
 And he considered the bricht bewte,
 the fare vpcast the sueit blenking,
 the fare wordis and luffum lauching,
 Of Fefonas to quhome he gaue,
 His hart to keip attour the laue.
 His blude all mengit he changed hew,
 His hart into his body grew,
 Than to him selfe he said allane,
 that him had leuer be dede or flane,
 Than his avow into that stour,
 War nocht encheifit with honour,
 With that he suappit out his fuerd,
 And sterit his steid with sic ane rerd,
 and in the renk full hardely,
 He rushtit and fa wilfully,
 that the assemble all to schoke.
 And the renkis all to quoke,
 Sum of his freindis that with him ware,
 Ruschand and dingand with fuordis bare
 Inflammit all of wraith and Ire,
 thare men micht se the fecht fell as fyre,
 Mony scheildis ruin with strakes great,

OF EFFESOVN

Helmys with handis all to bet,
 Mony habirgeoun thirlit was,
 Quhare hedis and handis fra bodys gais,
 Sa mony speris thare brist in schounder.
 and fa mony fuordis that was wounder,
 and fa mony ane riche garment,
 Thare was defoulit ruin and rent,
 that thare is nane that had it sene,
 than he affrayit wald haue bene.

PORRVS grippit his fuord of steill,
 that was richt schairp and scheirand weill,
 He ruslit in the preis but let,
 and straik the first man that he met.
 that the harnes claif euin in tua,
 ane vthir hede to the erd couth ga,
 the thrid he flew and als the ferd,
 and to Emynedus with his fuord,
 He raucht ane rout with sik randoun,
 that he to frushit all the blafoun.
 the helme held that was sicker and gude,
 the fuerd sklentit and forby zude,
 Glasane down richt by his face,
 and fa neir by his schoulder it gais,
 It brist the glewen all in sondir.
 and the haubrek that was thare vndir,
 and schair the flesche richt to the bane,
 the blude ran out weill gude wane,
 the sadill vox richt to the dynt,
 Emynedus stakerit and stynt.
 and Porrus with his armyt neif,
 In myddis the breift sik ane box him gaif,
 that he fell down and Magre his,

THE GREAT BATTELL

Porrus hes tane Ferrand I wis,
and on him lap delyuerly,
His men him followit hardely,
thay of Grece agane thame zeid,
that wald nocht leif in sic ane neid,
Emynedus the douchty duke.
Quhare the assembleis togidder schuke,
the play vox wery for mony man,
But lauching losit thare lyues than.
All wate I nocht quhat ilkane was,
Na quhat thay wrocht into that plas,
Quhare the duke emynedus,
Was vnhorfit throw porrus,
Cheualrous wicht and hardy,
War thay of Alexanders party,
Of dusches and dyntes thare was sic dale,
thocht thay war nocht all peregale,
that men nicht nocht the murmure here,
the vigorous stout and hardy chere,
Was thare weill knawin into that fecht,
emynedus horfit was I hecht,
Vpone ane stede als quhyte as bane,
His armes bludy war ilkane.
He gripped his sword as man of mane,
And prikked to the preis agane,
Als hard as hors nicht rin in rais,
He preked in the thikkeft preis,
In that poynt emynedus,
throw help of his was horfit thus,
porrus faucht with fors fa fast,
that throw the battell he was past,
Befyde him than perfauit he,

OF EFFESOVN

Alexander and his menze,
 that difcomfit had Caneus,
 And come to helpe Emynedus,
 als ardently as he beft mocht,
 and als with him quha had focht,
 Mony ane Worthy man and wicht,
 And mony ane haubrek fare and bricht,
 And mony ane plate and mony ane fheild,
 And mony ane helme quha weill beheld,
 And mony riche acquatyfe,
 And mony lamit on findre wyfe.
 That battell knew he fone on ane,
 Men and the fkaith that he had tane,
 He faid loud that thay nicht here,
 Zonder is Alexander de lere,
 Throw quhome my father tynt I haue,
 My brether and nerhand all the laue,
 Na die I neuer quhill I the King,
 Slay, or throw the body thring,
 Be all the goddis that I in trow,
 Sen thufgait me is hapned now,
 I fall fet all to all haly,
 Doand furth my deuory.
 Dame Fefonas the fare to feill,
 That me hes lykit to fe fa weill,
 Sall neuer here na man fay,
 That I haue borne me heir to day,
 As ane cowart into this fecht.
 With that he ftered the fteid of mycht,
 With armes ftraucht out he cryit his fenze,
 His men him followit that wald nocht fenze.
 To Alexanders battell Porrus flupe,

THE GREAT BATTELL

the first man that he our tuke,
Was the douchty floridas,
He straik quhill scheild and frushit was,
and brist the habirgoun of steill
and hurt him in the arme sum deill,
The blude down on the sadill ran,
He rufhit him with fik wertew than,
That to the erd he fell but hone.
Bot he was succourit and horfit sone,
Porrus rufhit amang the laiff,
And amang thame fik routis gaiff,
Strykand on ilk fyde with his brand,
that to the King he come fechtand.
thare hes he doungin down mony man,
the gude King sterit to him than,
Quhen Alexander the strenth hes sene,
Of Porrus that his men bedene,
Woundit menzeit best and flew,
the steid he sterit and to him drew.
And with his brand in hand all bare,
In myddis the prece he met him thare,
Porrus that had his fuord on hicht,
Him raucht a rout with in randoun richt,
that of the helme the cirkill he claue.
And the scheild in schunderis raif,
By the arfoun the fuord down zeid,
And smait the hede of the steid,
the King fell wyd opin in the grene,
His battale than men mycht have sene,
Sary and wraith abaifit and mad,
And Porrus battall blyth and glaid,
that straik confortit his menze fa,

OF EFFESOVN

that sum that ere tuke the bak to ga,
 Cryit than furth the tyme is nere,
 that thir folk falbe discumfit here,
 And the citte of Effesoun,
 Sall to the erd be dungin doun.
 and the folk that was thare in,
 Outher brint or hangit be the chin.
 Porrus sall haue dame Fefonas,
 that is sa fare of fax and face,
 Schent worth he that Porrus will fail,
 Quhill discomfit be the great battaill.
 Quhen thay of Inde the King hes sene,
 Throw his worship ly on the grene,
 Commonly begouth thay than,
 to blis Porrus that nobill man.
 that micht reif fra Emynedoun,
 His gude steid tuyse in a randoun.
 Sa fast he comfort them than,
 That his enfinze cryit ilk man,
 Sa that mony that fleand war,
 Cum agane to thame that fechtand ar,
 to succour Alexander the King,
 Men micht here trumpettis and taburing,
 And stryking with fuordis bare,
 And axes and knyues that sharpely share,
 that styntit on the staluart steill,
 Haubrekis and gorgettis wit ze weill,
 War all to hewin and knichtis thare
 Vnder hors feit defoulit ware,
 Rede blude ran out of woundis raith,
 That bludeit erd and stanes baith.
 the gude Porrus that to affaill,

THE GREAT BATTELL

Vther he met in the battell.
He left Alexander the nobill King,
Zarnand to fulfill his avowing,
Quha had him sene into that thrang,
Throw out the thik preis cum and gang,
Suytand the hardyest and the best,
Scheildis to frusch foróutin rest,
The outraious smartnes that he had.
Gart armit men quaik and be rad,
In the first end of the battale,
Quhare sum fled and thare hors can fail,
Forout lesing to say schortly,
Gif he avowit hes foly.
Thocht sum men say his vndertaking,
May nocht fulfillit be in all thing,
At the last for the best doere,
Men suld him hald baith far and neir,
For sen that God first Adame wrocht,
In all this warld ane knycht was nocht,
That anerly at ane Iourne,
aucht sa auansit for to be,
Suith it is gude Hector was wicht,
and out of mesure mekill of mycht,
For at the poynt beris witneffing.
Quhen Menelayus the mychty King,
assagit in Troy the King Priant,
For Elene that was sa plesant,
That Parys forrow that semble,
Reuifit for hir fyne beaute,
Hector on him the gouerning,
tuke of the toun and the leding,
Into the half thrid zeir all anerly.

OF EFFESOVN

that he loued throw cheualry.
 Of crowned Kingis he slew nyntene,
 But dukes and erlis as I wene,
 That was fa fell it is ferly,
 Syne Achilles slew him treffonabilly,
 Gude Alexander that fa large was,
 That wan Daurus and Nicholas,
 And slew in Inde the great vermyne,
 Babylon he conquered syne,
 Quhare he deit throw poyfoning,
 Rang seuin zeir as nobill King,
 Wan all this world vnder the firmamen ,
 Than on ane day in plane parliament,
 He said he had in allkin thing,
 Our lytill land to his leuing.
 Cesar alsua that Ingland wan,
 All that was callit Bertane than,
 To thame of Rome maid vnder lout,
 Caffabylon the King fa stout.
 In Grece alsua discumfit he,
 Pompeyus his mauch is sic plenty
 Of men that neuer zit quhare,
 War sene fa mony as thay ware,
 Syne Alexander the great Citte,
 Affrik and Asia als wan he,
 Egypt alsua and Syrie
 And mony vther fare countre,
 And the yles of the fey all hale,
 that war fa mony withouttin fale.
 Thir war Paganes that I of tald,
 And I dar fuere and for suith hald,
 that better than thay war neuer borne,

THE GREAT BATTELL
Efter that tyme na zit beforne.

OF thir thre Iowes we find it writ,
the auld Testament witnesis it,
thay did sa mekle that commonly,
All men thame lufis generally.
And as I trow fall lufe thame ay,
Euermare quhill domisday,
Iofua suld first named be,
That was ane man of great pouste,
the plum Iordane partit he euin in tua,
throw his wisdome and prayers alsua.
And stude on ilk syde as ane wall,
Quhill his men our passed all,
towart the south he taryed lang,
Quhare tuelfe Kingis wan he styth and strang.
And destroyit thame velanushly,
And rest thame thare landis halely.
thay turned to his commandement,
And to him war thay obedient.
Dauid slew Golyath with strenth,
That seuin halfe ellis had of lenth,
And mony ane fell pagan he brocht,
Maugre thairis all to nocht,
And was ouer all sa wele doand,
that he was neuer recryand,
Bot in battell stout and hardy,
Men may say of him tantingly,
Iudas Machabeus I hecht,
Was of sik vertew and sik micht,
that thoch thay all that lyfe micht lede,
Come shorand him as for the dede,

OF EFFESOVN

Armit all for cruell battale,
 He wald not fle forouttin fail,
 Quhill he with him of alkin men,
 Micht be ay ane aganes ten,
 That Iudas that I heirop tell,
 Slew Antiochus the fell,
 And appollonius alsua,
 Nicanor als and mony ma.
 Of thir thre christin men I can tell heir,
 That neuer na better in warld weir,
 Arthur that held Britane the grant,
 Slew Rostrik that stark gyant,
 That was sa stark and stout in deid,
 that of Kingis beirdis he maid ane weid,
 The quhilk Kingis alluterly,
 War obeysant to his will all halely,
 He wald haue had Arthouris beird,
 and failzeit for he it richt weill weir,
 On mount Michaell slew he ane,
 that sik ane freik was neuer nane.
 and ma gyantis in vther places sua,
 Bot gif the story gabbing ma,
 Charles of France slew agoment,
 and wan Spane to his commandement.
 and slew the duke of Pany,
 and wan the Saxones halely,
 Throw great battell and hard fechting,
 that thay war all at his bidding,
 and quhair God deit for our fauetie,
 He put the haill christintie,
 Men aucht to lufe him commonly,
 Baith in peirt and priuaty.

THE GREAT BATTELL

Gaudefere the bullony throw cheualry,
 Into the plane of romany.
 Wincust the mighty salamant,
 And before anthioche corborant,
 Quhen the King sardanus was flane
 Than was he King him self allane,
 Of Ierufalem fyne ane zeir and mare,
 Thir ar the nyne best that armes bare.
 I haue deuyfit zow ordourly,
 that leuit weill and cheualrusly,
 Bot neuer thair lyfetyne on ane day,
 tholit thay sik pyne and sik affray,
 As Porrus that sa haltanly,
 Avowit had throw cheualry,
 Amang the ladeis that war fre,
 Quhen the poun to deid brocht he.

THVSGATIS Porrus as I haue tald
 that styth and stout was stark and bald.
 Was fechtand in that staluart flour,
 Quhare mony men war of valour,
 And thare he hewit dang and smait,
 All that he met into his gait,
 War dichtand for him ilka deill
 Sua suappit he with fuerd of steill.
 His men war alsua in trauell,
 to sla the King fast thay did assaile,
 Sa that thay that maist restit war,
 Wer bathtit in fueit baith heir and thare,
 Bot the nobill renonit King,
 that weill with fuerd couth suap and fuyng,
 He leit nane of thame neith him neir,
 Bot with the brand bricht and cleir.

OF EFFESOVN

He straik and hewit on ilk fyde,
And raucht about him routis ryde,
His defendours about him war,
Strykand richt fast with wapnis bare.
Sa hard the steill on helmys styntis,
that fyre and low flew fra thare dyntis,
At sic mischeif war erlis and knychtis,
that for thare lordis faucht with all thare michtis,
trumpetis hornis and tauburn
Woundit his with mare ydurn,
And mare horribill out alway
than thay did ony tyme all day,
the gentill hertit gude fechtters,
to quhom that nakin radnes deres,
Haistaly hidderwart thay focht,
For na radour sparit he nocht,
Quhare thay haue sene the horribell flour,
Of Alexander the empriour.
Sum to help and sum to fla,
Was na battale I vnder ta,
In all the feild nouthir heir nor thare,
Na thai sone assemblit wair
It was neir hand none of the day,
For Alexander preffit thay.
that with leill hart lufit and trew,
hidderwart to his banare drew,
Quhare he on fute was in the thrang,
And routis royd about him dang,
to him thare come antigorus,
tholomere Daucene and Caulus,
Betys alfua and perdicas,
And Marcian that worthy was.

THE GREAT BATTELL

For to help Porrus yidder ran,
And with him mony a mychty man,
thare was fa mony a fare baneir,
Sa mony schynand scheild and fpeir.
And fa mony helmys on hede.
And fa mony gude knychtis deid,
That fen that Cayan flew Abell,
Was neuer battall fene fa fell,
the feild couerit with blude and brande
And that faucht with moid and mane,
that woundit war gaif cryis and granis,
trumpits and hornis blew atanis,
Porrus had na mening than,
Of freindis na father na vthir man,
Bot fet in intent baith strenth and mycht,
With all his thocht and all his flicht,
Body and hart curage and will,
His outraieous vow for to fulfill,
throw the thikkeft of rankis he raid,
Porrus that fa great matirdome maid.
that mony great man to ground is gane.
For of fechting he was neuer fane,
With fuerd and and arme all hale,
Amang thame maid he fik a dale,
Sum he woundit and sum he flew,
And sum down to the erd he drew,
Sic ferlyis wrocht he him alane.
that fen the tyme that Troy was tane
Was neuer nane fene of fik couyne,
Sa fare fa worthy na fa fyne,
Out throw the grecians thocht thay had fuorne
He raid richt to ane hathorne.

OF EFFESOVN

Neir the kirkalis quhare Fefonas,
 Said to hir fallow Ideas,
 Dam be the treuth that I trow in,
 And be our Goddis mare and myn.
 Ane better than he that rydis thare,
 Mycht neuer be na fall neuer mair,
 Play with lady vnder courtayne,
 Suld nane him call knyght of kytchyn
 Seis thow nocht gude ferand the stede,
 that he throw douchtynes of deid,
 Hes rest tuys fra Emynedoun,
 And Alexander for all his croun.
 Wnto the erd gart ly flat braid,
 And sik martyr on thame hes maid,
 that mony ane madin but held falbe,
 Fare he thus lang my hart fais she,
 the outrageous hardement that he hecht,
 to discumfit throw force in fecht,
 this mekill battell that we se,
 Sall in schort tyme escheuit be.

THE quhyle that Dam Fefonas,
 Sic speke of douchty Porrus mais,
 He plungit in the thikkeft pres,
 Quhare fa vndemous forrow wes,
 Porrus met first with Lycanore.
 And smait him in the front dfore,
 Sa roud ane rout that helme of steill,
 He gart to frushe euerilk deill,
 He had bene deid na war the brand,
 turnit ane lytill in his hand,
 Quhilk fauit him that he was nocht flane,
 Bot nocht forthy with sik mane.

THE GREAT BATTELL

He raucht that vndemus dynt,
that baith his sterapis hes he tynt,
And grufflingis to the eard he glaid,
Porrus on hors attour him raid.
And strakes of strenth vpon the laue,
that he ourtuke all doun he draue.
On fute zit was the nobill King,
Bot Tholomeir can to him thring,
With ane stede arrayit rychely,
And he lap on delyuerly,
And towart Porrus can he ga,
Quhen Marciane saw him horfit fa,
To him leit he his men,
Alexander and his battell then,
Sterit to thame richt eirniftly,
Porrus and his men hardely,
In middes the visage met thame thare,
the mischeif vox ay mare and mare,
Quha preis befoir thair fallowis wald,
For cowartis sould na man thame hald,
thay hewit on helmes with brandis bricht,
And speirs throw staluart strakes tycht,
Thare fell full mony that rais nocht fin,
the feild that thay war fechtand in.
Of rede blude was bludy than,
that heir and thare in stremis ran,
Porrus that menit nocht his skaith,
And on his avow bethocht him raith,
Said to his men it salbe sene,
Quhat knicht is in this battell kene,
Cassamus hes my father flane,
I wate he may nocht leif agane.

OF EFFESOVN

God gif all that helpis me,
 To his slauchter vengit be,
 With that he bradit out his brand,
 And smait ane Grecian I tak on hand,
 Quhill shulder and arme flew him fra,
 And he down to the erd can ga,
 Porrus dushit with that fer by,
 Amang the laif richt sturdely,
 that it semit tempest fers and fell.
 Lordingis quhat fall I to zow tell,
 All dang he down that he ourtuke,
 Quhare he past the renkis shuke,
 To say the fuith sa mony he fellit,
 that nane is leuand that may tell it.
 He socht Cassamus quhill he him fand,
 Outwith the battell him restand.

PORRVS was glaid quhen he had fene,
 Auld Cassamus for in that tene,
 He thocht to tak in that steid,
 Ane reuenge of his fatheris deid,
 He said cairll with thy syde beird,
 throw quhom our folke ar all affeird,
 that ane part fleis, ane vther part flane,
 the thrid in perrell or in pane,
 thow leuis nocht lang wit thow weill,
 this sword that shorand is of steill,
 Sall in thy body bathit be.
 Said Cassamus sa mot I the,
 thy mannace dreid I nocht ane dait,
 Do furth thy best for weill I wait,
 that of that craft sum deill I can,
 For I it leirit sen I was man,

THE GREAT BATTELL

Quhairthrow the war end falbe thyne.
 Efter this speich but mair carpyne,
 togidder thay rushit fa velanully,
 And dang on vther fa egerly,
 that with in ane lytill space.
 The feild with mailzeis strowit was.
 Scheildis war hewin and helmes bare,
 And with thair swordis that sharply share,
 Thay shure the fleshe out quhill it bled,
 The heit withall fa hard thame led,
 That or ony of tha tua,
 Had anes tume thair end to ta,
 Thair lynning claithis with blude and fueit,
 Wit ze weill war all maid weit,
 That quha fa had slungin thame in to fane,
 Thus war thay baith in mekill pane.
EFTER thir tua I tell of heir,
 that war togidder peir and peir,
 the battell was full cruell,
 Hard hiddeous forfy and fell.
 Weill far fra thame ane stane cast neir,
 Was Marciane and his baneir.
 Alexander and his xii douzepeirs,
 that in the stour thame stythlie steirs,
 thare men nicht felloun fechting se,
 And knichtis bla of blude and ble,
 and blude brist out of winds wyde,
 thay cryit thair ensenzeis on ilk fyde,
 the woundit gaue cryis and granes,
 trumpettis and hornis blew atanes,
 It semit all the countre quoke,
 Bot quha fa heir thairto wald luke,

OF EFFESOVN

It lykit nathing to Porrus.
 Na to his fallow Cassamus,
 For smertly ilkane vther seruit,
 With strakes that thare armour keruit,
 Porrus heued his brand on he,
 And smait Cassamus quhill he nicht dre,
 With sic vertew that straik he gaue,
 that hart and body and all the laue
 he put togidder, that helme of steill,
 Na basnet helpit neuer adeill,
 And with the suord richt to the chin,
 Baith helme and hede he claue in tuin,
 He rushit doun of blude all rede.
 Quhen Porrus sawe that he was dede,
 Forouttin dout he was full blyth,
 And ane thing he said him fuyth,
 Here mon thow duell thow hare auld gray,
 And keip this land quhill domisday,
 althocht thow hes my father slane,
 And thow thairfore hes tholed sic pane,
 I the forgeue for euermare,
 thow fall be blamed neuer are,
 to ioyis lufe of lady fre,
 Na lede maydin maryit to be.

EFTER this speich but langer baid,
 In the thikkeft renk he raid,
 thare nicht men se him suap on hicht,
 His byrnyft brand that was sa bricht,
 thare dang he doun schir Tholomere,
 Sa dyffie that he deit nere,
 Syne gaif he Betys sic ane dynt,
 Bot the helme the straik can stynt.

THE GREAT BATTELL

Zit hors and he zeid doun bedene.
The folk of Grece men nicht haue fene,
Gangand bak toward the toun,
Quhare Fefonas with the fare fassoun,
Micht se thare dedes ilka deill,
It bird lyke hir ane party weill,
To se hir lemmen that sho lufit,
In sic ane stour sa weill he prufit.
Than thay of Inde hes rasit the scry,
that thay war woxin sa hardy,
that nane dedenzeit to be rad
the great vertew that Porrus had,
Confortit thame sa felonly,
that all the cowartis commonly,
Wald throw sembland formeft be,
Sa hapned thay in his pouste,
thay of Grece hes left the feild,
And ill affrayit quha weill beheld,
And Porrus followit with arme straucht,
And Marciane that was mekill of maucht.
the folk of Inde sa weill thame bare,
And sa worthy in were thay ware
that mekill and lyttill to the citte,
thay rufhit the King and his menze,
that men nicht here sum cry sum rare,
And sum mannance and sum mare
And men woundit with wapones fere,
Quhare mony ane knycht was brocht on bere.
THE battell hard and hiddeous was,
Quhare thay of Grece deuoyded the plas,
For to restore schir Tholomere,
Come Cliton for thay fallowes were.

OF EFFESOVN

And to Betys come Predicas,
 Throw thame and tharis fik bargane was,
 That horfit war thay knychtis baith,
 Albeit thay of ynd war wraith.
 Bot tharefore ceisit nocht the dyn,
 Ilkane dang vthir that to mycht wyn,
 In the planis vnder Effezoun
 Quhare mony ane wicht and hardy barroun,
 Dang on vthir with wapnis feir,
 Eftir none rais sic dyn and beir,
 That tua myle than it mycht be hard,
 Quha had sene how Porrus ferd,
 Deir God how he abandonit ware,
 His bodye his armis with brand all bare,
 It was na neid to bid him strike
 He sparit nothir pouer nor rike,
 That thare is nane that thare had bene,
 And had his mekill worship sene,
 Na thay wald say that he fuld be,
 Ane King of mekill ryalte.
 And Porrus prikked throw the stour,
 Fechtand as man of great valour,
 Sum dingand and sum woundand,
 And helmes of hedes arryfang,
 Scheildis rugand fra sholders raith,
 Dingand doun knychtis and steids baith.
 Thare is na leuand man on leid,
 That in the stour had sene his deid.
 His countenance and his wortheip,
 How he couth baith affaill and keip,
 Bot he wald baith say and fuere,
 that ane better nor he bare neuer spere,

THE GREAT BATTELL

And of all thame that faucht that day,
On baith the halfis I dar wele say,
But outtaking of ony man,
He was the best that thare was than,
Sa come the duke Emynedoun,
Prekand ane fleid in ane randoun,
Sadillit new and gayly dicht,
ane speir in hand he had I hecht,
short sharpe and wele sherand,
Sory for he had tynt Ferrand.
He preked to Porrus all wraith in hart,
And he him tuke at the outwart,
and Ferrand wery was and lamit,
thocht that he not his hede had tamit,
He bare all doun baith hors and man.
On sic maner that Porrus than,
Was all to frushit of that fall.
and beneth the kne alsua with all,
about thre finger braid or sua,
His shanke bane brak euin in tua.
throw this straik was his avowing,
Brocht to nane vther encheuing,
and nocht forthy he held his hecht.
For he avowit gif God of micht,
Him saued that day fra encumring,
Fra mischeif and fra lymmes breking,
for to vincus the great battale,
Now may he nouthier fend nor fale,
thairof his euill willeris war full glad,
and thay of Inde war full mad,
and sa discumfist that thay fled,
Gauē hale thare bakis and left the sted,

OF EFFESOYN

the folk of Grece amang thame raid,
 And sik ane marterdome hes maid,
 Quhair all the feild was couerit haill,
 Quhairto sould I mak lang my taill,
 The folk of Inde war fa at vnder,
 that nane abaid it was na wonder.
 Sa chaiffand thusgait to and fra,
 Floridas can Marciame tane,
 And the gude Emynedus
 Richt quhare he lay, hes tane Porrus.
 And offred him to the King I hecht,
 Sa mate fa mad and fa euill dicht,
 that he of him selfe na power had
 To stand vp richt, fa was he stad.

THE great battell hes tane ending,
 Porrus is presentit to the King,
 Sa bludie fa euill dicht and fa met,
 that all his geir of blude was wet,
 Alexander callit him quhen he was
 Vnarmit, and set in middes the place,
 Veary forbled euill hewit and paill.
 The King than to him said, Vassaill,
 Thow hes vs done to day great pane,
 Defoulit our men rufhit and flane,
 throw thy worship and bountie,
 I was in poynt for to die,
 Defoulit and shamit for euer mare,
 In euill tyme neir thy avowis ware
 Maid, quhare thow this hynder day,
 Avowit quhair thow in presoun lay.
 to disconfit the great battale,
 Quhair thow strykin hes but fale,

THE GREAT BATTELL

that thow of baith halfis hes the pryfe,
Now is me hapned on fik wyfe,
that God hes wrocht with the fa weill,
all haue I tynt of men great deill,
that I na may do of the my will,
to leif or die to spare or spill,
Bot be the Goddis that I honour,
thow fall haue na dishonour
Na euill of na maner for me,
Bot heir I do the fik bounte,
For thy great hardiment and renoun,
that thow fall quyte gang of presoun,
And haue conduct at thy deuysse,
And quhen thow in thy countre is.
than fall thow vmbethink the.
Quhether thow my freind or fa wilbe,
Or gif it be thy will beaufhyre,
to put melancoly away and yre.
Beleue with me I fall the geif,
Landis anew quhill thow may leif,
And to thy airis efter the,
and thow also fall mareit be,
Sa haly that thow salbe blyth,
For I knaw weill thocht thow na kyth,
the hart and quhair thow luifis perfay,
and quhy thy avow this hynder day,
Ouer outrageous vnmefurit was.
Dame Fefonas the fair of face,
Is enchefoun of our misfair,
throw hir my steidis hals lang are,
War ftrykin in tua quyte and clene.
and I fell flatlingis on the grene.

OF EFFESOVN

Now ar we cummin to that I wis,
 that all that now forgeuin is.
 tak that fare vnto thy wyfe.
 And put away all weir and stryfe.
 Forzet thy Father and thy brether baith,
 Of Cassamus thocht it be skaith.
 the fede falbe stanchit syne.
 And the Bauderane thy cousine.
 throw quhome this day my burnist brand,
 Was maugre myne tane of my hand.
 Sall haue dame Ideas the fre,
 Sa fall ze mare at lyking be,
 Do this and myne helping haif,
 Gaudefeir Betys and all the laif,
 And me, gif ze stryfe ha,
 aganes all that on erd may ga.
 Bot I will that thow be my man,
 Now haue I said the that I can.
 And thow may ansuer sone thairtill,
 to do or leaue vndone quhether thow will.

QVHEN Porrus that was fa gude,
 the mekill meiknes vnderstude,
 Of the nobill renowned King,
 That had him at his lyking,
 He was abasit full fellonly.
 Pryde Dispyte, Schame and Inuy,
 Said in his eir that shame was great,
 that he sould outhier for lufe or threat,
 Forzet his fatheris deid fa sone,
 Bot gang hame suyth forouttin hone.
 Sen he is loufit of the King.

THE GREAT BATTELL

And gadder his hoſte but mare duelling,
And menteme weir, quha euer be wraith,
Quhill he be vengit of his ſkaith.
And vpon the tother party,
Schot ſpeiris at him haſtelly,
Sueit ſembland and courtas talking,
With mony ane maner of vther thing,
And tranchis in the firſt ſpeir,
Quhairthrow luffaris beginnis to leir,
to luſe weill and perſyately,
But ony thinking of velany.
And to be quent clene and ioly,
Of lytill ruſe wicht and hardy,
Large courtas and ioyous,
Mery glaid and vertuouſ,
And of ſik abſtinence alſa,
that all velany ſould be put him fra,
thir fyue vertewis him counſallis ay,
to put all ſucquedry away.
And do ſa that the King,
May haue franſhip and weill willing,
tak Fefonas the fair and bricht,
With hir Venus throw quhais micht,
Danger radnes ſhame alſua,
Ar put on bak thoct thay war ma,
And ioyis amouris that ſuccouris ay,
All thame that leuis in his lay.
Quhen that Porrus had thoct ane thraw,
Of thir thoctis that I zow ſhaw,
Sichand he dreſſit vp his wais,
And to the King of great prais,
He ſaid, it is ſuith gentill King.

OF EFFESOVN

that thow me hes at thy lyking,
 And may do all thy will with me,
 Bot pitie ſa ſuppryſe the,
 that thow hes richt debonarly,
 Put to my choiſ all halely,
 Quidder I will be freind or fa,
 And foly war the warft to ta,
 thairfoir I ſay but langer rede,
 How ſair my father hes bene dede,
 And my freinds chaift and flane.
 My ſelfe throw force in battale tane,
 Lat quick to quick and deid to deid,
 Fra this day furth ſa God me reid,
 Zour liege man becum I fall,
 And hald of zow my landis all
 With thy Marciane and the Bauderane,
 Be quyte of prefoun and of pane.
 And my vther freindis alſua,
 May quyte hame but ranfoun ga.
 than the gentill renouned King,
 that courtes was attour all thing,
 Anfuered lauchand thir grant mercyis,
 All falbe done at zour deuys.
 With thir wordis come Gaudefeir,
 Betys and vii. C. weill neir,
 that weill aſſembled to battell bricht,
 And men that had aſſailzeit thair micht.
 For thay na ſheildis had na thay war,
 In ſheuers hurlit heir and thair.
 With great floppis and dyntis of ſpeiris,
 Thair helmes war hewin about thair earis.
 Thair haubrekis in to ſindrie place,

THE GREAT BATTELL

War hewin and to brokin was,
 thair hors into four places or fyue,
 War woundit neirhand out of lyue,
 thame selfe halit in blude and fueit,
 Euill hewit pale werie and weit,
 thay lychted befor the empriour,
 that thay had socht throw all the tour.
 And with thame als nyne or ten,
 Of thair nerrest preuie men.
 thay halfit the King and he can cry
 Lauchand on thame full luffumly,
 Welcum mote my freindis be,
 that with great pane hes helpit me.

A LSSONE as Gaudefeir and Betys,
 War cummin befor the King of prys.
 And thay had left thair halving,
 to thame carpit the nobill King,
 He said chylde lang is syne,
 Sen I send furriouris of myne,
 And Emynedus with seuin hunder neir.
 Armit on thair best maneir,
 Vnto Gaderis to the Forray,
 Quhair thay sesit sone the pray,
 thay had brocht it to the hoste but let,
 Na war duke Betys that thame met,
 With threttie thousand men and mare,
 the myscheif was full mekill thare,
 For Sampson and Sabalore,
 War slane richt in the feild before,
 And Pyrrus alsua thair was slane.
 the laif in perrell and in pane.
 I was at hame makand gude cheir,

OF EFFESOYN

With me Daucene and tholomere,
 Quhen Arreffe me tald this taill,
 Sa wery woundit and sa pail
 that his bowellis and his arfoun,
 Lay in the skirt of his habersoun.
 On hors he tald me all his fare,
 And I richt than withouttin mare,
 Gart arme my men delyuerly,
 And prikked to battale haitelly.
 toward thame we raid sa fast,
 that we ouertuke thame at the last,
 and reskewit thame had misther,
 In short tyme thay sa coniured wer,
 that maugrr thairis thay left the pray,
 And thay that micht fle fled away,
 Emynedus slew at thair parting,
 Zour father at ane burne passing.
 that was great skaith for better than he,
 Micht neuer of woman borne be
 that skaith lordingis amendit is,
 as I trow at zour awin deuyce.
 Now pray I zow gif zour willis be,
 that in samekill ze honour me,
 that ze and Porrus freindship mak
 and syne fezonas ze fall tak.
 and the Bauderane fall maryet be,
 With ydeas that is sa fre,
 and Betys ydorus fall haue,
 For vther wayis sa God me saue,
 this peace can I nocht better ma,
 Syne efter that sone will I ga.
 to babilone my croune to beir.

THE GREAT BATTELL

The childer anſuerit with fere affere,
Gude King cumand vs zour will,
And forſuith we fall it fulfill,
At all our micht than ſaid the King.
I thank zow lordingis in mekill thing,
Now haiffis Porrus to the paleis,
Quhill he be helit weill I wis,
And I will ſoiurne amang zow heir.
And with that word Gaudefeir,
Gart bring ane ſchyar and him lede,
the King departit from that ſtede,
And turnit the banare to that toun,
For thare victorie mony barone,
Mycht ze heir ſing richt Ioifully.
and myrth of ſikkin menſtraly,
the maidnes that ſaw thame fro the wall,
Come doune fra the kirnalis all,
Danſand and caraland alſua,
agane thame glaid ſhip for to ma,
thare myrth ſa lang thay makit thare,
Quhill in the toun thay enterit war,
the King went in the paleis then,
and to vnarme him ran his men,
Quhen vnarmit was the King.
and he was cled in rich clething.
to venus chalmer the way he tuke,
a God how mony ane riche duke,
Him fallowit and mony ane prince in pane
the maidinnis ar agane him gane.
and reſſaut with ferly fare.
and the King baith heir and thare.
Profferit richt of his ſeruice.

OF EFFESOVN

to Fefonas the fair of face,
He zeild and said fair maydin fre,
ane husband haue I gottin the,
Sa hardy and sa curageous,
Sa worthy and sa vertuous,
that men ma fay and forsuith fueir,
ane better nicht neuer armes beir,
that is gude Porrus the worthy,
that avowit sa haltandly,
and followit it till neir we ware,
Defoulit and shamit for euer mare.
For fra we met he preuit sua,
that quhidder we war weill or wa,
He rest Emynedus his fleid,
and me throw douchtynes of deid,
He laid at eard in sik ane thrang,
that nane nicht endure it lang,
ane lytill thing hes hurt Porrus,
His fatheris deid and Cassamus.
Baith thair deidis sa mot I the,
Behuifis forzettin for to be.
I fall gif dame Ideas,
to him that can my fuord arrais
Out of my hand to day airly,
He is the Bauderane lord of medy.
ane better saw I nocht this mony day,
Of him dar I hardely say.
Idorus Betyis is thy leif,
that into mony great mischeif,
Hes seruit the into battale,
Now mon thow quyte him his trauale,
to weddit wyfe he fall haue the.

THE GREAT BATTELL

I will neidlingis that it fa be,
The maydinnes kneled and thankit him sone,
And said zour will lord salbe done.
With that the men hes brocht hame Porrus,
the maydinnes of the chalmer Venus,
Halfit him and he hard thame weill,
Zeild thame thair halving ilka deill.

THE maydinnis hes done Porrus,
Be brocht into chalmer Venus,
Couerit in ane coueratour,
Fefonas changit of colour,
Quhen that thay saw him sa bludy,
Ane leich thay brocht him haistely,
That was borne into mekill Ind,
He was the best that men nicht find,
He saw his woundis and tentit all,
And said gif God will he fall,
Into seuin dayes be haille and feir.
the King to paleis Iupiteir
With that is went quhair mony ane man,
Weill arrayit him kepit than.
The madinnis with Porrus left allane,
to short him fra the King is gane,
And to him maid sik cumpany,
As behuifis to sa worthy.
Gaudefeir and Betys his brother,
And thair men baith ane and vther,
Cummin zit fra the feild war noch,
Cassamus thairin thay socht,
With sorroufull hart full weill thay wift,
That he of deid had tholit the thrift.

OF EFFESOVN

thay focht him all day to the nicht,
 And fand him with the euin licht,
 than was thair nane but thay tua,
 With greting to him can thay ga,
 Gaudefeir him regratit raith,
 Calland him lord and eme baith,
 Syne faid the chylde he that the flew,
 Set angeris at my hart anew,
 Bot fa God my fytis ceis,
 thow suld be vengit na war the peis.
 than to the tempill gart thay bring,
 His corporis and auld Clarus the King,
 Caleos and Salphadyne,
 Caneus and vther fyne,
 that flane into the battell ware.
 that nicht thay gart walk thame thare,
 the laif in pittis eardit thay,
 For to haue the flink away,
 thay tuke thair way fyne to the toun.
 Quhen thay war cummin to Effesoun,
 at the fute of the mekill tour,
 thay lichted vnder ane ficcamour.
 Befyde the palace in the plane,
 Lichted baith lord and chalmerlane,
 And to ane chalmer by the hall,
 thay zeid and thame vnarmit all,
 And in feir cleithing cled thame fyne,
 Quhen Alexander wist of thair cummyn,
 Into the palace is he gane,
 Quhair of gude men thair was gude wane,
 throw quhome mony countre he wan,
 the King fa thame comfortit than,

THE GREAT BATTELL

And sa great glaidship to thame gaif,
 All war thay mirrie knicht and knaif,
 All war thay wilfull to mak gude cheir,
 And gude King Alexander de leir.
 Come to the brether and askit sone,
 Quhat thay thair but sa lang had done
 Said Gaudefeir for to enter,
 thame that slane in the battell wer.
 Forsuith great lordis that we fand deid,
 We gart thame bring to ane steid,
 Tempill Diane for to wake,
 Quhill men tomorne seruice make,
 Thair is of Inde auld Clarus,
 And my erne alsua Cassamus,
 And of Clarus sonnes thre,
 and of vther ane great menze.
 that was weill done said the King,
 For quha menfkis vther in ony thing,
 Himselfe na misdois he nocht,
 With that the water furth thay brocht,
 The lordis was set the meit was thare,
 And all thingis at thair lyking ware.

AT thair wesling spak the King,
 And said to Gaudefeir the zing,
 I pray the for the lufe of me,
 that the Bauderane delyuerit be
 and Marciane out of presoun,
 as lautie will and gude resoun,
 Sen endit is the mekill weir.
 It falbe done said Gaudefeir.
 Than he gart fetche thame in the hall,

OF EFFESOVN

than he gart fetche thame in the hall,
 Weill cled in pillour and in pall,
 allsone as thay the King haue sene.
 thay halfit him forouttin wene,
 and changit hewis at thair halving,
 Me think fa great barganing,
 Efter the weir is endit weill.
 The King then tald thame ilka deill,
 How he and Porrus peax can ma,
 and how his leg was broking in tua,
 Bot he fall variist be sone in hy,
 Becummis my men now specially,
 Of me now fall ze hald zour feis,
 Castellis tounis and great citteis,
 and of myne I fall zow geif,
 Said Marciane quhill that we leif,
 this great bountie may nocht be quyt,
 God grant that we may deferue it.
 and thay become his men richt thare,
 thus mak thay peax quhair weir was air,
 Syne zeid thay halely to meit,
 the King of Grece was vmeist fet.
 the Bauderane fyne and Ideas,
 Syne Marciane and Fefonas.
 Gaudefeir and his brother Betys,
 and Idorus the fare of face,
 On ather halfe thair men nicht find,
 thame intermelleit of Grece and Inde,
 as brether richt gude cheir makand,
 all war thay seruit I tak on hand,
 Sa weill that thay wantit nocht,
 thay fat and eit quhill thay gude thocht,
thay

THE GREAT BATTELL

Thay sat sa lang quhill it was nicht,
 Than seruantis can grit torchis licht,
 All at thair wesching claithis drew,
 Than menstrallis changit thame notes new
 All maid gude cheir that thair was,
 The gude King rais that wan Damas,
 To Fesonas said he priualy,
 Dame be zour Goddis halely,
 I fall soirne heir sa lang,
 Quhill that Porrus may ryde and gang.
 Than may we all at lafer ma,
 The mariage and the feist alfua.
 And be the honour that I leif in,
 I fall zow gif samekill of mine,
 That baith zour hartes reioyfit falbe.
 Lord God forzeild zow said the fre,
 And quyte zow for I na may.
 And with that word departit thay,
 And zeid to bed to sleip that nicht,
 And rest quhill morne that day was licht.

V PON the morne quhen it was day,
 All rais thay that in the palace lay,
 Gaudefeir and Betys alfua,
 And the maydinnis with vther ma,
 Thay halfit the King with full gude speid,
 Out of the palace fyne thay zeid.
 On hors thay went euer ilkane,
 and past than to tempill Diane.
 Lichtit and beheld thame that war deid,
 That folk had wantit it in that steid.
 Bot thay knew nocht the King Clarus.

OF EFFESOVN

Na his thre sonnes, bot Cassamus
 thay knew richt weill, than war thay wa,
 It was na ferly thocht thay war fa,
 And quhen the duke Emynedus,
 Saw forrow him ly flane Cassamus.
 He said makand euill cheir,
 Quhat fall word of vs drychtin deir,
 Quha fall vs now gif counfall,
 Or quha fall help vs in battall.
 Now is heir with worship deid,
 Bounte largenes and manhede.
 and all gude fikkerly alfua,
 Quhen his fallowis hard him sic dule ma,
 Thay menit him full tenderly,
 and said amang thame communly,
 That neuer mare falbe,
 ane man fulfilled of fik bounte.
 Of all the maidinnis Fefonas,
 Into hir hart great anger has,
 That said sichand I can na rede
 Bot die, fare eme sen ze ar dede.
 Bot the King hir confortis fast,
 and to his barrounis at the last,
 He said, and to the maydinnis fre,
 I pray zow do famekill for me,
 that ze mak gude cheir euerilkane.
 For to mak dule thair winnis nane.
 and quha haldis in him wraith or yre,
 It birnis himself lyke ony fyre.
 and destroyis himself and flais.
 Richt as the King his fermone mais,
 Syne come the Clarkis of thair lay,

THE GREAT BATTELL

For to eird thame that thair deid lay,
Ilkane of thame had ane riche beir,
Ordaned weill with claspis feir,
Sone as the Sacrifice was done,
thay deid corps war erdit sone.
Vpon Clarus toumbe thay wrait,
His lyfe his power and his flait,
And how he lufit dame Fefonas,
that was fa fare of fax and face,
On vther halfe his sonnes lay,
And Caffamus als eardit thay.
Quhen this was done thay zeid thair gait,
And to thair hors thay come full hait,
and lap on and to the palace raid,
and lichted thair but langar baid,
The King is entred in Effefoun.
And at the palace lichted doun,
With princes and dukes mony ane,
thair hors than hes thair knaiffis tane,
Thair followit the King Emynedus,
Gaudefeir Arreste and Caulus.
the maydinnis ar agane him went,
For thay fet haly thair entent,
to gar Porrus mak gude cheir,
Said Ideas with colour cleir.
How fair ze shir, richt wounder weil,
Weill neir I may na fairnes feill,
For with the harm that I haue had,
Louit be Marcus I am stad.
Heir into this cumpany,
that I lufe ouer all thing foueranly.
Ze haue na wrang said Ideas.

OF EFFESOYN

As he and sho this carband was,
 Come Marciane and the Bauderane,
 Quhen Porrus saw thame cumming in plane,
 He weilcumit thame richt glaidfully.
 Thay helfit him and sat him by,
 And besyde thame dam ydorus,
 Lang quhyle amang thame spak thay thus,
 In venus chalmer ar thay set.
 And callit Porrus foroutin let,
 The franthis and the honoring,
 That thay fand with the nobill king,
 And how that thay delyuerit ar.
 The Kingis men becumming we ar,
 Thus held thay lang quhyle carping,
 Quhill men callit thame to the King,
 To ete and to the hall thay went.
 With thame the madinnis that war gent,
 The King than wosch and zeid to meit,
 the madinnis amang the laif war set,
 thay maid thame mekill feste and fare.
 Great honour ilkane vthir bare,
 Of courtas speke bot velany,
 Ilkane seruit vthir commounly,
 thare meissis to tell war our lang baid.
 Ze may weill wit yneuch,
 Wyne and pymete but sparing,
 Menstraly myrth and singing,
 that day thay vfit in gaming and play.
 at euin to thare bed zeid thay,
 Wpon the morne the King vp rais,
 and soiornit thare quhil Porrus was,
 Of his woundis helit weill.

THE GREAT BATTELL

And recouerit his mychtis Ilka deill,
This was ane day in the morning,
That rissin was the nobill King,
his duzeperis with him war.
That ane gude quhyle had foiornt thare,
Porrus come furth that lang had lyne,
With him Marciane his coufine,
The Bauderane can the madynis lede,
And sa before the King thay zeid,
And helfit him with courtasy.
The King thame honorit gretumly,
Wpone ane carpet thare was spred,
Thay sat doun by the Kingis bed,
Gaudefeir was thare and Betys,
And Alexander the King of prys,
Than he desyred the Mariage,
To stanfhe thare weir thare ire to suage,
Sa fall he lufe in thocht and deid.
And gif it failzeis as God forbeid,
Gif ony wrangis zow lat me wit,
and gif God will I fall mend it,
Than thay thankit the King haly,
Our all the land thay gart cry.
That all fuld cum foroutin thra,
Knichtis and ladeis come alsa,
Gaudefeir gart sone stentit be,
Pauillonis quhare thay mire menze,
May all assemblill in the planis,
For thay may nocht ete all atanis,
AT the citie of Effezeoun,
Quhat outwith and within the toun
thare was ane full great assemble.

OF EFFESOVN

Of knichtis about all the cuntre,
 Of maydinnis and of ladyes great deill,
 Assembled war riche and weill,
 thair was mony pauillioun,
 Stentit thair without the toun,
 thair was the Kingis awin tent,
 Sa fair I trow na zit fa gent,
 Saw neuer zit na wyfis fone,
 the postis war of Euory fyne,
 the rapes of silk euery deill,
 thair was ryches and mony ioweill,
 the King of the palyce zeid,
 the ladyes with him gart he leid,
 the gude Porrus of Inde thair was,
 And the Bauderane with him gais,
 With thame Marciane thair coufine,
 Gaudefeir and Bety's was thair fyne,
 Arreste and Emynedus,
 Perdicas Lyoun and Caulus,
 Lycanor Festioun and Floridas,
 And mony vther of tyre thair was,
 than callit the gude King on Porrus,
 Be name and to him said he thus,
 this gift beaufshire ressaue heir,
 Of Fefonas the fare and cleir,
 Ze lufe baith vther as I heir say.
 For hir the avowis this hinder day,
 was maid with sa great hardement,
 Quhairthrow we almai't had bene shent
 than Porrus all ashamed was,
 And spak na word ane full great space,
 Quhen he had thocht he said shir King,

THE GREAT BATTELL

I thank zow of it in mekill thing,
Bot of the dedis that passit ere,
that ze maid mening of langere,
Is me falling nathing bot dishonour.
Zit perfay said the Empriour,
I warne zow weill I say nathing,
Bot of zour gude deid be heuinis King,
And be the faith I aw to beir,
to Neptune Mars and Iupiteir,
thocht I my chois had of thame all,
that euer had lyfe or euer leif fall,
For to beir my gumfyoun,
to keip my mensk and my renoun,
In hard battell and great melle,
I wald na perfoun cheis but the.
Now vnderstude and perfauit Porrus,
that the King was couatous,
to haue honour with laute.
than sueitly to him said he,
Quhill I leif I salbe bane,
to win zour lufe with all my mane.
And be the Goddis that I in trow,
War I sik as ze say now,
I fuld win mare in feuin zeir,
than Pryam tynt in all maneir,
Sa that my freindis fuld better be.
I gif the now said the King parde,
to Fefonas with colour cleir,
He said my sueit reslaus heir,
the body of the nobillest knicht,
that euer bare brand or byrnie bricht,
For he is sikker wyfe and hardy.

OF EFFESOVN

And dois his deid auyfity.

He hes great vndertane for zow

It is tyme that ze quyte him now,

THE venche was baith courtas and wyfe.

and richt weill spokin at all deuyce,

With hair as gold and cullour cleir,

With lauchand ene on gude maneir,

With rede lippis and teith quhyt.

To the King sho said als tyte,

I am wilfull to do zour will,

Euer mair baith loud and still,

And I auouit this hinder day,

that for nocht that men mycht say,

But zour assent I sould neuer maryet be,

Faith said the King that lykis me.

And thairfore fall zow nathing tyne,

Bot beir ane croun of gold full fyne,

Porrus was weddit but mare letting

And him thay crounit as nobill King,

He gaif him haly the les ynde,

In heritage thare men mycht find,

Woddis feilddis and plenteour land,

Castelis and touns weill standand,

Weill neir the west thare nane may wyn.

For serpentis and heit of the son,

Leopardis tygris and lyonis,

Beris vnicornis and griffonis,

thare cummis the watter fra parradyce,

thare men findis Sapheris and rubys,

Carbuklis and dyamentis alsua.

Our all that land King can he ma,

Gude Porrus the new maid King.

THE GREAT BATTELL

that wourthy was in to all thing.

NOW hes he weddit fezonas,
to wyfe that was sa fare of face,
Betys was blyth and Gaudefeir
And the gude King Alexander de lere,
Than said he to ydeas the fre,
Damyfell I will gif the,
To sik that the bird nocht forsaik,
For he is douchty I vnder taik,
And of stedfast hart and fyne,
My suord he rest me maugre myne,
Bot he it vowit this hinder day,
And weill fulfillit it perfay,
to husband now thow fall him haue,
I can nocht gif sa God me saue,
the to ane better nowthir quhare,
the madin greatly him thankit thare,
the King said to the Bauderane,
Cum furth schir for Goddis pane.
Fulfill sum thing of zour zarning,
than weddit he that sueit thing,
With the best and of maist bounte,
And said gif it thy villis be.
the King gaif thame Gaderis all,
the Bauderane at his feit can fall,
And thankit him full courtasly.
the King him rasit haistly.

NOW is the Bauderane all at eis,
ane wyfe he hes that may him pleis,
than Alexander the nobill King.
Callit ydorus that sueit thing
And said gif it thy willis be.

OF EFFESOVN

to the best and of maist bounte,
 that may be leuand of his eild,
 For he is bot ane zong child,
 Schir said ydorus at zour lyking.
 I will be euer attour all thing,
 and for to haue sik ane as he,
 Me bourd baith glaid and Ioyfull be,
 Betys is weddit than wilfully.
 the King than gaif thame haiftely,
 threttie Castellis and citeis thre,
 and vther landis of great plente,
 to erd thay fell and thankit thame baith.
 and fra erd thame rasit raith,
 thir seuin ar at thair lyking stad,
 Riches and land yneuch thay had,
 King Porrus bare that day the croun,
 Sa did the quene as was resoun,
 I warne zow weill the feist was great,
 Men mycht heir trumpetis and taburnis baith.
 that day men maid thame all myrrie,
 and buirdis thay fet al delyuerly,
 the King woshe first the ladeis syne,
 In basingis maid of siluer fyne,
 the Kingis war fet to the meit.
 and the ladeis thare war fete,
 the Bauderane als with ferly fare,
 Before the King war seruandis thare,
 Gaudefeir and his brothir Betys.
 the douzeperis that war to prys,
 War fet richt weill and honorabilly,
 and seruit richt weill and richely,
 I can nocht tell quhat meit thay had,

THE GREAT BATTELL

All war thay myrrie blyth and glaid,

AT meit thay sat all that was thair,
Baith ane and vther maid gude scheir,
Quhen thay had etin and wyfchin baith.

Pypis fistulis foundit raith,
that all was baith myrrie and moy,
Quhen nicht was cuming than doubillit ye Ioy,
Of thame that newlingis mareit war,
For thay had all thare lyking thare.

Quhill on the morne thay restit all,

that all was riffin great and small,
Quhy fuld I tell to lang my taill,
thay soiornit fyfteine dayes haill,
Menstralis had all at thare lyking,

Baith gold siluer and clething,
than said the King to Gaudefeir,
Beaufhir I forgif the heir,
that thow hecht to gang with me

Quhill babylone conquerit be,
that is the toun I couet maist,
Bot I fall haue my will in haist,
Or ellis full deir it bocht fall be,
Forthy this word I schew to the,
Of before in priuate,

For I will that thow wit parde,
that it mislyke the in na thing,
and als I pray Porrus the King,
that he gang in his awin countrie,
tak with him fezonas the fre,
and the bauderane to Gaderis ga,
tak with him ydeas alfa.

I pray zow all for cherite,
Gif that me fallis ocht suddanlye.

OF EFFESOVN

Quhairthrow my men aggreguit be,
 that ze cum sone and succour me.
 I fall do zow that ilk perfay,
 Quhen the barrounis hard him fa fay,
 thay anfuered all quhill deid thame take,
 His bidding fall thay neuer forsake,
 the King to God betaucht him than,
 And thay loutit euer ilk man.
 He kyssed the ladeis ilkane feir.
 And tuke his leif on gude maneir,
 to Babylon the hoste can ryde,
 that conuoyit him on ilka fyde,
 And all with him furth thay fare,
 the King thame leuit baith les and mare.
 To Babylon syne can he ga.
 Allace allace quhy did he fa,
 He deit thare throw poyfoning,
 It was great harme of sik ane thing.
 For neuer mare sik ane lord as he,
 Sall in this warld recouerit be.

TO short thame that na Romanes can,
 this buke to translait I began,
 And as I can I maid ending,
 Bot thocht I failzeit of ryming.
 Or meter or sentence, for the rude,
 Forgif me for my will was gude,
 to follow that in franche I fand writtin,
 Bot thocht that I seuin zeir had sittin,
 to mak it on fa gude manere,
 Sa oppin sentence and fa clere.
 As is the frenche I nicht haue failzeit,
 For thy my wit was nocht trauallit.

THE GREAT BATTELL

to mak it fa for I na couth,
Bot faid furth as me come to mouth,
And as I faid richt fa I wrait,
thairfoir richt wonder weill I wait,
And it hes faltis mony fald,
Quhairfoir I pray baith zoung and ald,
that zarnis this romanis for to reid,
For to amend quhair I myszeid.

ZE that haue hard this romanis heir,
May sumdeill by exampill leir,
to lufe vertew attour all thing,
And preis zow ay for to win louing,
that zour name may for zour bounte,
Amang men of gude menit be.
For quhen ze lawe ar laid in lame,
than leuis thair nathing bot ane name,
As ze deferued gud or ill,
And ze may alfweill gif ze will,
Do the gude and haue louing,
As quhylum did this nobill King,
that zit is prysed for his bounte,
the quether thre hundreth zeir was he,
Before the tyme that God was borne,
to saue our faullis that was forlorne.
Senfyne is past ane thoufand zeir,
Four hundreth and threttie thair to neir,
And aucht and sumdele mare I wis.
God bring vs to his mekill blis,
that ringis ane in trinitie.
Amen amen for cheritie.

FINIS.



